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"CAUGHT FAST IN THE TRAP WAS THE UNFORTUNATE TEDDY."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 690.

UP STRATTON MOUNTAIN.

BY ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

I.

"ALL ready, boys! We are now prepared to cover ourselves with glory! See how we will conquer this rugged old mountain!"

"There'll not be much glory for me if I have to get up at five o'clock every morning!" grumbled Ben Downes, yawning.

"Ah! I say! haven't you growled long enough about that?" spoke up practical Tom Macy. "As for the glory," he added, glancing at Arthur Winfield, the first speaker, "we'll all come in for our share; but you can't expect to find but one regular hero in a crowd, Art."

"Then we will be likely to find out what his name is before we get back," responded Art. "Now for the start."

The boys filed off from the shanty of Brownson, the guide, where they had lunched, he leading the way with an axe slung over his shoulder. Arthur Winfield having been unanimously chosen captain of the expedition, followed after; next went Tom Macy; then Nat Swasy, a lad of a poetical turn of mind, who was apt to sprinkle his conversation with quotations; after him was Ben Downes, still scowling over his lost sleep; last of all, pale little Teddy Henly plodded along, bending under the weight of his pack.

Their way led through swamps and thick undergrowth, and soon progress was made difficult by great rocks, and fallen, decayed trees, which lay across the path.

Art followed the guide with the valiant air becoming a captain, and jumping lightly from rock to tree, succeeded in making his way along with an ease none of the other boys could equal. Poor Teddy especially had a hard time, and brought up the rear, stumbling and panting. At the outset "misfortune marked him for its own," as Nat Swasy said. Not a rock did Teddy climb without falling and rolling over and over to the ground, nor a tree without slipping on the bark.

"You fellows may call this fun, but I think it's hard work," fumed Ben Downes.

"Why didn't you stay at home, then?" queried Tom, impatiently.

Before Ben could reply, a loud crashing noise was heard behind them. It was instantly followed by some thick object which flew through the air, and, hitting against Ben, brought him to the ground.

Wrathfully gathering himself up, Ben discerned the force which had laid him low, in the form of Teddy, who was looking at him with an apologetic smile.

"Look here, young fellow!" exploded Ben, angrily, "you've done nothing but tumble about like a tumblebug ever since we started; but you needn't think I'm going to be a cushion for you to fall upon. I'd thank you to keep a safe distance hereafter."

"I don't blame you for being vexed," replied Teddy, good-naturedly. "I'm awful sorry I hit you."

Then scrambling to his feet and adjusting his pack, he added, "As far as I'm concerned, I've fallen so often that I am quite used to it now."

"Yes, and your back is so covered with moss and green that if we meet a bear he will take you for a vegetable," chaffed Tom.

"I don't care," replied Teddy, bravely. "I started to go up that mountain, and up I'm going!"

"That is right; don't be discouraged," said Art, approvingly, as he drew on his jacket.

"Just over there we caught a bear and three cubs not long ago," said Brownson, pointing out the spot, having waited for the boys to come up. "A little ways beyond was where an old bear once gnawed off his foot, and left it in the trap rather than be caught."

"Hurrah for the bear!" shouted Teddy, enthusiastically. "I tell you what, boys, I'd be proud to be a bear of that kind."

"I admire the old fellow's grit myself," remarked Art, approvingly.

"Nor you, ye proud—" began Nat, but was checked by a warning look from Tom.

Soon they came to West Branch, a large brook, which they easily crossed by the aid of old roots and rocks lying in its bed. Teddy, of course, went over into the water, but as it was not deep, he had no trouble in getting out.

"Don't ever be frightened about me, boys," he said, cheerfully, as he dragged his dripping, muddy self up the bank. "I am growing so used to this sort of thing that it comes quite natural."

"You beat any one I ever saw," exclaimed Ben, scowling at him. "It is bad enough to get along here, without a fellow being scared out of his wits every other minute by another fellow's accidents."

"If he doesn't make a fuss about it, I don't know why you should," said Tom, sharply. He was by this time as tired of Ben's complaints as he was of climbing.

They all pushed on as rapidly as possible from this point, for it was getting toward dusk, and there was no place to camp until the pond should be reached. After two hours more of hard climbing, during which Ben several times gave up in despair, and Teddy persevered patiently under his usual difficulties, they came in sight of the water.

Art was in advance with Brownson, and gave a cry of triumph, which was echoed by the weary boys behind; then, one by one, they straggled to the spot.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Nat, joyfully. "I feel as did the heart-sick followers of Columbus when the shores of the New World rose from the fog."

"I feel hungry," said unsentimental Tom, sinking down upon the grass.

When they had recovered somewhat from their fatigue they turned to and helped Brownson make the hut, and before long were eating their supper in front of a glowing camp fire. Laughter and jests prevailed, weariness being forgotten, and even Ben found nothing at which to cavil. Art was king of the feast, while Teddy fairly beamed with joy.

It was very late when they at last lay down to sleep in the hemlock hut.

II.

Early in the morning Brownson shouldered his hatchet, and left them to their own devices, as they would need no other guide back than Winhall River, which flowed from the north end of the pond and down through the forest for fifteen miles.

The day unfortunately was cold and drizzly; but the boys bade defiance to the elements, Ben only finding fault, and spent the time gayly, rowing on rafts over the pond, firing pistols, and fishing, or rather going through the motions, for they made so much noise that not a fish rewarded their efforts.

"Never mind," said Art, "we've had the fun anyway."

Teddy, to his own surprise, had gone through the day without having anything particular happen to him; but now, just as they were ready to return to camp, he was missed. Art, the first to notice his absence, called to him, but received no response, and none of the boys could tell where he had gone.

"Oh, don't let's bother!" said Ben, impatiently. "He is in some of his scrapes, of course, and will turn up all right. Come on. I'm tired and hungry."

"No!" exclaimed Art, in ringing tones. "When you are in a scrape, Ben Downes, we'll leave you to get out of it as best you can if you wish, but we will *not* be so mean as to desert patient, persevering little Teddy."

At this both Tom and Nat shouted, "Right, Art!" Then Nat remembered that some time since he had seen Teddy going along a bear path to the left. "Perhaps an old bear has taken him off for supper," Ben suggested, with ill-timed fun.

Tom and Nat looked at each other in considerable alarm, and Art said, quickly, "You had better go on to the camp, Ben, and see if he has found his way there, while the rest of us follow the path here."

With some grumbling Ben consented to this division, and Art led his two followers through a tangled trail, all raising the echoes with their shouts. But no Teddy responded to the calls. "I am afraid we are on the wrong track," said Art, at last.

As he spoke there was a crashing among the bushes, sounding at some little distance beyond. "That may be Teddy!" cried Tom, hopefully. "Or," added Art, in a low, excited tone, "a bear." The crashing sound continued, seeming to recede as they advanced; but they saw nothing, until suddenly Art stopped and, raising his pistol, fired. At the same moment Nat and Tom perceived a large black object, which instantly disappeared in the bushes along the edge of a cliff ahead.

"It was a bear, but I didn't hit him," cried Art. "You came just in time, though." These words, in a voice which, though tremulous, certainly was familiar, seemed to proceed from the ground, and gave the boys a start, for they could nowhere see its owner, although they stared about everywhere.

"Here I am," again said the invisible voice. "Over this way." Art, in response, took a few steps forward, then stopping, uttered a loud exclamation.

Under the cliff was set a large bear trap, and caught fast in the trap was the unfortunate Teddy. Nat and Tom understood the situation at the same moment, and with many exclamations rushed to help Art get their comrade out of his unpleasant position.

Poor Teddy's lips were white, as with some recent terror, but a merry twinkle came into his eyes when he found himself free again.

"I tell you, boys, I know how to appreciate the feelings of a bear now!" he exclaimed.

"But how did it happen?" queried Art.

"I don't know, except that I was strolling along, watching a squirrel, when suddenly, snap! and here I was fast. I thought it a good joke at first, and a fit ending to my other exploits. I knew I hadn't come far, and supposed I should have no trouble in making some of you fellows bear. But when the lawful incumbent of the trap came, and looked down on me from the cliff, I didn't feel much like laughing!"

"You mean the bear?" asked the listeners, in a breath.

"His lordship himself. I couldn't tell whether he took me for some new dainty in the way of bait, or whether he was chuckling at seeing me in the trap intended for him; anyway, I saw his teeth, and I preferred to think he was showing them in a smile. I heard you call, but didn't dare move, or even speak, for fear of putting the bear out of humor, and if Art's shot hadn't sent him flying away in haste, I can't tell what the result might have been."

"Think of being caught in a bear trap, while the bear looked calmly on! My! I should have fainted!" said Nat.

"It would have been too much for me to bear," added Tom, winking.

"That pun is worse than all," laughed Teddy.

"Well, I tell you what, boys," said Art, clapping Teddy on the shoulder, "this little fellow has too much pluck to give in to anything."

"Well, it was a fix, Art, and no mistake," said Teddy, reflectively. "I suppose the old bear has gone and told all the other bears about it, and they are having a good laugh at my expense now."

III.

Of course Teddy's adventure formed the theme of conversation in camp that night, and through all the laughter and jests it was evident that his courage had won him respect even from Ben Downes.

In the morning they started on their return, following the river, and enjoying themselves as they went by floating down on logs and trying to get one another into the water. It is hardly necessary to say that Teddy required no assistance to this end. Reaching the Forks—a junction of Winhall River and West Branch—they concluded to camp for the night upon a small island near, which they reached by wading. Having built a hut, they went fishing, catching about fifty trout for supper.

At daybreak the downward march recommenced, over logs, high banks, fallen trees, and along a rapid stream.

Teddy distinguished himself in the usual way, only his tumbling exploits now added to his speed instead of retarding him as when ascending. Consequently he was quite a distance ahead, when suddenly he heard a strange rattling sound, followed by cries for help. Turning quickly, Teddy hurried back as fast as he could climb, and in a moment stopped appalled.

A few feet beyond was coiled a large rattlesnake, whose raised head swayed to and fro, just ready to strike, while on the ground, before the formidable reptile, grovelled Ben Downes, so paralyzed by terror that he was unable to make an effort to escape or defend himself.

"Oh! save me! save me!" he cried, as he perceived Teddy.

Teddy looked around despairingly. Unfortunately not a stick nor a stone was lying about in sight. Must he see Ben killed before his eyes?

The snake bent his head, and in another instant his fangs would have been fastened in his victim, but rushing up behind him, Teddy desperately grasped his neck, at the same time shouting, "Come quick and help me!"

The cowardly Ben, however, on realizing that his enemy's attention had been distracted from himself, jumped up and commenced climbing the nearest tree, leaving Teddy to his fate.

The snake was powerful, and its captor weak. Teddy felt his grasp relaxing, and knew that, deserted by Ben, the unequal contest must soon end. Everything seemed to swim around him as his benumbed fingers loosened. One horrible moment longer, and then, just as all was slipping from his hold, Art and the other boys rushed upon the scene.

As the snake gave way to their united assaults, Teddy fell backward, almost fainting, but safe.

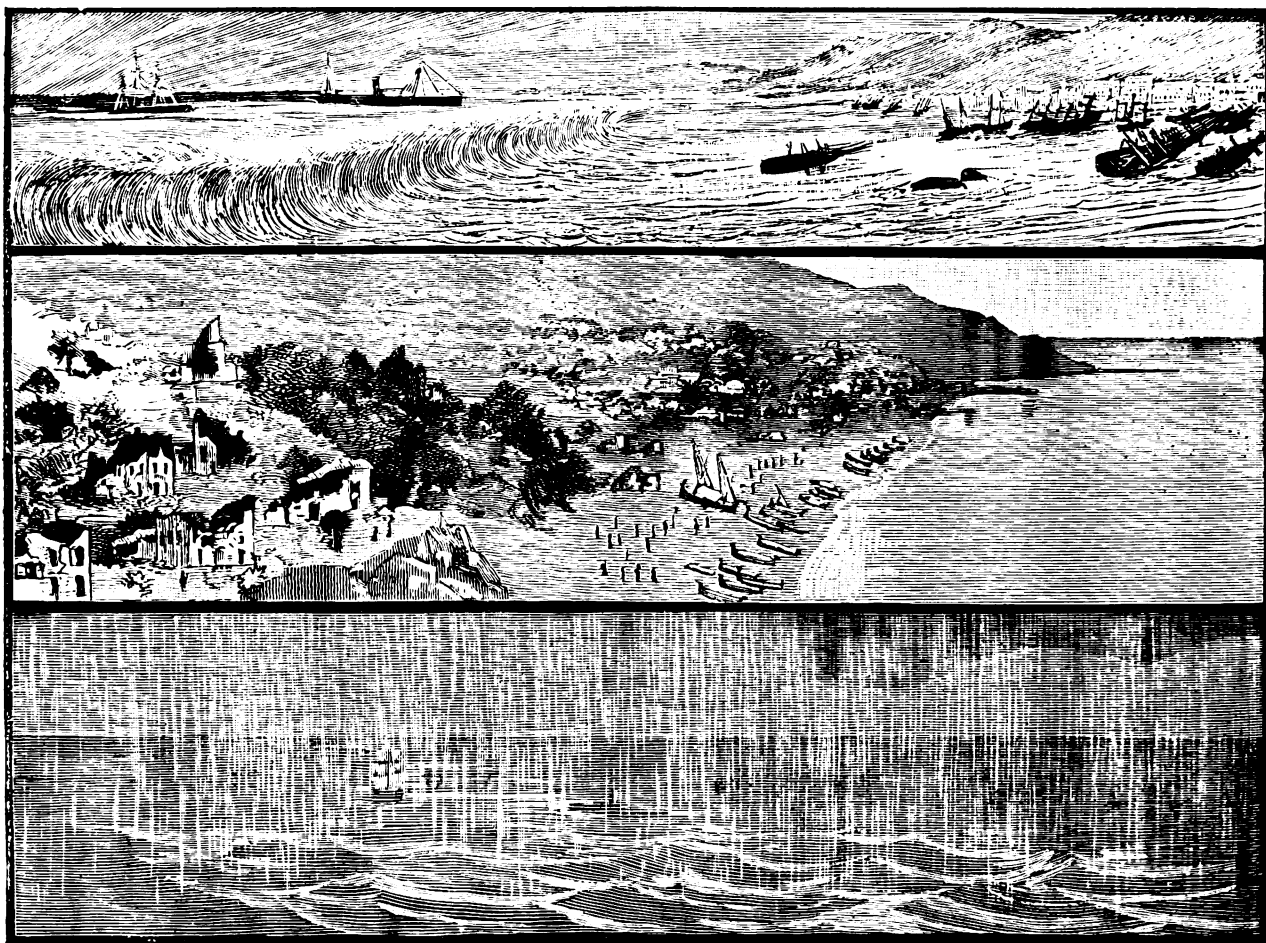
He recovered immediately, however, and a few words put the excited boys in possession of the facts.

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Tom, glancing up contemptuously into the tree where Ben still remained, afraid even now to descend, "it is easy enough now to tell who is not the hero of this expedition."

"Don't be hard on him; he was frightened," said Teddy.

Art looked around smilingly. "Our trip is almost over, boys," he said. "We are now in sight of Brownson's. You know we agreed to name our hero when we came down. Need I say who he is? Is it not he who has met from the first with a series of misfortunes, but who has never once complained, and has shown us, even before this last brave deed, that pluck and perseverance and good-nature can conquer all difficulties?"

With one accord the boys looked at the blushing Teddy. Then in a clear, enthusiastic voice, Tom shouted: "Three cheers for our Captain's-hero, plucky Teddy Henly!"



EARTHQUAKES AT ARICA, CASAMICCIOLA, AND KRAKATOA.

A CHAT ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

ON Sunday afternoon, August 10, 1884, the Atlantic coast of the United States, from Virginia to Maine, was shaken by an earthquake. The shock was the most violent on the coast of New Jersey, in New York city, and on the shores of Long Island Sound. Probably every little reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* in that section of the country felt the strange movement, and wondered about this great, mysterious earth upon which we live.

When the earthquake occurred we were sitting quietly in a house on Brooklyn Heights, enjoying the beautiful Sabbath stillness. The sky was overcast, and all nature seemed hushed and tranquil. Suddenly we heard a strange sound, like the rumbling of heavy artillery, deep under the ground. Then the house began to tremble, and the floor seemed as if rocking under our feet. The glass pendants on a pair of antique candlesticks which stood on the mantel trembled and swung against each other with silvery tinkling. Then the sound and the strange motion died away, and all nature was tranquil once more. The mysterious disturbance lasted about half a minute.

We knew the instant the subterranean sound began that it was an earthquake, and we sat very still watching intently the marvellous display of nature's power. But when it was over we began to talk about it, and to pull down from the library shelves all the books that contained accounts of earthquakes in all countries. Here are some of the interesting things we read about.

It is very difficult to explain the causes which produce earthquakes. It has been clearly shown by scientific

men that the globe we call the earth is not a solid mass. Its interior is supposed to be in a heated, fluid condition, and that the slow cooling process which is constantly going on causes the outer crust of the earth to contract suddenly at times, forming great fissures and under-ground caverns. It seems natural that such gigantic movements miles below the surface should produce subterranean noises and tremblings which can be felt by the inhabitants of the earth who live above the depths where these movements take place. And if the convulsion is accompanied by the explosion of vast volumes of gases, as is supposed sometimes to be the case, it is not strange that the surface of the earth gets violently shaken.

Think how far away you can hear the noise and feel the jar of an explosion above-ground, or even of the firing of a large cannon, and then consider how insignificant are these small manifestations of human power as compared with the mighty workings of nature, and you will not wonder at the terrible convulsions which at times have shaken portions of the earth's surface, overthrowing cities and even mountains in a moment.

The most wonderful destruction of a mountain was that which took place on the 26th of August, 1883, when the island and volcano of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, vanished beneath the sea. In the afternoon of that day there came suddenly a tremendous burst of subterranean thunder, and immediately the volcano of Krakatoa threw forth an ink-black cloud which overspread the sky. In a few moments a large fertile section of the island of Java was turned into a barren waste by a violent earthquake, and many persons were killed. Terrible explosions took place in the mountain. Its great sloping sides were blown

out into the water, and the volcano, together with the island upon which it had stood for unknown ages, crumbled away and disappeared. When the morning sun arose the ocean flowed over the spot where the mountain had stood, and the surface of the sea for three hundred miles around was covered with floating ashes and pumice-stone, while a choking smell of sulphur pervaded the air.

There is no portion of the earth's surface where shocks of earthquakes are not occasionally felt, but, except in volcanic countries, the ground trembles so slightly that no damage is done.

The inhabitants of those lands where great earthquakes occur never know at what moment their homes may become a heap of ruins. The shock comes suddenly, and it often happens that after hearing the rumbling noise the people have no time to rush into the street before they are caught and crushed by falling walls.

Some terrible earthquakes have taken place on the western coast of South America. In 1746, Lima, a beautiful city in Peru, was entirely destroyed. In less than four minutes about three thousand houses and many large, magnificent churches became a heap of shapeless rubbish. At the same time a great tidal wave swept in from the Pacific Ocean and completely carried away the sea-port of Callao. In the morning there was only a barren sand-bank where the night before had stood a populous town.

Lima and Callao were both rebuilt, and for more than a hundred years Peru was disturbed only by slight shocks. But in August, 1868, a terrific earthquake destroyed nearly every building in the large city of Arequipa, which stood at the foot of Misti, a volcanic mountain which for ages had been cold and silent. Immediately after the shock the summit of Misti burst out in smoke and cinders, and huge pieces of rock were hurled down its sides.

It was at this time that a great tidal wave swept on to the Peruvian coast two hundred miles south of Arequipa, destroying the sea-port of Arica, and carrying inland several great vessels, among which was the United States war-steamer *Waterloo*. So great was the force of this terrible rush of waters that the huge vessel of war, with its heavy guns and equipments, was thrown half a mile into the interior of the town. A graphic account of this wonderful occurrence was given on page 164 of the present volume of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

In March, 1812, the inhabitants of the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, were startled by a loud report like the sound of a thousand cannon, and immediately the ground arose in great waves. Buildings rocked and fell, and in a few moments nearly ten thousand people were killed. Shortly afterward the volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke out in a great eruption. This volcano had been quiet for centuries. It is said that on the day the eruption took place a little negro boy was herding cattle on the mountain. Stones be-

gan to fall around him. He thought some mischievous companion was pelting him from the cliffs above his head. But he soon discovered that it was not bad boys, but the mountain itself which hurled the stones. Soon the mountain began to roar and tremble, and for three days poured out showers of ashes and lava.

Many portions of Europe and Asia have also suffered from great earthquakes. The complete ruin of Lisbon by a terrific shock was one of the saddest events of the last century. Not alone the coast of Portugal, but a vast extent of land and sea, was shaken by this earthquake. The great rock of Gibraltar trembled like an aspen leaf, and steam rose in many places from the Atlantic Ocean.

In central and southern Italy many notable earthquakes have taken place. One of the most severe of modern times occurred in March, 1881, when the pretty town of Casamicciola, on the island of Ischia, was ruined in a moment. At one o'clock on a sunny afternoon its inhabitants were tranquil and happy. Five minutes later their homes were nothing but heaps of stone and rubbish. It is a singular fact that the tower of the church remained standing, bearing aloft the great clock, the hands of which had stopped at the instant the fatal shock occurred.

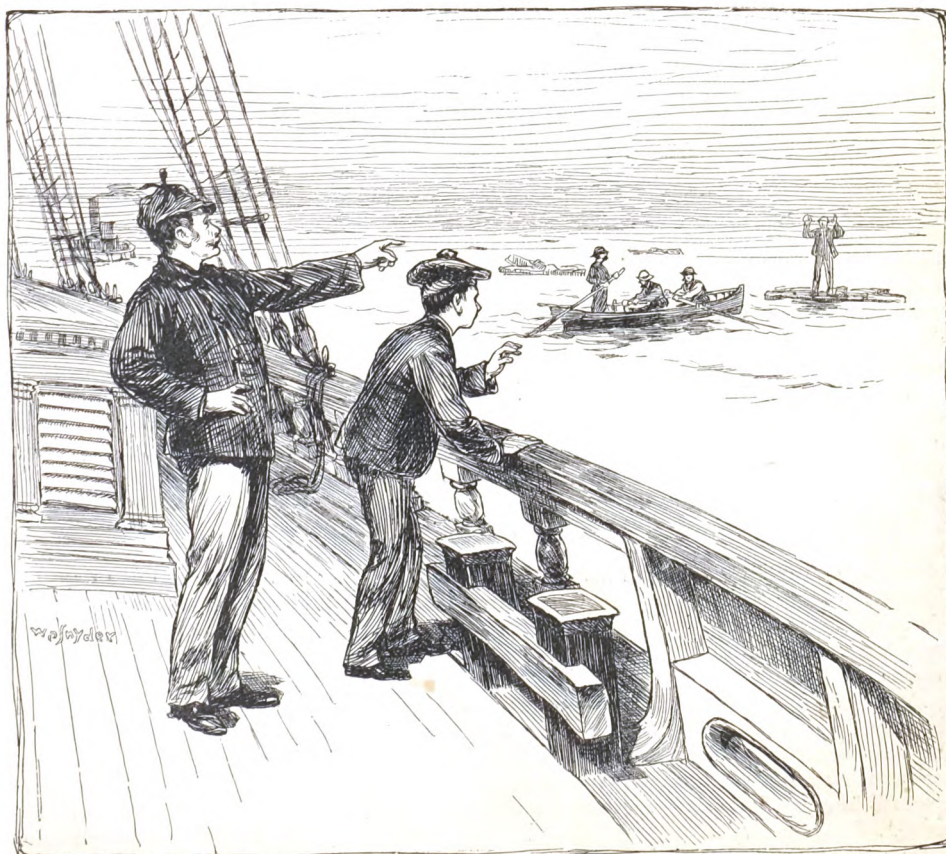
WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOONER "NANCY BELL."

A FEW minutes before nine o'clock the stage in which the Elmer family had left Norton drew up beside the platform of the railway station at Skowhegan. There was only time to purchase tickets and check the baggage, and then Mark and Ruth stepped for the first time in their lives on board a train of cars, and were soon enjoying the



novel sensation of being whirled along at what seemed to them a tremendous rate of speed.

To them the train boy, who came through the car with books, papers, apples, and oranges, and wore a cap with a gilt band around it, seemed so much superior to ordinary boys, that had they not been going on such a wonderful journey, they would have envied him his life of constant travel and excitement.

At Waterville they admired the great mills, which they fancied must be among the largest in the world, and when, shortly after noon, they reached Bangor, and saw real ships, looking like the pictures in their geographies, only a thousand times more interesting, their cup of happiness was full.

Mark and Ruth called all the vessels they saw "ships," but their father, who had made several sea-voyages when a young man, said that most of them were schooners, and that he would explain the difference to them when they got to sea, and he had plenty of time.

The children were bewildered by the noise of the railroad station, and the cries of the drivers and hotel runners, all of whom made violent efforts to attract the attention of the Elmer party. At length they got themselves and their bags safely into one of the big yellow omnibuses, and were driven to a hotel, where they had dinner. Mark and Ruth did not enjoy this dinner much, on account of its many courses, and the constant attentions of the waiters.

It had stopped snowing, and after dinner the party set forth in search of the *Nancy Bell*. By making a few inquiries they soon found her, and were welcomed on board by her young, pleasant-faced captain, whose name was Eli Drew; but whom all his friends called "Captain Li."

The *Nancy Bell* was a large three-masted schooner, almost new, and as she was the first vessel "Captain Li" had ever commanded, he was very proud of her. He took them at once into his own cabin, which was roomy and comfortable, and from which opened four state-rooms, two on each side. Of these the captain and his mate, John Somers, occupied those on the starboard, or right-hand side, and those on the other, or port side, had been fitted up, by the thoughtful kindness of Uncle Christopher, for the Elmers; one for Mrs. Elmer and Ruth; and the other for Mark and his father.

"Ain't they perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Ruth. "Did you ever see such cunning little beds? They wouldn't be much too big for Edna May's largest doll."

"You mustn't call them 'beds,' Ruth; the right name is berths," said Mark, with the air of a boy to whom sea terms were familiar.

"I don't care," answered his sister; "they are beds for all that, and have got pillows and sheets and counterpanes just like the beds at home."

Mr. Elmer found that his furniture and the various packages of tools intended for their Southern home were all safe on board the schooner, and stowed down in the hold, and he soon had the trunks from the station and the bags from the hotel brought down in a wagon.

The captain said they would better spend the night on board, as he wanted to be off by daylight, and they might as well get to feeling at home before they started. They thought so too; and so, after a walk through the city, where among other curious sights they saw a post-office built on a bridge, they returned to the *Nancy Bell* for supper.

Poor Mr. Elmer, exhausted by the unusual exertions of the day, lay awake and coughed most of the night; but the children slept like tops. When Mark did wake he forgot where he was, and in trying to sit up and look around, bumped his head against the low ceiling of his berth.

Daylight was streaming in at the round glass dead-eye that served as a window, and to Mark's great surprise he

felt that the schooner was moving. Slipping down from his berth, and quietly dressing himself, so as not to disturb his father, he hurried on deck, where he was greeted by "Captain Li," who told him he had come just in time to see something interesting.

The *Nancy Bell* was in tow of a little puffing steam-tug, and was already some miles from Bangor down the Penobscot River. The clouds of steam rising into the cold air from the surface of the warmer water were tinged with gold by the newly risen sun. A heavy frost rested on the spruces and balsams that fringed the banks of the river, and as the sunlight struck one twig after another, it covered them with millions of points like diamonds. Many cakes of ice were floating in the river, showing that its navigation would soon be closed for the winter.

To one of these cakes of ice, toward which a boat from the schooner was making its way, the captain directed Mark's attention. On this cake, which was about as large as a dinner table, stood a man anxiously watching the approach of the boat.

"What I can't understand," said the captain, "is where he ever found a cake of ice at this time of the year strong enough to bear him up."

"Who is he? How did he get there, and what is he doing?" asked Mark, greatly excited.

"Who he is and how he got there are more than I know," answered Captain Li. "What he is doing is waiting to be taken off. The men on the tug sighted him just before you came on deck, and sung out to me to send a boat for him. It's a mercy we didn't come along an hour sooner, or we never would have seen him through the mist."

"You mean we would have missed him," said Mark, who, even upon so serious an occasion, could not resist the temptation to make a pun.

By this time the boat had rescued the man from his unpleasant position, and was returning with him on board. Before it reached the schooner, Mark rushed down into the cabin, and called to his parents and Ruth to hurry on deck.

As they were already up and nearly dressed, they did so, and reached it in time to see the stranger helped from the boat and up the side of the vessel.

He was so exhausted that he was taken into the cabin, rolled in warm blankets, and given restoratives and hot drinks before he was questioned in regard to his adventure.

Meantime the schooner was again slipping rapidly down the broad river, and Mark, who remained on deck with his father, questioned him about the "river's breath," as he called the clouds of steam that arose from it.

"That's exactly what it is, the 'river's breath,'" said Mr. Elmer. "Warm air is lighter than cold, and consequently always rises, and the warm damp air rising from the surface of the river into the cold air above is condensed into vapor, just as your warm damp breath is at this very moment."

"But I should think the water would be cold with all that ice floating in it," said Mark.

"It would seem cold if we were surrounded by the air of a hot summer day," answered his father; "but being of a much higher temperature than the air above it, it would seem quite warm to you now if you should put your bare hand into it. We can only say that a thing is warm by comparing it with something that is colder, or cold by comparison with that which is warmer."

When Mark and his father went down to breakfast they found the rescued man still wrapped in blankets, but talking in a faint voice to the captain, and at the table the latter told the Elmers what he had learned from him.

His name was Jan Jansen, and he was a Swede, but had served for several years in the United States navy. Upon being discharged from it he had made his way to New

Sweden, in the northern part of Maine. But a week before he had come to Bangor, hoping to obtain employment for the winter in one of the saw-mills. In this he had been unsuccessful, and the previous night, while returning from the city to the house on its outskirts in which he was staying, he undertook to cross a small creek, in the mouth of which were a number of logs. These were so cemented together by recently formed ice that he fancied they would form a safe bridge, and tried to cross on it. When near the middle of the creek, to his horror the ice gave way with a crash, and in another moment he was floating away in the darkness on the cake from which he had been so recently rescued. That it had supported him was owing to the fact that it still held together two of the logs. He had not dared attempt to swim ashore in the dark, and so had drifted on during the night, keeping his feet from freezing by holding them most of the time in the water.

After breakfast, Mr. Elmer and the captain held a consultation, the result of which was that the former offered Jan Jansen work in Florida, if he chose to go to St. Marks with them, and Captain Drew offered to let him work his passage to that place as one of the crew of the *Nancy Bell*. Without much hesitation the poor Swede accepted both these offers, and as soon as he had recovered from the effects of his experience on the ice raft, was provided with a bunk in the fore-castle.

All day the *Nancy Bell* was towed down the broad river, the glorious scenery along its banks arousing the constant enthusiasm of our travellers. Late in the afternoon they passed the gray walls of Fort Knox on the right, and the pretty little town of Bucksport on the left. They could just see the great hotel at Fort Point through the gathering dusk, and soon afterward were tossing on the wild wind-swept waters of Penobscot Bay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

"GOOD-MORROW, morrow, Sunshine gay,
I'll soon be up, and dressed, and out;
So tell me what's the news to-day,
And what the birds are all about."

"The birds are all awake, my boy;
Already, for the peaceful night,
They sing their hymns of love and joy,
For food and shelter, life and light.
Would you, too, blithely live as they,
Do as the birds do every day."

AN ELAND HUNT:

A PAGE FROM A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.

TUESDAY, September 11, 1883.—I wrote yesterday to Cousin Paul at Cape Town, and told him that my holiday had not brought me anything but fisherman's luck so far. After sending the letter southward by the young Boer whom we met Sunday, I decided to come further up the long valley. Although neither of my bush boys were anxious to advance, they saw it was no use to be obstinate. When I hired them I warned them that I was captain of this expedition.

We have seen no large game. I begin to believe that Bassa's story about seeing a herd of eland scampering toward the hills three days ago was nonsense. We are still too near settled regions, and the animals have long since been either killed or frightened off from the neighborhood of Kraal V—. So I don't give up hope. It is a beautiful night, as I go to bed. I am writing this by the help of an old blue lead-pencil and a spluttering tallow candle—the last candle I can seem to find. I must have

lost the rest, or that young Boer stole them. Query: Do Boers eat candles too, like the Russians?

Three days later.—Well, it is over. I shall go back (when I do) to the kraal like a conquering hero. A fine large eland, and a young calf as a present to little G—. It came about this way:

We had not advanced very far this morning before a loud exclamation from Bassa made me start and look toward where he and his cousin were slowly moving on ahead of me. We were picking our path carefully through some swampy land. Clear off to the northwest I saw a group of four-legged creatures that a good look with my glass (which useful article is still a mystery to Bassa) resolved into the promised dozen eland. They were feeding quietly enough—two bulls and several cows with their calves. They must have discovered us almost immediately as we came out upon solid ground. They were off like the wind, and I after them. I was fairly sure of heading them off before we could pass the stream which flowed from the low hills in sight.

The eland were fresh; so was my horse. At length I came so sharply upon the fugitives that I could see in what fine condition they were, bulls, cows, and calves. I selected a particular bull, and finally turned him from his family. My design was to keep him at a gallop—a gait far too violent for the eland to endure long. He plunged furiously forward. I flanked him in a fresh piece of soft ground, and gave him both barrels at a three-quarter sight from the rear.

He leaped upward and staggered. To my surprise, he did not fall, nor seem mortally wounded, but dashed wildly about in his spongy situation, covering himself with mud.

"Upon my word, old man," exclaimed I, "either I am partially blind, or you are copper-lined inside." But when I went to load again—shockingest of shocks!—I found that by some stupidity the bullets I carried belonged to my heavier gun—safe in one or the other of Bassa's hands, miles back. In my haste to be off after sunrise I had carelessly accoutred myself all wrong.

There was the unhappy bull eland still floundering and sinking and panting in the little morass, apparently not bleeding overmuch, and with an excellent chance of extricating himself any moment, and leaving me in the lurch. I was in quite a state of frenzy. In vain with trembling hands did I shake up and turn over those miserable bullets. By no chance was there one of proper size included.

I did not attempt to reduce one of my wretched pieces of ammunition with a set of not overstrong teeth, which many sportsmen undertake, but instead pulled from my pocket as a despairing venture a certain round brass button which had most happily become loosened from a legging just as I was going to bed. I had hastily stuffed it into temporary safe-keeping.

It slipped into the bore of my piece capitally—a little loose; but with my teeth I supplied a wad from fragments of a Cape journal. The eland was fairly under way toward the edge of his extremely dangerous territory. Another second and he would be out of range, considering my miserable weapon. I fired. My brass-button bullet tumbled him over into the slime and dank grass. He struggled a little, and raised his head angrily as I came springing and splashing to his side. He was dead as a door-nail (which would have been almost as good a missile as that with which I had finished him up) by the time that, breathless and with soaked and muddled legs, I stood beside him.

In a couple of hours Bassa and his silent relative came up, and their exclamations of satisfaction were noisy and many. We had a feast that evening, and the next day by a lucky chance overtook what I presumed was the same herd again, for it included only one bull this time. I killed a cow, and captured her young calf, as I have said.



AN ELAND FAMILY.

The little creature nearly starved before we reached the South Lake Stockade, but it revived apace, and is at present a genuine pet.

So ends my eland excursion. The next time I may have less or greater luck to report to you. If I stay until the month's end, your uncle Harwood proposes that we go north after elephant.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

ON an island in the St. Lawrence River stood a camp last month in which all the canoeists who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would have been greatly interested. It was the great annual encampment of the American Canoe Association, and in it were gathered about three hundred canoeists, who came from all parts of the United States and Canada.

This Association is now four years old, and has nearly one thousand members. Any canoeist living in America, whose behavior proves him to be a gentleman, may be-

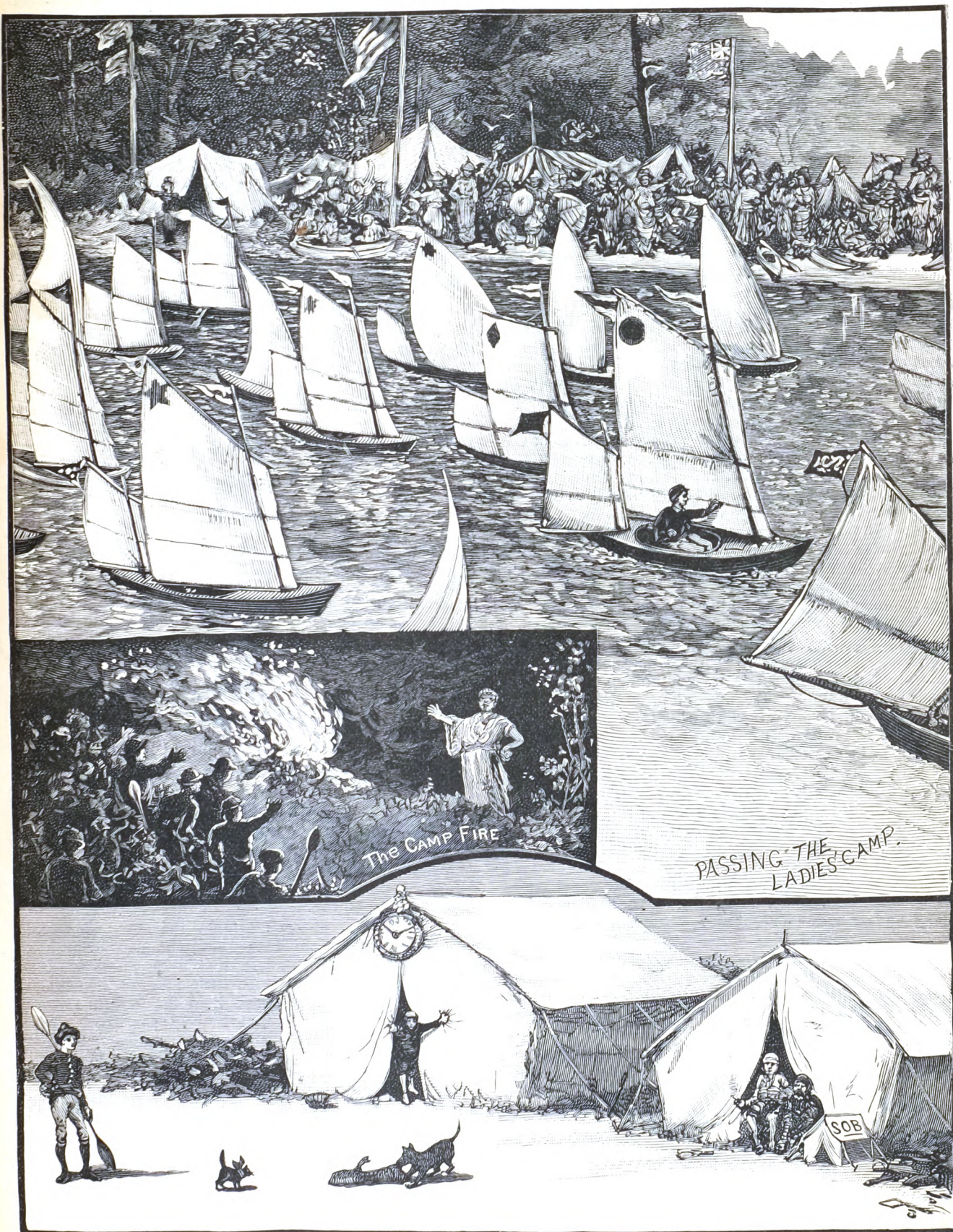
come a member by applying to the Secretary of the Association, and paying the dues, which are but two dollars for the first year, and after that one dollar annually. In August of each year a gathering, or "Meet," of the Association is held at some pleasant place previously selected, and here the canoeists go into camp for two weeks. At this Meet the members have a splendid opportunity of learning the practical details of camp life, and of studying all the latest improvements in canoes, their rigs, and outfits. Three days of the Meet are devoted to sailing and paddling races.

Fifty canoe clubs were represented at this year's Meet, and besides these many canoeists were present who do not belong to any club outside of the Association. Most of the clubs had large tents, above which from tall poles waved their various brightly colored flags, and around them were clustered the pretty little canoe tents, in which many of the canoeists preferred to sleep. Two of the most prominent clubs of the Association, the New York, and the Mohican from Albany, were camped close to each other.

In front of the New York tent hung an immense watch that had once done duty as a jeweller's sign. It was labelled "New York Time." Many of the visitors to the camp laughed heartily when they saw this huge watch, but when they

came to the Mohican camp they saw something that struck them as being even more funny. In front of the big club tent was the smallest tent ever seen. It was about a foot high, a foot wide, and eighteen inches long, was perfect in every detail, and had painted on one side the word "Sob." It was the tent of Sob, the Mohican Club dog, who lives in tents and canoes, and accompanies the captain of the club on all his expeditions.

Sob is a very small dog, of just the right size to travel in a canoe, and what he lacks in size he makes up in intelligence. He has learned a number of funny tricks, but none of them is funnier than one that was taught him in camp. This was to go cautiously over to the wood-pile of the New York camp, seize a stick of wood, and drag it over to the Mohican wood-pile. He often got hold of a stick larger than himself, and only succeeded by tremendous exertion in dragging it home. When he had accomplished one of these feats he would run to his master, all out of breath, but barking and wagging his tail, and would whine at him and pull him until he had visited the wood-pile, examined the stick that Sob had just brought, and said, "Good doggie."



SCENES AT THE CANOE CAMP ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, AUGUST, 1884.—DRAWN BY RUDOLPH BUNNER.

While the Mohicans boasted of their club dog, the Hartford canoeists were equally proud of their club kitten, a pretty little animal that enjoys cruising in a canoe more than anything else. While in camp she and Sob became great friends, and because he is a ca-nine, she was named "Ca-ten."

One day during the Meet Caten went out for a sail with one of her owners, and met with a sad accident. She was in such good spirits that instead of staying quietly inside the canoe, as she should have done, she frisked about the slippery deck, climbed up on the sail, and acted as though there was nothing whatever to fear. Suddenly there came a stronger puff of wind than usual, a quick lurch of the canoe, and in a moment poor Caten was in the water, swimming with all her might.

It must have seemed an age to the poor little kitten before the canoe could be put about, and she saw help approaching. She had sunk from sight twice before she was rescued and lifted, limp, dripping, and apparently lifeless, into the canoe from which she had fallen. She was taken to camp as quickly as possible, rubbed, dried, and nursed with the greatest care for a long time before she showed signs of life. Sob watched all the proceedings with evident anxiety, and in perfect silence, until he saw her open her eyes and make a feeble movement, when he began to bark joyously, and ran away in high spirits.

One day as the members of the Deseronto Club of Canada were sitting in front of their tents, they saw a tiny sail out in the river that seemed to be coming directly toward them. It kept straight on, and finally the boat to which it belonged went ashore on the beach in front of their camp. The canoeists picked it up and examined it with interest, for it was a genuine curiosity, and finally they hoisted it high up on a tree trunk above their tents, and kept it as their camp banner. It was a toy sloop, evidently of home manufacture, and probably built and launched by some Canadian boy; for it came from the direction of the Canadian town of Gananoque, five miles away. It could not possibly upset, for it was flat-bottomed, like a scow, and was provided with an immense centre-board made of a section of stove-pipe flattened out double. The block at the mast-head through which the throat and peak halyards were rove was a button, and the sail had been neatly enlarged so as to give it a better shape and a greater spread of canvas. Once during the canoe Meet it was again placed in the water, and Sob and Caten were put aboard as crew; but they only made a short voyage, for they expressed such a decided dislike for their craft that they were quickly taken from it into the canoes that were acting as escorts.

The two prettiest sights of the Meet were a daylight review of the entire fleet, under sail, by the Commodore of the Association, and a night review of the same fleet under paddle, but decked with myriads of Japanese lanterns. In addition to the lanterns each canoe burned beautiful colored fires, and from each were discharged Roman candles and other fire-works, until the whole scene was like a wonderful picture from fairy-land.

Every day wagon-loads of old stumps and dry wood were hauled to the top of Association Hill, back of the camp, and every evening they were made into immense camp fires, around which the canoeists gathered and told stories, sung songs, or listened to the music of a band, of which several came over from the mainland to serenade them. At one of these camp fires a ghost-like figure stalked into the circle of fire-light from out of the darkness, and delivered, in a most comical manner, a parody on Marc Antony's address at the burial of Cæsar.

About half a mile from the canoe camp, on a wooded point, was another cluster of tents, in which were camped the families of many of the canoeists, for in this Association are members of all ages, from boys of sixteen to gray-headed men. In this "Ladies Camp," as it was called,

were many boys and girls who enjoyed themselves fully as much as their elders, if not even more.

At half past ten o'clock every night the clear, sweet notes of a bugle, blown in front of the Commodore's tent, advised everybody to go to bed, and ordered all loud noise to cease. At eight o'clock each morning the bugle ordered all flags to the mast-head, and at sunset its brazen notes sent them fluttering to the ground.

Besides seeing things to amuse him and make him laugh in this canoe camp, an observant boy would have picked up many bits of information that would be of use to him when it came time for him to go camping or cruising in a canoe. He would have seen all sorts of tents and cots and sleeping-bags, and canoe stores and tool chests and mess kits, and a hundred other things made for comfort and utility, but taking up the smallest possible space. Of all these things, I think, he would have been most interested in the canoe mess chest of one of the youngest canoeists present, a boy of about sixteen years old. It was just the size of Sob's tent—a foot wide, a foot high, and eighteen inches long, made of zinc, and had a wire handle on each end that folded down. Thus, when it was empty, it could be used for a pail to boil water in, to wash dishes, or in a dozen other ways. Its lid had a folding wire handle, and could be used as a frying-pan. Inside of it were six square double tin cans; that is, in each can was another, a trifle smaller, that exactly fitted it. Each of the outer cans had a folding wire handle on one corner, and a slight lip on the opposite one, so that it could be used as a coffee-pot, tea-pot, stew-pan, drinking cup, or for any kind of cooking in which it is necessary to boil water. The inner cans were for carrying provisions, and in them were coffee, tea, sugar, oatmeal, corn-meal, and butter. The tops of the inner cans were made deep, and could be used as cups.

It is probable that next year's encampment of the American Canoe Association will be held on this same island in the St. Lawrence, and by that time I hope that many of the boy readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* will have become canoeists, and be able to enjoy for themselves the things they now read about.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT SMALL FEET.

I SAW Louie Arnold the other day, sitting in her room, and crying as if her heart would like to break, over, of all queer things in this queer world, a pair of new shoes.

Louie's great trouble in life is the fact that she happens to have a long and slender foot, when she admires a short and plump foot. She has a fancy that, between them, her mamma and the shoemaker are to blame for her foot, which she wants to look like Mamie De Lancy's. But mamma always insists that her little daughter's boots and slippers shall be a trifle longer than the foot (in Louie's opinion already too long), that the heels shall be low and broad, and that the shoe shall fit very nicely, but not cramp any part of the foot so tightly that the blood shall not have room to flow.

The shoemaker takes great pains to carry out her instructions. Louie's idea is that a very short, very tight little shoe, with very high heels, would make her look stylish. She would not mind limping about for a few days, as some of her school-mates always do when "breaking in" their new shoes.

"Just think of it!" she once said to me, in a tone of complaint; "I've never had to break in a shoe in my life. My shoes never hurt me, even the first day."

Happy little Louie! There are thousands of grown-up people who wish that twenty years ago their mothers had been as sensible and as firm as your mamma is now.

If you wear a shoe which is too narrow and too short, you will probably have both bunions and in-growing nails. The torture of these deformities is fearful, and after a while can not be borne with patience; the surgeon has to be called upon to cure one of the troubles, and the sufferer from the other has to go about in shoes like canoes for size.

A boy or girl who would like to be healthy and strong needs to take a great deal of exercise out-of-doors. As a person can not run, jump, climb, dance, or walk in tight, "choking" shoes, of course wholesome exertion in them is out of the question.

Aunt Marjorie's bit of advice is, Wear an easy shoe, have such a foot as nature has planned for you, and run about as much as you possibly can.

WAS HE A HERO?

A TRUE STORY.

BY MARY DENSEL.

THEY were all at the sea-shore during this very last July; among the rest, my little friend, with his aunt, who had taken care of him—wondrously tender and wise care—ever since his mother died, which was when Arthur was a baby, fourteen years ago.

The breezes at Prout's Neck were fresh and cool, very different from the close air which had wilted them in the hot city. The ocean, dashing against the rocks or surging up on the beach, was cool also; more than that, it is always cold on this headland off the coast of Maine.

That is why visitors can not take salt baths unless the blood flows quickly through their veins, else first a shiver, then a chill, at last a deadly coldness comes over them.

But a certain clergyman, who was stout and full-blooded, a hale and hearty physician, and our boy Arthur were ready for anything in the swimming line. They would probably have taken a dip in the open polar sea if they had chanced to summer there. At any rate, Prout's Neck did not daunt them. The stout clergyman was diving and ducking, the energetic doctor was plunging about in the water, while the "summer boarders" stood on the shore to laugh at their antics.

"Any under-tow?"

"Ten for every mother's son who puts his feet under water."

"Be sure the Jamaica ginger is on hand."

"Hot-water bags furnished gratis to thaw out frozen limbs!"

The water sparkled, tempting the reverend Doctor far from the shore, closely followed by the irreverent Doctor, who swam like a frog. But all at once the latter turned toward the land. The spectators noticed that he swam slowly; presently that each stroke came with an effort.

But he gained his foot-hold.

"No more for me to-day, thank you. There's cramp waiting for some one out yonder. Come, Doctor, come."

But the clergyman didn't answer. He was floating on his back.

"Resting for a fresh swim."

But the "rest" seemed to last a long time. A big wave carried him farther from shore. Could anything be wrong? An anxious thrill ran through the watchers. They strained their eyes. It became more and more evident that there was serious trouble. Some one cried, "Bring a rope."

A panic seized the group on the beach.

Farther and farther out floated the bather. He was trying to signal "distress." Only his head could now be seen. The ladies wrung their helpless hands. There was not a man near who could swim, excepting the physician, and it would only be a double death should he brave that icy water again.

The clergyman was losing strength. He could not keep above those rolling waves much longer. The distress became agony. To stand on that shore and see a man drown before one's very eyes was too horrible.

Suddenly the door of one of the bath-houses opened. There stood the slender figure of young Arthur Stearns, bare-armed, bare-legged, clad only in the close-fitting shirt and short trousers which left his limbs free play. He gave one intent look, and seemed instantly to understand the situation. Never a word did he speak. There was a quick bound to the water, a rush into the surf, and he had struck out toward the drowning man.

A cry of anguish went up from the beach. What could a child avail at such a time? The large man would seize him as one in his extremity clutches at a straw. They would be swallowed up by that pitiless water. How could they tell the awful tale to the childless father? How could the mother-aunt bear her misery when she saw her cherished child sink before her very eyes?

Steadily on swam the boy. His brain was working through all the excitement. This is what it told him:

"You remember, Arthur Stearns, how your auntie was once saved from drowning by some one's pushing her to land by pressing his hand against her feet held out stiff and straight."

"I remember," said Arthur.

"Keep clear of the Doctor's hands," added the steady brain.

"I will," answered Arthur, and swam quickly on.

The on-lookers, breathless with suspense, saw him come closer, closer—now reach the clergyman. They shuddered with fear lest he should be seized and dragged down.

He was pausing. One little hand was put under the Doctor's head. He was evidently speaking. No one could hear, but they could discern that probably his words were understood.

"I can push you ashore, sir, if you will keep your arms close to your side, and your feet together stiff, just as you are doing now. If you touch me we shall both drown."

The Doctor's sense had not wholly left him. He still knew enough to do as he was told.

With his left hand pressing the soles of the clergyman's feet, Arthur was making vigorous strokes with his free right arm.

Slowly, slowly, but surely, they were making progress. It was like a big man-of-war pushed by a tiny tug-boat. But the "tug" did valiant service. Nearer and nearer they came, till strong hands could reach out to draw the half-drowned clergyman to shore, and Arthur stood upright. His work was done.

Then they praised him. How those ladies did chatter and talk! They lauded the little hero to the skies. They patted and caressed him. They could find no words strong enough to express their admiration.

All that confused the boy. He had gone to the rescue of a perishing man. Of course he had. What else was there to do? He had known how to push him to land. Why, anybody ought to have known that. What was all this fuss about? It was very perplexing. He did not understand it—this simple-souled lad, who had been taught always, under all circumstances, to do the right. All day long their praises worried him.

But night-time came, and his aunt went upstairs to see that he was safe in bed, the mother-aunt, who had rejoiced greatly that her boy had proved himself worthy of the task set him. It was she who could always put matters in their true light.

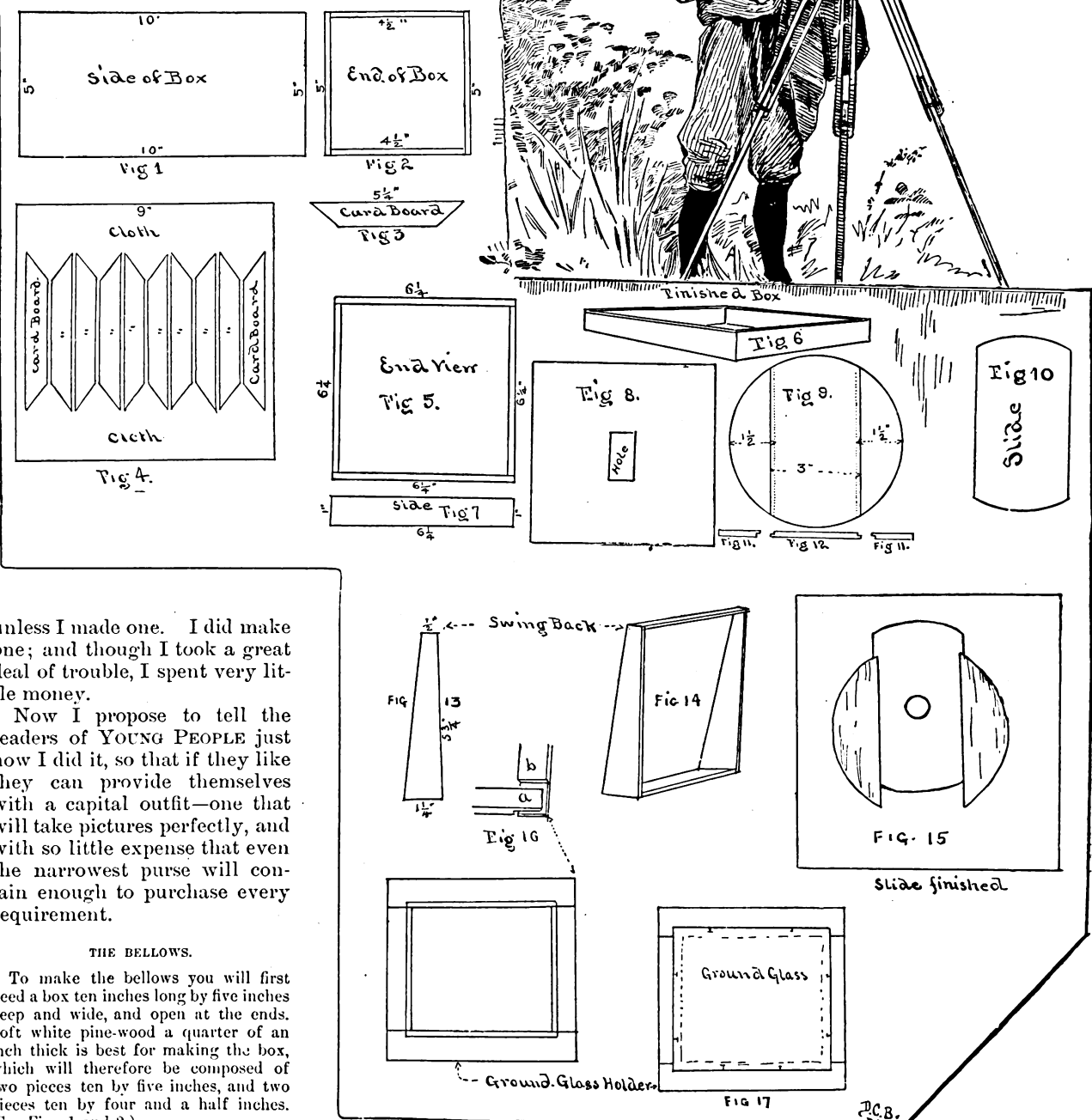
"Arthur dear," she said, "what you did to-day was nothing wonderful, but it was very wonderful that it was given to you to do. That should make you very thankful."

That view of the case was easy to understand, and a happy boy closed his eyes that night and slept.

HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.

BY A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

[DON'T know how many boys there are who want a photographic outfit as badly as I did. I did want one very, very much, and there seemed no way for me to get it



unless I made one. I did make one; and though I took a great deal of trouble, I spent very little money.

Now I propose to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE just how I did it, so that if they like they can provide themselves with a capital outfit—one that will take pictures perfectly, and with so little expense that even the narrowest purse will contain enough to purchase every requirement.

THE BELLWS.

To make the bellows you will first need a box ten inches long by five inches deep and wide, and open at the ends. Cut off white pine-wood a quarter of an inch thick is best for making the box, which will therefore be composed of two pieces ten by five inches, and two pieces ten by four and a half inches. See Figs. 1 and 2.)

Having made the box, take some stiff card-board, and cut out forty pieces like Fig. 3. The slips should be five and a quarter inches long on the longest side by three-quarters of an inch wide, with the ends converging toward the shorter side at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now take four pieces of black silesia nine inches square, lay them on the table, and paste with mucilage or glue ten pieces of the prepared card-board on each piece of cloth (see Fig. 4) about an eighth of an inch apart, beginning with a long side and ending with a long side. Next, with a few tacks passed through the cloth and not through the card-board, fasten the prepared cloth to the box, with the card-boards on the under side. Sew the projecting ends of the card-boards with stout linen thread. The cloth will lap one and seven-eighths inches over each side

of the box. Cut off each alternate lap, and glue the remaining laps over the sides of the box from which the cloth has been cut. Now take the tacks out, and paste a strip of silesia nine inches wide and twenty-two inches long around the box, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, in order that the glue may harden. Then take it off the box, and crease the spaces between the card-board strips, and you will have a good pair of bellows.

THE WOOD-WORK.

While the bellows are drying, you may work on other parts of the camera. The wood-work should be of soft wood a quarter of an inch

thick. Cut out two pieces six and a quarter inches by one inch, and two pieces five and three-quarter inches by one inch. Put these together with glue and finishing nails, file and sandpaper the corners, and you will have a neat box six and a quarter inches square by one inch deep, without top or bottom. (See Figs. 5, 6, and 7.)

Now make another box just like this, excepting that it is one and a half inches deep. Mark it No. 2, and put it aside for use when needed. Now take a piece of wood six and a quarter inches square, and cut a hole in the centre of it of the shape shown in Fig. 8, and large enough for the tube of your lens to slide up and down in freely. Care must be taken to have this hole exactly in the middle of the board. I can not give an exact size for the hole, as no two persons may have the same size of lens.

Next make a plan like Fig. 9, having the circle five inches in diameter. Measure in from each side one and a half inches, and cut out the middle piece, which will look like Fig. 10. Cut the straight edges of the outside pieces like Fig. 11, and both edges of the middle piece like Fig. 12.

Lay the first box on its edge, and put the front (Fig. 8) on it, fastening it there with finishing nails. Even the edges and corners. Take the three pieces of the circle and lay them on the front, with the middle piece exactly over the hole. Glue and nail with brads the outside pieces to the front in such a manner that the projecting edges will hold the sliding piece, but not prevent its free movement up and down. Cut a hole in the centre of the sliding piece in which to mount the lens. This is the "sliding front" which is used for taking such a view as a

church steeple, which rises abruptly, or a view from a tower, which descends rapidly.

Now for the "swing back." Take two pieces of wood cut in the shape of Fig. 13, half an inch wide at top, one and a quarter inches wide at bottom, and five and three-quarter inches high. The bottom piece is six and a quarter inches long by one and a quarter inches wide; top piece six and a quarter inches long by half an inch wide. Fig. 13 shows the side elevation, Fig. 14 the swing back finished, and Fig. 15 shows the action of the sliding front.

THE HOLDER.

The ground-glass holder comes next. It is made of two pieces of wood each six and a quarter inches long by one inch wide, and two pieces each six and a quarter inches long by three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut half-way through each end of each piece (Fig. 16, *a* and *b*), and then join the pieces firmly so as to make a perfect square six and a quarter inches on each side on the inside edge of the piece three-quarters of an inch wide. Cut out a strip a quarter of an inch wide and about half-way through the wood, thus making a small ledge for the plate of ground glass to rest on. Cut a piece of ground glass of the size of the inside of the square, slip it on the ledge, and fasten it with brads and tacks (Figs. 16 and 17).

This is enough for this time. Next week we will continue the subject, showing how to complete the apparatus, and how to make a suitable and convenient box to hold it.



A DAY AT CONEY ISLAND.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"SEEMS like nurse ain't in a hurry;
Guess she don't care if we're late.
Charley, Dick, and I are ready.
Willie, come! the boat won't wait.

"Now we're off for Coney Island,
Richard, Charley, Will, and I.
With our pails, and Charley's *Psyche*—
His new boat, with sails so high.

"And my doll, *Jemima Larker*,
Has been sick as sick could be;
So her doctor, *Richard Parker*,
Ordered change for her and me.

"Oh, what fun to watch the white-caps
Tumbling in from the great sea,
As they chase the shining porpoise,
Leaping, diving, in their glee!

"And what fun to take the white sand,
Build a fortress to the sky,
So that people can not see us
As they wander gayly by!

"Oh, what fun to feel the water
Climbing upward to your knee!
Charley he can go out further,
Further far, than Dick or me.

"And what fun to feel the fine sand
Tickling up between your toes,
And to hear the pretty ladies
Say, 'You're rosy as a rose!'

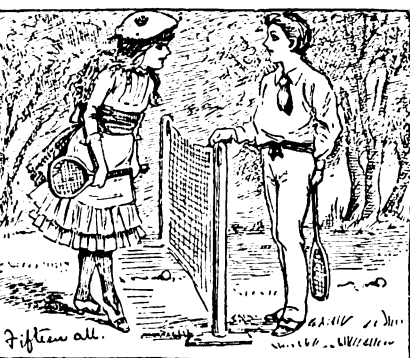
"Oh, what fun to watch the *Psyche*
Scudding gayly out to sea,
With her sails all swelling outward,
And the gulls for company!

"And how strange to find you're tired
When the time has come to go,
And the whistle blows so loudly,
Making people hurry so!"

And somehow the boat's so sleepy
That four sunny heads droop low,
Dreaming o'er the day's adventures
In the evening's amber glow,

While poor dolly, all neglected,
Upside down beholds the sun,
And wee Willie, sleeping sweetly,
Dreams that supper-time has come.

"Seems like nurse ain't in a hurry,
Though we ache to go to bed,
For she stops to tell the house-maid
What the big policeman said."



OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HERE is something very interesting indeed to every child who read the letter from Eddie's mamma in No. 247. The Postmistress had no doubt in her own mind that Eddie would receive a great many bright little epistles. Now you may see how each letter was like the cup of cold water given to one of His little ones, which the Master acknowledges as given to Himself.

FERGUS FALLS, MINNESOTA.

DEAR CHILDREN.—You saw a letter from Eddie's mamma asking you to write to him, didn't you? Well, do you think he got any letters? Did you write to him? Some of you did, for in the week the letter came out he received over eighty letters, and still they come. We write this now that you may know we received them, and to say that after a while you will each receive a reply all to yourselves. I want each one of you to think this letter of thanks is for you. No matter how short or poorly written your letter, dear, how simple your gift, it helped to fill the measure of my darling's joy, for he was happy. My dear children, if you could have seen the look of happiness, surprised pleasure on his poor pale face as the letters came in, how the frail hands gathered them up and held them—*oh, so close!*—till mamma's leisure hour, you would feel more than repaid for the effort you have made. Your kind expressions of tender sympathy were very welcome and sweet to us, and helped us to more cheerfully take up the burden of our weary way. Children, Eddie will never stand or walk till the angels lead him up the shining shore from the dark river; all the care, comfort, or pleasure he can have in this world must come to him through the gentle, loving hands and the tender, thoughtful hearts of others. He has an active, sensitive, intellectual mind; a patient, loving, grateful spirit. Nothing in this world gives him more pleasure than to know that in this busy world some one thinks of and cares for him and mamma. Eddie is young enough to appreciate the dearest little printed letter, also old enough, and his mind is sufficiently matured to appreciate fully those from our older friends, and in this he and mamma are just of an age. Will our unknown friend "Amperсанд" send address? We hope the letters will continue to come to
EDDIE SMITH,
15 Lincoln Avenue, Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I thought I would write you another letter, although I have written to you before; but I want to tell about the little trip my sister and I took last week. We went to a place on the Chesapeake Bay called Tolchester Beach, about twenty-six miles from Baltimore. It is an excursion resort, and there are two excursions there every day. A large steamer, named *Louise*, which carries 200 people, goes down and comes back again. She makes two trips a day. There is a hotel there, and sister and I went down and boarded there. There are such beautiful sunsets there every evening after the boat goes away, and the crowd too, and everything is quiet. We went down on the beach and gathered pretty stones and pebbles. It seemed almost like the ocean. We had a delightful visit, and returned home very much pleased. I must not make my letter too long, so I will close.
CHARLIE D.

EMIGRANT HOT SPRINGS.

I am staying at the Hot Springs, which are a mile and a half from Emigrant Gulch. They belong to my papa and some others. There is a little lake up in the hill above the house, and a bath-house by the hot springs, and we go down to bathe every day. My baby sister Nora enjoys it very much, especially standing under the water as it comes in. It is all she can do to keep from tumbling down in the rush of the water. I ride on a little pony, and my mamma used to ride too, but her pony is gone away. Yesterday we were washing out some gravel in a pan. Papa found some gold and quite a few rubies. The

valley I live in is surrounded by lofty mountains, the tallest of which is Emigrant Peak, more than 11,000 feet high. My papa was up the valley a few days ago, and was standing on a drift of snow, snow-balling. I fell off the pony one day, but it did not hurt me much. I have three little sisters—Ruth, Kate, and Nora. I take three papers, and each of my sisters takes one. I had a little chipmunk, but he ran away. We are living about fifty miles from the Yellowstone National Park, and the railroad to the Park passes three miles from our place.
WINIFRED M.

It is very refreshing to hear of snow-balling in such weather as we have where the Postmistress lives. This far-away little writer must send another letter some day.

LA FAYETTE, ILLINOIS.

I am a farmer boy ten years old. I live on a large farm of my grandpa's. Our house is on a high hill, and Walnut Creek runs through the place. There are a few fish in it. My papa has fifteen little calves, and one of them goes around and robs the other calves.

Mamma says I may write about a bird that I saw one day. It may be that some of the little children would like to know about it. It catches bugs and sticks them on a hedge thorn before its young hatch, and then gets them to feed the young birds. We call them mouse-hawks. They are a light gray color, with large heads and short tails. I wonder if that is the right name. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed.
MELVILLE B.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I have been reading the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have not taken it very long. I have a number of papers, with very nice stories in them, which I would like to send to some hospital to comfort the poor little ones who are sick. Would you please give me an address, to which I may send them?
G. E. M.

Send them to Sister Catharine, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 and 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

I have been thinking of writing to you for some time to tell you about the city in which I live. It has about 30,000 inhabitants. This city is called the Hub of the West. It has a large number of schools. The Polytechnic, which was built and richly endowed by Mr. Rose, is located here; also the State Normal, which is annually attended by about 300 teachers. Our city schools are among the best in the State. We had the largest distillery in the United States, but it burned down this summer, and I hope people will never find money enough to build it up again. This is quite a manufacturing place; there are two rolling-mills, one blast-furnace and nail-works, and six flouring mills, and many others. My birthday will come on the 23d of August, and I shall then be eleven years old. Grandma's birthday comes the same day, and she will be seventy-five years old. I shall attend school in the six-year grade this fall. I would like to tell you about my doll-house and my little brother, but I think my letter is too long. I have taken the paper for over a year, and like it very much.
M. A. G.

FRANZENSBAD, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I have never before seen a letter from Franzensbad, I thought you and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear something about the place. It is a pretty little village with 2000 inhabitants. It is a bath-place; mud and iron baths are the most popular. There are ten springs here. We have been travelling in Europe for nearly five years. We have been in a great many cities and villages. I went to school in Dresden, and was at the head of my class, and was not the oldest, as I am eleven; the other girls were thirteen and fourteen. All my lessons were in German and French, and I do not speak a word of English in school. There are about ninety scholars and twenty-four teachers in my school. It begins at eight in the morning and ends at one o'clock. How would the little American girls and boys like to have school till the 20th of July, and begin again on the 20th of August? We had to get up at six o'clock so as to be ready for eight o'clock school. The public schools begin at seven o'clock. Good-by, dear Postmistress. Your constant reader,
CARRIE G. M.

P. S.—I send you a receipt for sandtarte.

The Little Housekeepers are greatly obliged to you.

SANDTARTE.—One pound of butter beaten to a foam, the yolks of twelve eggs, and the rind of one lemon, one pound of sugar, and, by degrees, add to it one pound of potato flour; this must be stirred one hour. Afterward add the twelve whites of the eggs, beaten to a foam. Then put it in a flat pan, and let it bake in a moderate oven. It is delicious to eat with strawberries and cream. "This," says Carrie's mamma, "is hardly a receipt for young people to make, but I know it is most easily eaten by them when made."

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS.

I am a girl nine years old. I study Fifth Reader, Second Geography, First Grammar, First Arithmetic, and Spelling-Book. I began taking music lessons the first of May. My teacher says I am doing splendidly. I have no pets, but I have a very nice large French doll, and a great many nice books, which I take interest in reading. I just received two as a birthday gift, called *Young Folk's Cyclopedia of Places and Persons* and *Young Folk's Cyclopedia of Common Things*.

BLANCHE T.

NEW YORK CITY.

As I have not written to you before, I thought I would do so now. I am a little girl eleven years old. As all the other girls tell you about their pets, I thought I would tell you about mine and my sister's. A girl that we know brought home from the country three kittens; she kept one for herself, and gave the other two kittens to my sister and myself. Every morning about seven o'clock they came up to our room. I had my cat for about one year and six months, and then he died. We have a little bureau which has two drawers in it, one of which is filled with cat-nip. When my sister's cat wants any he goes to the drawer and takes it out, and eats all he wants.
CLARA M.

NEODESHA, KANSAS.

I have taken great pleasure in reading the letters written by the boys and girls in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have taken it ever since its first publication, and like it very much. I like the story of "Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newboy," very much, also "Nan," "Toby Tyler," and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother." I have a brother ten years old; his name is Herbert. I have also a little sister three years old. She has no name; we call her Midget. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is the 7th of September.
HELEN McC.

ELM COTTAGE, CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY.

I thought you would like to hear from me, as I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I read all the stories and letters, and enjoy them very much. I live in Caldwell, New Jersey, in the summer, and Roseville, New Jersey, in the winter. While staying in Caldwell we live on a farm owned by my papa, and enjoy it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers, one sister older than myself and one sister and two brothers younger. I am fourteen years old, and go to school and study very faithfully. My most difficult study is the history of the United States.
EVANGELINE MARIAN B.

BETHANIA, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been taking your charming paper from almost the first number, and having seen no letter from exactly this portion of North Carolina, have decided to write and see if the Postmistress would include me in her great circle of little friends. I live near the central part of the State, in a little quaint Moravian village, which contains the second oldest Moravian church founded in America. One hundred and twenty-five years ago the whole surrounding country was the home of wild Indians, and the settlers, in riding from here to the oldest station, three miles distant, were often attacked by the red men. I go to school two terms a year, and am very fond of all my studies, especially of history. Papa gave me choice between *The Youth's Companion* and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I can never give up "Hopper's," as my little sister calls it. I do not know what I shall be when I become a man, but at present I have a great inclination for the sea. If you were a boy, would you not like to be a sailor? But as I am only twelve years old, I will have a long while to study over that. I must close, or you will think this too long to publish. Your friend,
EUGENE W. L.

Study diligently, Eugene, and fit yourself to be a useful and honorable man, whether you shall choose to pursue a calling on the sea or on the land. I am glad you are one of the boys who like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE thoroughly.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I see so many letters in the Post-office Box that I think I will write too. I may not be able to write a very interesting letter, but I will do the best I can. I am a little girl twelve years old. I wrote to little Eddie Smith, the little cripple whose mamma wrote to the Post-office Box and asked for some children to write to him to cheer him up, but I have not yet received an answer.
LULU F.

You are pleased to see what Eddie's mamma says to you, are you not?

NEW YORK CITY.

I live in New York in a very high flat—eight stories high—and we have a splendid view of the North River. On a clear day we can see the Brooklyn Bridge. I have two sisters and no brothers, and I take a great interest in the puzzles, and have answered some, and sent some of my own. I like to read the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE very

much, particularly "Left Behind." A little boy on the same floor with us has a telephone connection with me, and we have fun with it. We go on excursions quite often; I always enjoy them. We had a real good day at Coney Island recently.

J. L. B.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since the story of "The Dolls' Fair" began; I like it very much. I live in the country. I have three kittens and one cat; one kitten is only a week old. I have a handsome French doll and a bride, and I have a hammock and a swing and a tent, and I live very near the water.

DESSIE GREER S.

EAST SETAKET, LONG ISLAND.

I am staying at East Setaket. My father had a splendid little cottage built, which is situated near Setaket Bay. I have a nice little sailing and row boat, in which I go sailing on the Sound. I have a pet horse, one canary, and a bicycle. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE one year, and had it bound; it is the best paper for its interesting stories.

CHARLIE F. N.

ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

My home is in a beautiful village situated at the foot of Mount Greylock, the highest land in this State, it being 3500 feet above the sea. About four miles from us is the Hoosac Tunnel, a railway tunnel four and three-quarter miles long—the longest in the world. Our whole county (Berkshire) is noted for its beautiful scenery. There are between seven and eight thousand inhabitants in our town. The principal business is manufacturing. There are mills for making gingham, paper, table-cloths, napkins, piqué, towels, woollen goods, warps, sheeting, and the mills of the American Zylonite Company, where celluloid is made, and also made into combs, brushes, collars, cuffs, and many other things. Our schools closed the 20th of June for a vacation of ten weeks, so I am having only music lessons now. I am very fond of the study of elocution, and friends say I am a very good elocutionist. I have a great many toys, but I think I enjoy my propeller, roller skates, and jack-stones best of all. Can you skate on rollers? I have no favorite among my pets, but love them all equally well. I am nine years old, and a member of the Baptist Church, and also of the Band of Bible-Searchers. I would be pleased if some little reader of YOUNG PEOPLE would write to me, and I will answer the letter.

LETTIE M. M., Box 524.

JAMAICA PLAIN.

I have a brother and sister younger than I am, and a sister older. I have no pets; papa won't have a cat, mamma won't have a dog, and rabbits are out of the minds of both. I want a pet awfully. I had a very pleasant surprise the other day. I had been asking papa for quite a while to subscribe for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and one day, when I had no thought of receiving it, all the numbers from January 1 to July 8 came at once. I have not half read them yet. I think James Otis and Mrs. Lillie write lovely stories; I like "Left Behind," or "Ten Days a Newsboy," very much. Will you please tell about the Little Housekeepers. With love,

HELEN L. W.

Any one may join the Little Housekeepers if she is willing to devote part of her time to learning how to make her home happy, neat, and beautiful. If she knows any particularly nice receipt for biscuit, cake, or candy, she may send it.

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have tried some of the receipts in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and they were all very nice indeed. I am going to study Latin next year. Please print this, as I want my friends to see it. My cousin is visiting me. We have lovely times together. Your little friend,

KATE C.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I am thirteen years old, and I have taken the paper from the first number, and like it very much. Next week I am going in the "pine woods" for a week's squirrel, rabbit, and bird hunting, and after I come back from my excursion I will go across Lake Pontchartrain for two days' fishing and sailing. Hoping you will print this, I remain,

WILLIAM J. P.

WAPELLO, IOWA.

Wapello is situated on the west bank of the Iowa River, and is a small town with about one thousand inhabitants. In earlier times Indians had their camp here. It was named after an Indian chief. Six miles from here, at a place called Blackhawk, there are several Indian mounds; some have been opened, and valuable Indian relics have been found. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE seven months. I receive my paper every Thursday, and wait patiently for it to come. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind," or "Ten Days a Newsboy" very much. Our school will begin in September, and I shall be glad of it; I will go to the highest school in the fall. We

have thirty-five chickens, two cats, two birds, and I have a little ground-squirrel. In the spring we go over in the woods and gather wild flowers. I go fishing, but I never catch any fish. We had a tornado here on the Fourth of July. We have an aquarium. I am very fond of reading. I am twelve years old. This is my second letter.

AMELIA G.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

Louie A. W. asked some one to tell her about cocoons. When you first get the worms you should put them into a glass jar with something over the top, but be sure and leave a tiny crack for air. A wooden box is better. Fill it about one-third with dirt; then tack mosquito-netting over, leaving a place just big enough to slip the worm through. Then, whatever it feeds on, you must put some of the leaves in, and be very careful to change the leaves every day and put in fresh ones. After it has made its cocoon it will be either down in the dirt against the side of the box or jar, or rolled up in a leaf. When it has made its cocoon you have nothing more to do with it, only be sure and leave the mosquito-netting on. You may leave it all winter, and then either in May or June I think it will come out. I forgot to tell you that you must be very careful not to touch the cocoon.

My mamma, sister, and myself expect to drive to Burlington to-morrow in our phaeton, and we anticipate the ride very much. I will tell you about our kitty, which is about the only pet we have. It has two of the cunningest little kittens I ever saw; one is white, and the other is three-colored. I shall have to stop now, as my letter is getting very long. With lots of love to the Postmistress.

MAY T. (aged 13).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have some friends in Edgewood who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and are very anxious to see my name in print, so I hope you will print this letter. My brother and sister gave me and my other sister this paper for a Christmas present, and I like it very much. I have a very dear friend, who took Harper's YOUNG PEOPLE, and she liked it also. She is visiting Atlantic City now, and I shall write and tell her that I have written to the Post-office Box. I read "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind," and like them both very much.

IDA K.

LENA, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy only seven years old, and have never been at school, so my cousin is writing this for me. I have one brother and one sister older than myself. I have two cats, named Fred and Dom Pedro, and a dog named Rover. We live on a farm of two hundred and twenty acres. We have twenty-seven cows, fifty-five sheep, six little lambs, and four horses. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE since last November, and like it very much, especially the Post-office Box and the stories "Racket" and "Crust of a Christmas Pie."

FRANK D. P.

MOUNT JACKSON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a farm, and have lots of pets—too many to name over. We are having a delightful time just now; the cherries are ripe, and I enjoy helping to pick them. We have begun hay-making, and I like to ride in on loads of hay. There are so many things to amuse me on the farm that I do not often get lonely. I have three brothers younger than myself, but no sisters. Although we do live in the country, we are in sight of school and church. Our school will not commence until after harvest. I love to go to school. I study geography, arithmetic, grammar, writing, and spelling, and am reading in the Fourth Reader. I can sympathize with the little boy who has to practice an hour every morning; I too have to practice each day on the piano. I visited New York last fall with mamma, and saw a great many wonderful sights. We walked across the Brooklyn Bridge, but we were very willing to ride back, as it was a much longer walk than we had expected. We also visited High Bridge, Central Park, and many other places. The greatest trouble was, there were too many things to see. How so many people live and thrive in so small a space is more than I can understand. How I do wish some of the poor little children I saw had some of our fresh air, fruit, and milk! I think the Fresh-air Fund a real charity, and think every little boy and girl who can ought to do something to aid it. My letter is getting too long; I have written it all myself, and know there are plenty of mistakes.

NETTIE M. W.

It is just the life a child enjoys, isn't it? to spend such long, merry days on a farm, with pets to care for and helpful things to do. I am glad you had the glimpse of our great, beautiful city, and the walk over the bridge.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I have taken your paper from the day it was published. I like the first serial story, "The Brave Swiss Boy." I am nine years old. I attend a select school. We have two pets; they are squirrels, and their names are Dick and Bet-

sy. I have been to Europe with my mamma and papa, and visited Westminster Abbey and other interesting places. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

EMMA H.

It was the great poet Wordsworth, children, who wrote this spirited poem about

THE WIND.

What way does the Wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water and over the snow;
Through wood and through vale, and o'er rocky height
Which the goat can not climb, takes his sounding flight.
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle,
Drive them around like men in a battle.

Come, now we'll to bed, and when we are there,
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?

He may knock at the door—we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at his din.
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;
Here's a cozy warm house for Edward and me.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And ring a sharp l'arm, but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow.
Ah! none could be smoother wherever you go,
Round as a pillow and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
Yet seek him, and what shall you find in the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,
Save in a corner a heap of leaves
That he's left for a bed for beggars or thieves.

Archae O. Logist: It is delightful to find young gentlemen who are growing a little too old to be included among HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, with special emphasis on the *young*, still loving the paper, and sending greetings to its readers. Thank you for telling me that through the Exchange columns you have made agreeable friendships and collected fine specimens for your cabinet.—
G. H. R., Eva W. S., Elda T., Grace R., H. H. C., Jun., Wm. D. B., M. S. and K. W., Laura B., Eva J. P., Clara G., May and Antonia B. G., Eliza R., Melvena V. K., and Alice and Mattie E. G. will accept thanks.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A point of the compass. 2. Extravagant.
3. To speak. 4. The part of a rail on which car-wheels bear. 5. Cattle.
- 2.—1. A color. 2. Not frequent. 3. A sunken space around the basement of a building. 4. A period of time.

CLARA MOORE.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. In bug. 2. A period. 3. A Scottish hero.
4. A deed. 5. In cgg.
- 2.—1. A consonant. 2. By way of. 3. A county in Ohio, also a river. 4. A girl's name. 5. A vowel.

EUREKA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 250.

No. 1.—Herring. Salmon. Trout. Perch. Smelt. Shad. Cod.

No. 2.—H O E C A T O A K
O I L A T E A T E
E L M T E A K E G

No. 3.—"Left Behind."

No. 4.—C O S T
O B E Y
S E E R
T Y R O

No. 5.—R
P O E
R O S E S
E E L
S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eureka, Edward W. Milliken, Jun., Cassius W., Duncan W. Blake, Charlie Davis, Eva M. Brophy, Albert Lessing, John C. Cox, Kitty Feeder, Carrie Thomson, Jessie Deans, J. C., Jun., May Tarbox, Milly Green, Jane Van Blarcom, Fanny and Florence, and Eugene D.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



PETS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

A WATER TRICK.

IF water which is being boiled in a glass vessel be carefully observed, an ascending current may be seen in the middle of the vessel, due to the heated water rising to the surface, and that hot water is lighter than cold may be easily proved by the following experiment. Take a pretty wide glass vessel and

partly fill it with cold water; at the same time get ready some hot water, which need not be boiling, and color it with a little red ink. Then, placing a card upon the surface of the cold water, pour the colored hot water very gently on the floating card. If carefully done, it will be found that the hot water floats as a red layer on the top of the colorless cold water which occupies the bottom of the dish.

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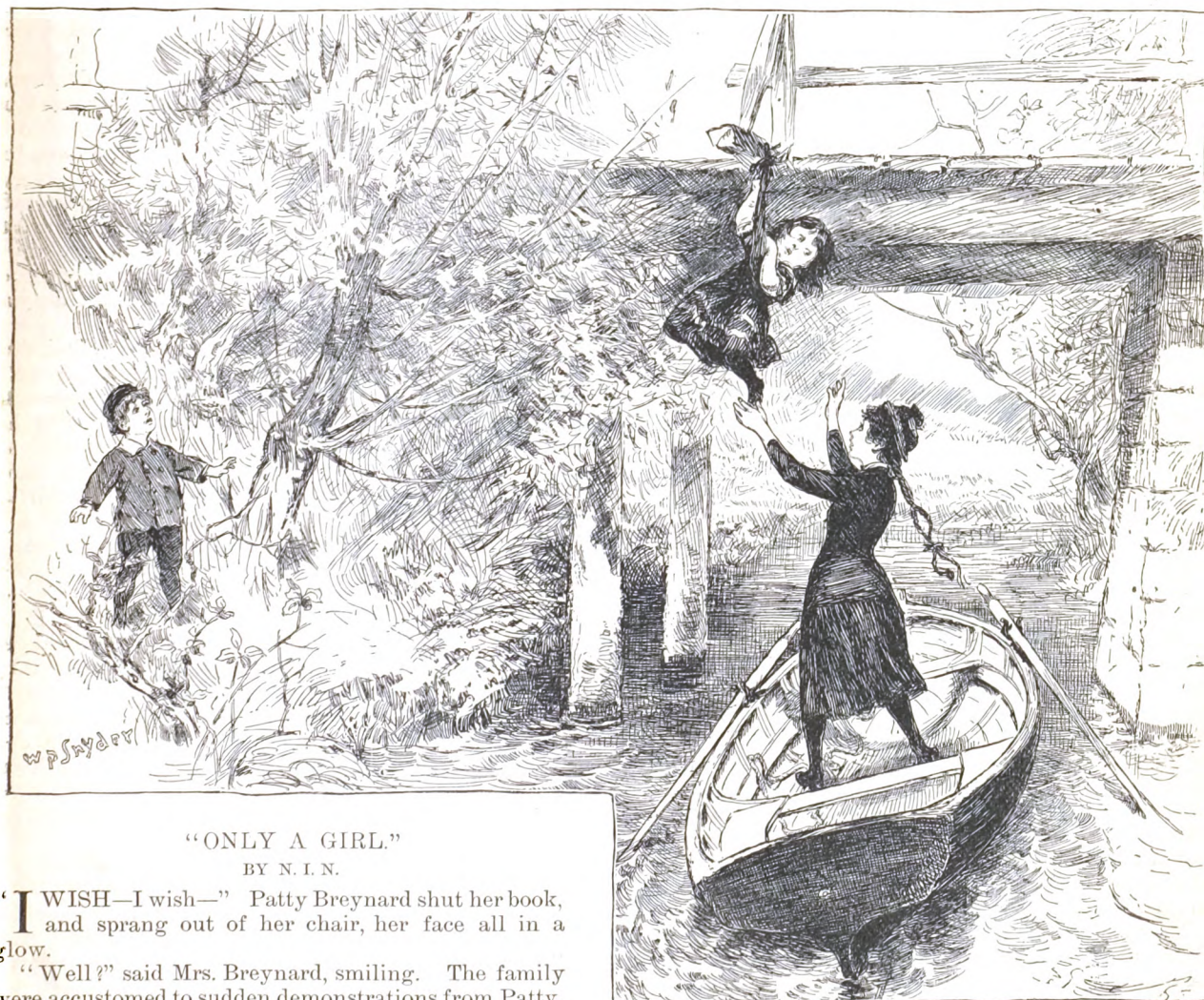
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"ONLY A GIRL."

BY N. I. N.

"I WISH—I wish—" Patty Breynard shut her book, and sprang out of her chair, her face all in a glow.

"Well?" said Mrs. Breynard, smiling. The family were accustomed to sudden demonstrations from Patty.

"Oh dear," exclaimed she, running her words together in a breathless fashion, "I wish I had lived at the time of the Crusades! I have just been reading how people made up quarrels, and sold their lands, and went out in a body to drive the Turks from the Holy Land, and Godfrey of Bouillon refused to be made the king. I should like to have been as noble as that."

"Dear me," put in Dick from the sofa, "what on earth could you have done? Women couldn't go anywhere. You are nothing but a girl, you know."

"PATTY REACHED THE BRIDGE."

A cloud came over Patty's face. To be a girl seemed in Dick's eyes the crowning misfortune of life, and he delighted in expressing his sentiments to Patty, taking her down when she had a fit of the "high strikes," as he called it.

But in a moment a bright expression succeeded.

"That's just all you know about it, Dick Breynard,"

she said. "You had better read your history again. Women did go, some of them dressed as pages, and they wore the badge too—a red cross on their left shoulder—and—"

"The Crusades had many other features besides those you describe," interrupted her mother. "What good they accomplished was far apart from their original object, and there was the ruin of many a land and home. When you are older you will understand about it better. But, Patty, I have an errand for you to do this afternoon. Will a long walk tire you?"

"No, indeed!" Patty looked down at her sturdy limbs as though the mere idea were an insult.

"Papa said he should stay at the factory late to-night; there is some work he wishes to look after himself. Now a letter has come from Aunt Martha, saying that she will be at Hunter's Station this evening, and I am sure he will wish to meet her. Will you take the letter down to him before tea?"

Patty started for her hat and sacque.

"Before you go," called out Dick, "just hand me that book you were reading, will you? and give my pillow a shake. Girls are—well, worth a little something about such things, you know," looking at her mischievously.

Patty obeyed, stopping to give his head several loving little strokes. Dick was a great tease, but just now he was suffering from a sprained ankle. He could not go out into the sunshine, nor drink in the fresh summer breeze, nor have any fun. Patty did not see how he bore it at all. So she re-arranged his pillows, drew back the curtains, that he might see better, and then once more bounded off.

In two minutes her bright face re-appeared in the doorway. "Mamma," she said, "Harry and Bessie both want to go with me. May they?"

Mrs. Breynard glanced at the clock. "It is pretty late," she said, "and rather a long walk for them." Then, seeing Patty's look of disappointment, "But perhaps you might take them as far as the bridge, and let them play near the boat-house until you come back. Only, Patty," she called out, going to the door, for at the first signal of consent the little girl had dashed from the room, "be very careful. Tell them they must not go on the bridge."

But Patty was already half-way down the garden path. "All right, mamma," she cried, gayly, waving back her hand.

Mrs. Breynard returned to her work. "There can't be any danger," she said, musingly. "Harry and Bessie are always so obedient."

Mr. Breynard's house was situated half a mile from a small fresh-water lake, one of a series connected by a deep flowing stream. A lane back of the house led to this stream, which was crossed by a narrow bridge at the point just above where it widened into the lake. At the head of the lake, on the opposite side, was a large paper manufactory, which was under his superintendence, and was where Patty's errand led her now. The children delighted in this place. Dick owned a boat, which he kept moored close by, and when he was well entertained them many an afternoon by rowing them over its smooth glassy waters.

They chatted joyfully on their way, running races and chasing butterflies. It did not take them long to reach the boat-house. Then a sudden thought struck Harry.

"Patty," he said, "can't you give us a little row?"

Patty looked doubtful. "I am not sure mamma would wish it. She might not like me to take you out all alone."

"She won't care," said Bessie, coaxingly. "You row as well as Dick, and it is so long since we had a sail. Do take us just a little ways—as far as the water-lilies out there!"

The cool, clear sheet of water looked very tempting after the walk.

"I haven't the key, and can't get the oars out of the

boat-house," Patty said, putting her hand instinctively into her pocket. Yes, there it was. She had forgotten to put it away in its place when she had used the boat the day before. "Well," she continued, "just long enough to gather a few water-lilies to put in Aunt Martha's room, and then you must be satisfied to wait till I come back."

How lovely the water was, the air so fresh, the sky so blue, with an array of clouds sailing like stately ships over its quiet surface! It scarcely seemed to the children that they had been out ten minutes, when the sun, travelling fast behind the hills, admonished Patty that she had lost considerable time.

"I will not stop to lock up now," she said, as she drew the boat under some trees. "You, Harry and Bessie, stay here and watch it until I come back."

Once fairly off, she soon arrived at her father's office. But here a fresh delay awaited her. Mr. Breynard was very busy talking with a gentleman, a member of the firm, and could not attend to Patty for some time. At last he heard her message, and read the letter.

"I can not possibly be home," he said, "before eight o'clock, but there will be time enough to meet Aunt Martha then. The train does not get in until after nine. Tell mamma, Patty, to have Dobbin harnessed, and do not delay the supper."

Patty's journey homeward was a little more deliberate. While waiting in her father's office it had dawned upon her memory like a flash that her mother had forbidden her only the week before to take the children out alone in the boat.

"You must wait until Dick is well, Patty," she had said, "unless papa or I go with you. Harry and Bessie are too little yet to be trusted on the water without any one to look after them, and you can not possibly manage them and the boat too. So for the present you must do your sailing alone."

Patty's conscience pricked her sorely as she walked slowly along, with the consciousness of having betrayed her mother's confidence. She had been trusted against her mother's better judgment too. She knew that, for she had seen the hesitation in Mrs. Breynard's face when she gave her consent. To be sure, she had forgotten, but mamma would say that was no excuse. Was not a girl thirteen years of age old enough to think?

The consequences of a careless act are sometimes as dreadful as those where the offender is more guilty. Patty remembered the terrible railroad accident that had occurred a few months before, because the engineer had not said that the brakes were out of order, and shuddered. "Well," she thought, "I will remember next time. Anyway, nothing has happened to them; I am thankful for that;" and then she gave a little start and quickened her pace. How could she be so sure? She had left the children at the water's edge with the boat. Suppose it should enter their minds to get into it, and they should float away by themselves! The little girl's walk turned into a run as she neared the bridge.

Yes, there they were, quietly sitting by the boat, and perfectly safe, Harry waving his hat as he saw her in the distance, Bessie crying out with pleasure as she sprang forward to meet her, dragging an oar in her hand.

"Be careful, Bessie; don't run!" shouted Patty from the opposite shore. "Wait on the bank for me."

But the warning came too late; the child was already on the bridge, and even as Patty spoke, her foot entangled in the oar; she tripped, fell against the light railing, and, crash!

Patty's heart gave one leap, and then stood perfectly still, as she waited to hear the splash in the waters below.

But it did not come; only a cry of childish terror resounded through the air. How she ever reached the bridge, how she ever had the strength to cross it, Patty never knew; but in an instant she was on the spot, and then she

saw what so far had saved Bessie's life. In the fall her sash had caught, and partially wound itself round a hook projecting from a board which sustained the bridge below. The child hung suspended in the air, supported only by a rusty nail, which even now was giving way under her weight. Patty leaned forward, trying to grasp the child, but she was just beyond her reach. The thought went through her mind like the lightning's flash: "It would do no good anyway. She is too heavy. I could not lift her." Then she called out calmly, though her heart beat so loudly she scarcely heard her own words:

"Be perfectly quiet; oh, Bessie, do not struggle, or you will surely fall! I will get you in a moment, dear; only do just as I tell you."

The little girl did not speak, and instantly, quicker than she could think, Patty was in the boat. Would she ever reach her? It seemed to Patty that she could fairly hear the creaking of the nail against the decayed wood as it wrenched itself from its place; then, with all her strength, she added stroke to stroke, and the little boat shot down the current.

On, on, with the consciousness that the knot in Bessie's sash was loosening, that she was slipping nearer and nearer to the water. In a moment it would all be over. One prayer, one superhuman effort, a shout of triumph from Harry on the shore. Patty reached the bridge, steadied herself in the boat, and received the child into her arms just as the hook gave way and fell with a splash into the water.

What a long walk it was home, and how terribly tired Patty felt with the reaction after all the strain and excitement! Scarcely a word was said. Bessie clung tightly to Patty's hand, while Harry kept close to his little sister's side, thinking how dreadful it would have been if, instead of walking by them, they had had to carry her little form, rescued, cold and white, from those terrible waters.

Three shrinking little figures, three white little faces, met Mrs. Breynard's gaze as she stood on the door-step straining her eyes out into the evening gloom.

"I disobeyed you, mamma," sobbed Patty, "and almost killed Bessie." Then everything about grew very black, and the stars just peeping out in the evening sky seemed to come down from their places and flash all about Patty in the darkness. When she came to herself again she was lying on the sitting-room sofa, Mrs. Breynard rubbing her hands with cologne, and Dick on his crutches standing at the end, gazing wistfully into her face.

It took a long time to tell the story. Papa had arrived, and if the train had not fortunately been late, Aunt Martha would have found herself quite forgotten. Once herself again, however, Patty told it simply and bravely, taking all the blame, and quite unconscious that in the eyes of the family she was little less than a heroine. Mrs. Breynard held Bessie in her lap, but her hand grasped Patty's very tight as she heard of her darling's danger, and in Dick's eyes there arose a very suspicious moisture.

"Catch me talking about girls again," he said. "You did have presence of mind. Why, Patty, I should have been proud to have you for a page if I had been a Crusader. What did you think when you were rowing so fast?"

"That it was all my fault," gasped Patty. "Don't praise me, Dick. If I had only remembered and minded mamma, the oars would have been safe in the boat-house, and the whole thing would never have happened."

"I don't know about that," said Dick, reflectively, going over toward the window to look out, as if he might there gain some fresh information on the subject.

There was no answer, presently a little heavier breathing, and when Dick turned again, Patty, worn out by the day's exertions, had fallen fast asleep on the sofa.

As soon as he could hobble comfortably about on his

crutches, Dick had a mysterious errand into town, and a few days later Patty was surprised by receiving from him a neat little package. Inside, reposing in a tiny velvet case, lay a bright silver pin, on which was engraved a boat crossed with a pair of oars, and underneath the words, *Dux femina facti*.*

By what process of reasoning the classical Dick had associated Bessie's rescue with the feats of the immortal Dido, Patty did not stop to inquire, but the gift, "her honor badge," Dick called it, gave her a great deal of happiness. Not only did she value it for its beauty and what it recalled, but because she felt it sealed the promise made tacitly on that night, which they would none of them ever forget, that never again, either in earnest or in play, would Dick taunt her with being "Only a Girl."

THE LITTLE GRENADIER.†

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

ON the field of Balaklava
The British grenadiers
Marched in the van of battle
With clear and ringing cheers.
And with them, keeping time and step,
A lad not twelve years old—
The pet of the Third Battalion,
Wearing their red and gold.
Amid the ceaseless rain of fire,
Amid the clash of steel,
His little heart throbbed high to know
The joy that warriors feel.
From point to point, with small fleet feet
And eager face alight,
He passed, undaunted and unharmed,
Through all that bloody fight.
But when the darkness call a truce,
And men a respite found,
And fifteen hundred Englishmen
Were lying on the ground,
Then gentle Mercy stooped and gave
The order to his heart;
And then the little hero filled
A more than hero's part.
Amongst the wounded grenadiers
With hopeful words he sped,
Piling the stocks of broken guns
He found among the dead;
And while men watched him flit about
In the cold, misty night,
Wondering what purpose he could have,
Up sprang the blazing light,
Making one bright and cheerful spot
Where all was dark and cold,
And spreading saving warmth around
The men in red and gold,
While with a skillful haste he brewed
The warm, refreshing tea:
A common service, but to them
An angel ministry.
To some it was a draught of life;
To some it only gave
A moment's rest, ere they could win
The quiet of the grave.
But, oh, what eyes were raised to his!
What words were muttered low!
What fervent blessings followed him
As he passed to and fro!
His Colonel loved him for the deed,
And far and wide 'twas told
How on that dark and bloody field
The boy in red and gold
Had made the tea and served the men,
With none to help or cheer;
And noble hearts praised everywhere
The little grenadier.

* A woman was leader in the deed.

† The little grenadier is Thomas Keep of the Third Battalion of British Grenadier Guards. His valor both in the battles of Inkerman and Balaklava was considered worthy of special praise, and Colonel Wood of the Third Battalion wrote an account of the incident, as did Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who makes the child's age ten years.



"WANT YOUR BREAKFAST, TOMMY?"

ADVENTURES OF A NAVAL MONKEY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

ONE of the great British war ships in the Crimean war between England and Russia was the *Bellerophon*. On board of this ship there lived an ape named Sambo, who made a great deal of fun for both officers and men. He also got himself into numberless scrapes, and "smelt powder" oftener than monkeys like to do.

Sambo was so fond of mischief that he was kept chained to a small house, or kennel; but this was not a heavy structure, and seizing the chain in one hand, so as to take the strain off his belt, he would drag it all about the main-deck, going pretty much where he pleased, after all.

A favorite spot with him, because of its warmth, was the galley, or ship's kitchen. One day, finding the galley quite clear, he tried his hand at cooking, and in about half a minute nearly succeeded in producing a dish of boiled monkey, by spilling a kettleful of hot water over himself. It was a long time before he recovered, and ever afterward, whenever he got in the cooks' way, they had only to show him a kettle, filled or empty, to make him scamper off, yelling with terror.

Though he remembered the scalding so well, yet he tried another experiment in the galley, this time at baking. Seeing an oven door open one cold night, and thinking himself in great luck to hit upon so snug and warm a berth, he crept in, and went to sleep. By-and-by the cook came, shut the oven door, and lighted the fire. It was not long before strange noises—scratching and faint squealing—began to issue from the stove, so that the cook made up his mind it was possessed by goblins. Finally, however, he plucked up courage enough to open the oven door, when out leaped the well-warmed Sambo, grinning and chattering at a tremendous rate over his narrow escape.

To some of the youngsters on board he took a dislike; perhaps they had plagued him. He was well able to return the compliment. When one of them would be folding up his hammock in the morning, Sambo would suddenly leap from his hiding-place into the hammock,

which the boy would drop instantly, for the monkey *could* bite if he cared to. There Sambo would sit, growling and making faces, until he got tired of the fun, and gave up his prize. Still he was on good terms with nearly everybody. In the evening he especially enjoyed nestling under the overcoat of some officer, and getting whiffs of his tobacco smoke. Once he broke his chain, stole into the clerk's office, tore papers to pieces, upset the ink, and so daubed his fur with the black fluid that he looked like a young negro. Discovered at this, and knowing what he deserved, he fled to the loftiest rigging, and could not be persuaded to come down for a long time.

Sambo's anxiety all the time was to keep himself warm at night. At last he hit upon a novel way. Discovering that he could reach the poultry coops, which were hung to a beam, he watched until a hen put her head out between the bars. At once Sambo made a grab, and pulled the unfortunate fowl out by the neck. Holding her firmly, he dragged his kennel back to its place before the galley fire, where he lay down, and slept all night with the chicken in his arms like a baby. Next morning he partly led and partly drove her back to her coop. Every cold night after that he provided himself in this way with a warm bed-fellow, never hurting the fowls beyond their unpleasant experience in being dragged through the coop bars.

By-and-by the great ship became engaged in the battle of Sebastopol. In the midst of the bombardment a shell came through an opening in the deck, and exploded among the sheep pens and poultry coops, to which Sambo had been consigned when preparations for the battle were made. The shell knocked the coops to pieces, killed most of the hens and turkeys, and smashed things generally. Out of the smoke and sulphur and shower of splinters and feathers came Sambo, frightened almost to death, but otherwise unhurt, and leaped with one bound into the arms of an officer standing near by. He trembled with fear, and in tones of the strongest indignation began to tell in the most rapid way the story of the outrage he had suffered.

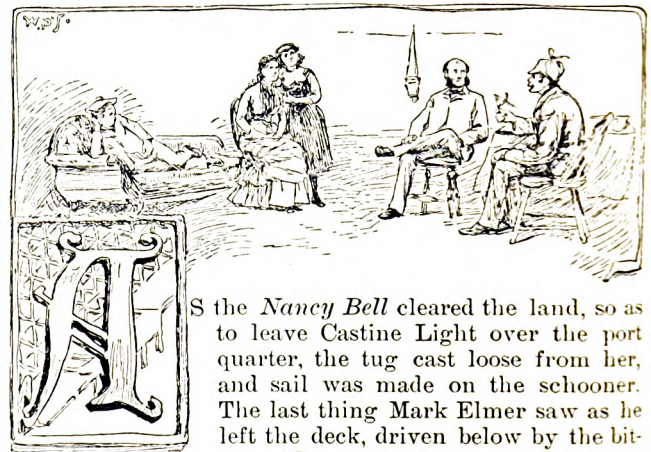
Though shot and shell hurtled thickly through the rigging and about the hull all day long, Sambo remained untouched; and at night the officer of the deck reported him to the admiral as having behaved with *great gallantry* during the action.

WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER III.

"CAPTAIN LI'S" STORY.



As the *Nancy Bell* cleared the land, so as to leave Castine Light over the port quarter, the tug cast loose from her, and sail was made on the schooner. The last thing Mark Elmer saw as he left the deck, driven below by the bitter cold, was the gleam of the light on Owl's Head, outside which Captain Drew said they should find the sea pretty rough.

The rest of the family had gone below some time be-

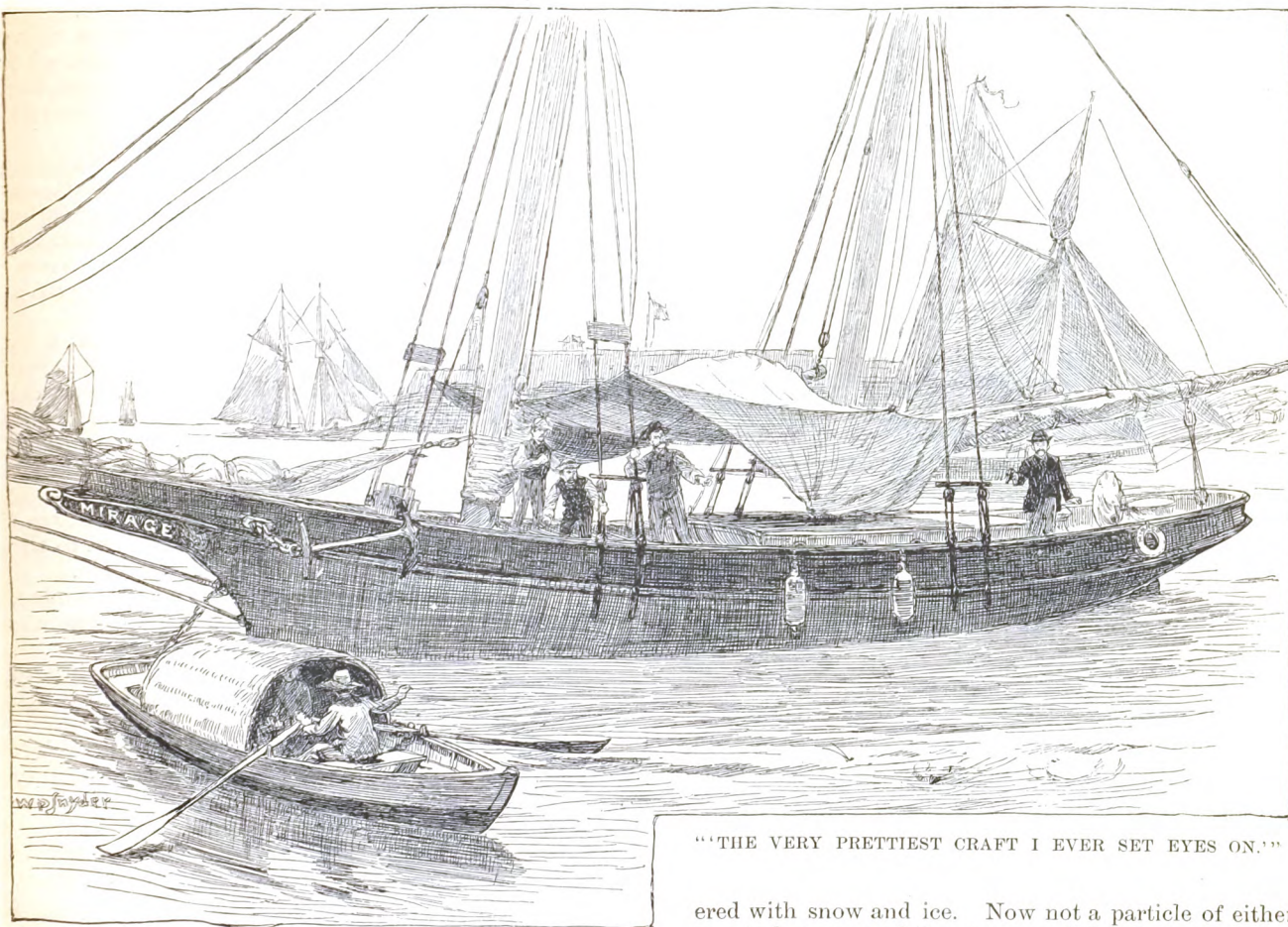
fore, and Mark found that his mother was already very seasick. He felt rather uncomfortable himself, and did not care much for the supper of which his father and Ruth ate so heartily. He said he thought he would go to bed before supper was half over, and did so, although it was only six o'clock. Poor Mark! it was a week before he again sat at table or went on deck.

During this week the *Nancy Bell* sailed along the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. She went inside of Martha's Vineyard, through Vineyard Sound, in company with a great fleet of coasters; but when they passed Gay Head and turned to the

worst capes along our entire Atlantic coast, and is probably the one most dreaded by sailors. When coming home from the West Indies they sing an old song which begins:

"Now if the Bermudas let you pass,
Then look for Cape Hatteras."

Slowly dressing, with the Captain's aid, Mark, feeling very weak, but free from the horrible sickness from which he had suffered so long, managed to get out on deck. He was astonished at the change that one week's sailing southward had made in the general appearance of things. When he was last on deck, it and the rigging were cov-



"THE VERY PRETTIEST CRAFT I EVER SET EYES ON."

westward into Long Island Sound, the *Nancy* was headed toward the lonely light-house on Montauk Point, the extreme end of Long Island. From here her course was for the Cape May Light-ship, on the New Jersey coast, and for some time she was out of sight of land.

So they sailed, day after day, ever southward, and toward the warmth which was to make Mr. Elmer well and strong again.

Although Mark was very ill all this time, Ruth was as bright and well as though she were on land. This was very mortifying to her brother; but "Captain Li," who went in to see him every day, comforted him by telling him of old sailors he had known who were always seasick for the first few days of every voyage they undertook.

The schooner was off Cape Hatteras before Mark felt able to leave his berth. At last one evening, when the sea was very quiet, "Captain Li" said: "Come, Mark, I want you to turn out and go on deck to see the last of Hatteras Light. You know Cape Hatteras is one of the

ered with snow and ice. Now not a particle of either was to be seen, and the air was mild and pleasant. A new moon hung low in the western sky, and over the smooth sea the schooner was rippling along merrily under every stitch of canvas that she could spread.

Mark received a warm welcome from his father, mother, and Ruth, who were all on deck, but had not expected to see him there that evening.

"Quick, Mark! Look! Hatteras is 'most gone," said Ruth, pointing, as she spoke, to a little twinkle of light so far astern that it seemed to rest on the very waters.

Half an hour later the Captain said, "Now let's go below, where it is warmer; and if you care to hear it, I will spin you a yarn of Hatteras Light."

"Yes, indeed," said Ruth and Mark together.

"By all means; a story is just the thing," said Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, also together, at which they all laughed, hooked little fingers, and wished.

When they had made themselves comfortable in the cabin, Mark being allowed to occupy the lounge on account of his recent illness, the Captain began as follows:

"Ten years ago this winter I made my first voyage of

any length, though before that I had made some short runs on a little coaster between New York and down-East ports. Getting tired of this, and wanting to see something more of the world, I shipped in New York, early in December, on board the very prettiest craft I ever set eyes on, for a voyage to the West Indies. She was the hundred-ton schooner-yacht *Mirage*, and her owner had determined to try and make her pay him something during the winter by running her as a fruiter. She carried a crew of five men, besides the captain, mate, and steward, all young and able seamen. I was the youngest and least experienced, but was large for my age, and passed muster with the rest.

"We had a pleasant run down to Havana, passing Moro Castle, and dropping anchor on the seventh day out from New York, but found some trouble there in getting a cargo for the home voyage. The delay worried our skipper considerably, for he had calculated on being home with his wife and baby at Christmas. But we of the crew enjoyed the city, and I for one got leave to go ashore whenever I could, and made the most of my opportunity to see the sights.

"We had laid there about ten days, when one morning, as the skipper came up the after-companionway from the cabin, a big gray rat rushed out on deck ahead of him, scampered to the side, and plumped overboard. We all saw it in the water, swimming for the quay, which was but a short distance from us, and, quick as a thought, the skipper had jumped back into the cabin for his pistol, and before the beast had got more than half-way he had fired several shots at it. The bullets struck all around the rat, but didn't hit it, and we saw him disappear through a crevice between the stones of the quay.

"Our captain was a very superstitious man, and this incident troubled him, for I heard him say to the mate that he never knew any ship to have good luck when once the rats began to leave her.

"Soon after this we took in our cargo of pine-apples and bananas, and started for home. Our first three days' run was as pretty as ever was made, and, with the Gulf Stream to help us, it seemed as though we might make New York in time for Christmas, after all.

"Then there came a change; first a gale that drove us to the westward, and then light head-winds, or no winds at all; and so we knocked round for three days more, and on the day before Christmas we hadn't rounded Hatteras, let alone made Sandy Hook, as we had hoped to do.

"It was a curious sort of a day, mild and hazy, with the sun showing round and yellow as an orange. The skipper was uneasy, and kept squinting at the weather, first on one side and then the other. We heard him say to the mate that something was coming, for the mercury was falling faster than he had ever seen it.

"Things stood so until sunset, when the haze settled down thicker than ever. I was at the wheel, when the skipper came on deck and ordered all canvas to be stripped from her except the double-reefed mainsail and a corner of the jib. He sung out to me to keep a sharp lookout for Hatteras Light, and then went below again.

"When I caught sight of the light, about an hour later, and reported it, it wasn't any brighter than it looked when you came on deck a while ago, Mark, and we were heading directly for it. When the skipper came up and looked at it he told me to keep her so while he took a squint at the chart.

"He hadn't more than gone below again when there came such a gust of wind and rain, with thunder and lightning close after, as to hide the light and keep me busy for a few minutes holding the schooner up to it.

"The squall passed as suddenly as it came, and there was the light, right over the end of the flying-jib-boom, burning as steady as ever, but looking mighty blue somehow. I thought it was the effect of the mist, and tried to

keep her headed for it. As I was getting terribly puzzled and fussed up by what I thought was the strange action of the compass, and by the way the little spiteful gusts of wind seemed to come from every quarter at once, the skipper came on deck.

"How does Hatteras Light bear?"

"Dead ahead, sir," said I.

"As he stepped on deck he turned to look at it, and I saw him start as though he saw something awful. He looked for half a minute, and then, in a half-choked sort of voice, he gasped out, 'The Death-Light!'

"At the same moment the light that I had took to be Hatteras rolled, like a ball of fire, along the jib-topsail-stay to the topmast head, and then I knew it was a St. Elmo's fire, a thing I'd heard of but never seen before.

"As we all looked at it, afraid almost to say a word, there came a sound like a moan over the sea, and in another minute a cyclone such as I hope never to see again laid us, first on our beam ends, and then drove us at a fearful rate directly toward the coast.

"We drove this way for an hour or more, unable to do a thing to help ourselves, and then she struck on Hatteras sands. Her masts went as she struck, and as they fell a huge sea, rushing over the poor craft, swept overboard the captain and two men. It was some time before we knew they were gone, for we could see nothing nor hear anything but the howl of the tempest.

"At last we got rid of the floating wreck of spars by clearing the tangled rigging with our knives, and, thus relieved, the schooner was driven a good bit further over the sands. Finally she stuck fast, and began to break up. One of her boats was stove and worthless, and in trying to clear away the other, a metallic life-boat, another man was swept overboard and lost.

"The mate and two of the crew besides myself finally got away from the wreck in this boat, and were driven to the beach, on which we were flung more dead than alive.

"The next morning we made our way to the light-house, where we were kindly cared for, but where our Christmas dinner was a pretty sad affair.

"The captain's body was washed up on the beach, and a week from that day we took it and the news of his death together to his wife in New York.

"Since then I have always felt easier when I have left Hatteras Light well astern, as we have for this time at any rate. Well, there's eight bells, and I must be on deck, so good-night to you all, and pleasant dreams."

"Is there any such thing as a 'death-light' that warns people of coming disaster?" asked Ruth of her father, when the Captain had left them.

"No, my dear," he answered, "there is not. The St. Elmo's light, or St. Elmo's fire, is frequently seen in tropical seas, though rarely as far north as Cape Hatteras; and as it is generally accompanied by cyclones or hurricanes, sailors have come to regard it as an omen of evil. It is not always followed by evil consequences, however, and to believe that it foretells death is idle and foolish."

After leaving Hatteras not another evidence of land was seen by the passengers of the *Nancy Bell* for three days. At last one afternoon "Captain Li" pointed out and called their attention to a slender shaft, rising apparently from the sea itself, far to the westward. He told them that it was the light-house at Jupiter Inlet, well down on the coast of Florida, and they regarded it with great interest, as giving them their first glimpse of the land that was so soon to be their home.

Mark had almost forgotten his seasickness, and spent much of his time with Jan Jansen, who taught him to make knots and splices, to box the compass, and to steer. Both Mark and Ruth were tanned brown by the hot sun, and Mr. Elmer said the warmth of the air had already made a new man of him.

THE ST. ELMO FIRE.

BY C. J. M.

ELECTRICIANS are agreed that electricity exists everywhere, on the earth as well as in the air. They have divided it into two kinds, viz., negative and positive. The earth is charged with the former, and the air with the latter kind. Either of these two kinds will attract the other, but repel anything charged like itself.

When bodies are at rest the electricity is in a state of equilibrium; that is, both kinds are present in equal quantities. When they are in motion this equilibrium is disturbed, and an interchange takes place until it is restored. It is supposed that electricity is in motion everywhere and always, although we are but seldom aware of its presence. It manifests itself in many different ways. Lightning and the aurora borealis represent the process of a restoration of an electrical equilibrium on a grand scale.

Another instance of this continual shifting about are the St. Elmo fires. They seem to be lights resting on the tops of masts, steeples, and other prominent points at night in stormy weather, and are caused by the escape of the negative electricity from the earth into the atmosphere. These lights are usually accompanied by a hissing noise, and are entirely without heat.

It is related that when a French naval officer saw these lights at the tops of the masts of his ship one wild night in the Mediterranean, he became very much alarmed for its safety, believing that it would be set on fire. He had the iron tips of the masts removed, but the light streamed from the wood as steadily as from the iron, and in a short time he became convinced that there was no danger.

A few years ago the captain of an iron vessel passing down the English Channel noticed bright pencils of light shooting out from his masts, yards, and bowsprit. He climbed out on the latter, and cautiously approaching his hand to the flame, was surprised to feel no heat.

The St. Elmo fire was also noticed in ancient times, Cæsar making mention of the fire that rested on the tips of the soldiers' weapons.

It is seen at rare intervals in the United States. The Signal Service officer stationed on Pike's Peak, Colorado, reports a very interesting exhibition which took place in June of last year. The telegraph wire running up the mountain was seen surrounded by a bright light, from which small flames were darting from point to point. An attempt to touch them was not very successful. The moment a finger was brought near them they disappeared entirely, or skipped to another place. The weather-vane on the station looked like a fiery arrow, and the rapidly revolving anemometer presented the appearance of a globe of fire. The officer thrust his hand into the blaze surrounding it, when it appeared on fire, but he felt no heat. He then opened his hand, and from the tip of every finger one or more pencils of light shot forth with a hissing noise. After lasting about fifteen minutes all the lights suddenly disappeared.

In the Mediterranean seamen gave these lights the name of St. Erasmus. It was in course of time shortened to St. Ermo, and finally to its present one of St. Elmo.

ALONE IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

A STORY OF THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

BY DAVID KER.

"**F**ALL back, boys—it's no use!"

It was no use, indeed. All along the one narrow path that zigzagged upward among rocks and thickets toward the hill fort of Kalunga, red-coated Englishmen and white-frocked Sepoys were lying dead or wounded by scores, and the rattle of the firing from above grew louder and heavier every moment. The sun was just sinking

behind the great purple wall of the Himalaya Mountains as the baffled assailants drew slowly off down the ridge, and the British soldiers gnashed their teeth as they heard the taunting shout of the Gorkhas from above:

"When that sun shall rise where it now sets, then will you take Kalunga!"

"We must just starve these fellows out," said General Ochterlony at the council of war that night. "They must soon run short of food and water, and then we'll have that fort without losing a man."

The siege was accordingly turned into a blockade; but the General had no idea of leaving the enemy undisturbed. On the contrary, he sent forward a number of his best marksmen with orders to open a spattering fire upon the fort, to keep up a continual shouting as if they were just about to make another attack, and, in short, to alarm and harass the enemy as much as possible.

The Gorkhas replied briskly with their heavy matchlocks and jezails (long-barrelled rifles). The whole hill was soon alive with cracking musketry and puffs of white smoke, while the white frocks and scarlet jackets flitting hither and thither among the green leaves, the constant flashes of fire from the gloomy shadow of the forest, the continual shouting of the skirmishers below, and the shrill yells of the Gorkhas above, made up a very exciting scene.

Suddenly, to the amazement of all the lookers-on, a single Gorkha was seen to issue from the belt of brush-wood around the fort, and to come striding down the break-neck path toward the British camp through the thickest of the fire, as coolly as if the bullets that whistled on every side of him were only tufts of thistle-down.

"Cease firing!" shouted the officer in command of the skirmishers, "and let us see what the fellow wants."

The bugler sounded the signal, and instantly the English fire ceased. Down came the solitary figure till it reached the foot of the hill. It was then seen that the Gorkha was holding his hand to his face as if hurt or in pain; but he marched boldly up to the wondering officer, and said:

"Where is the chief of the Ugrez [English]? I must speak with him."

The officer stared, as well he might; but he thought that this queer visitor must be the bearer of some message from the Gorkha leader, and led him away to General Ochterlony's quarters without farther parley.

The General was just starting on his rounds when the officer came up with his extraordinary companion. The Gorkha cast one sharp glance at the old soldier's firm, manly face, and then said, as boldly as ever, though in a thick, broken voice which showed that he was badly hurt:

"Chief of the English, one of your bullets has broken my jaw, and among us there is no man of medicine who can heal the wound; wherefore I have come to give myself into the hands of your doctor."

The old General was not easily upset, but at this cool demand his iron features fairly quivered with suppressed laughter. He controlled himself, however, and said simply, "Call Dr. O'Reilly."

In a few minutes up came a sturdy, red-faced, jolly-looking Irishman, whose big blue eyes twinkled with fun and good-humor. The moment the case was explained to him, he turned to the Gorkha and cried:

"Come into our camp all alone by yersilf, is it? and all to give me a chance of docthorin' yez? Shure, thin, wasn't ye afear'd that we'd kill ye?"

"You are warriors, and we are warriors," answered the little Nepaulese, proudly, when this was interpreted to him. "Treachery is for snakes and jackals, not for brave men."

"Faith, but ye're a broth of a boy intirely," said the warm-hearted Irishman, seizing him by the hand; "and it's mysilf that 'll docthor yez wid all the pleasure in loife. Come along, honey."

The doctor's new patient soon became the pet of the whole camp. Whenever he came abroad—which was pretty often, for no remonstrances from the doctor could persuade him to lie still—he was instantly surrounded by a throng of soldiers, all eager to offer him food and talk to him, although he could not understand a word that they said.

But at last the wound was healed, and the Gorkha prepared to go back to his besieged comrades. When he took leave of the doctor, he shook out from the folds of his silken girdle a scanty store of silver and copper coins (all that he possessed), and offered them to him.

"Niver a penny will I touch, my jewel," cried O'Reilly;

"but whiniver ye get hurt agin, Tim O'Reilly's yer man, and nothin' to pay."

The Gorkha pressed the Irishman's brawny hand to his forehead and breast, and then turned silently away toward the fortress, followed by three deafening cheers from the British soldiers.

But they soon saw him again. When the fort surrendered a few days later, and the Gorkhas marched out with all the honors of war down that well-defended hill (beside which a monument now stands to commemorate their valor), one of the foremost among that chosen band was Dr. O'Reilly's patient, who greeted his friend in passing with a wave of his hand and a kindly smile.



CLIMAX BARKER

BACK AGAIN TO SCHOOL.—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BACK again to school, my little lassies O,
Back to add and multiply, and watch the figures grow.
Oh, where are slates and pencils, and who has learned the rule,
And who of all the lassies will be leader of the school?

Back again to school, my merry laddies O,
Back to analyze and spell. You'd "rather ride and row."
Oh, never mind the fun behind, for study is the rule,
And which of all the laddies shall be leader of the school?

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

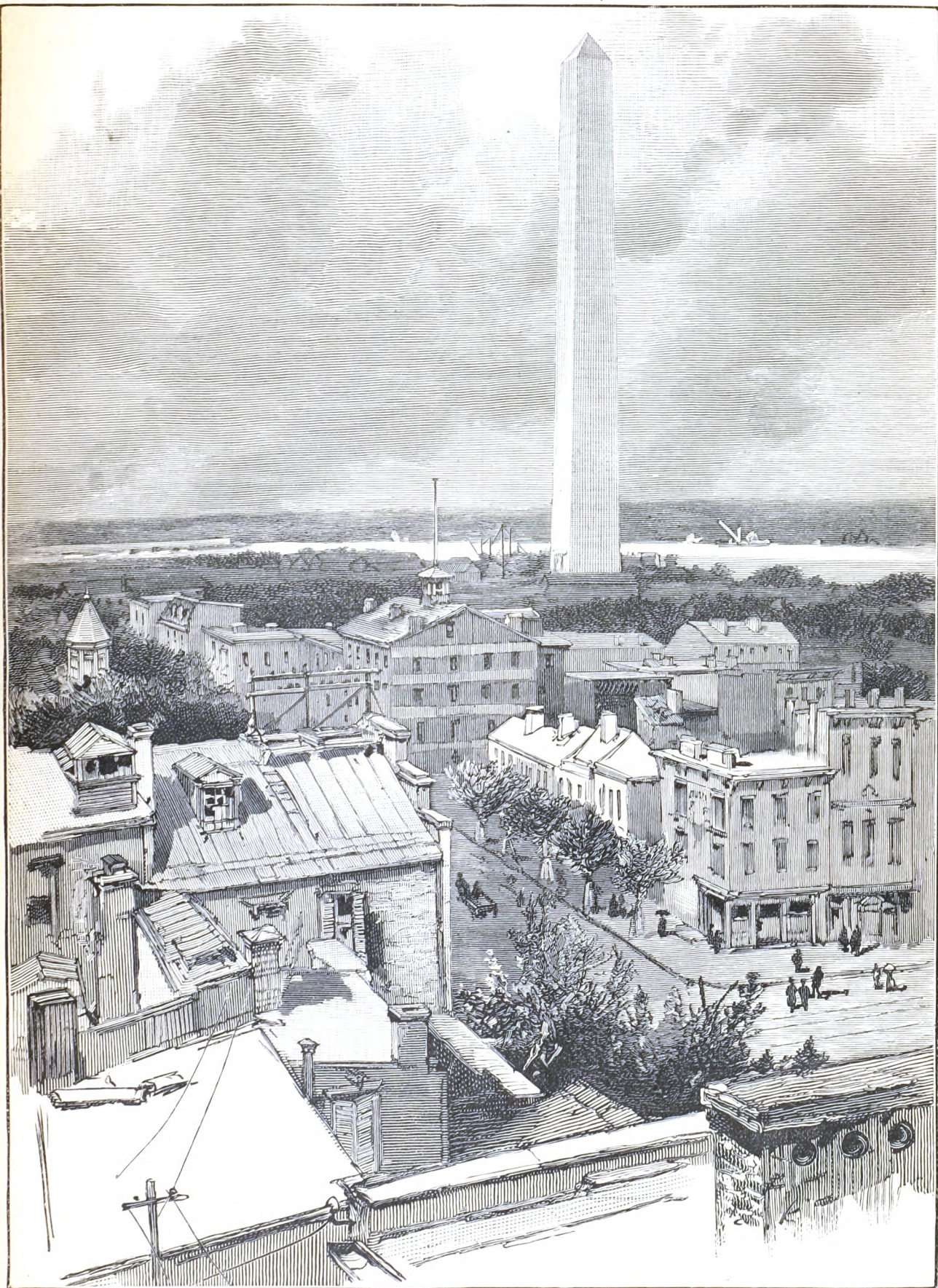
THE beautiful monument to Washington on the banks of the Potomac is already the tallest building in the world. It is a white marble column five hundred and fifty feet high. It is hollow in the inside, and ascended by an elevator moved by steam. Instead of climbing up a long flight of steps, as one is forced to do at Trinity Church in New York or St. Peter's at Rome, the visitor rises gently and swiftly to the top. The inside will be lighted by brilliant globes of electric light. There will be no night in this wonderful pillar. At the top will be a pyramid of stone covered at its point with copper.

It will be seen far away, glittering in the sunlight. The Egyptian obelisks were also capped with a metallic covering that shone in their clear sky, and the American column is very much like one of them. But it is five times as

high as the tallest obelisk. The obelisk, however, was made of a single piece of stone. The tallest is at Rome, about 108 feet high. The highest buildings in the world are the Great Pyramid, St. Peter's Church at Rome, and the Cologne Cathedral. These are about 450 feet each in height. St. Paul's in London is only 366 feet; the London Monument, 202. It seems, therefore, that the glittering points of the Washington Monument will be one hundred feet higher than any other building on the earth.

Washington was born poor. The son of a widow, his father having died while he was a boy, he had little education. He was self-taught, and went only to a country school. He was never at a Latin school or a college. But at fourteen he began to teach himself surveying, and soon went into the wilderness of Western Virginia to measure out the unknown land.

He was only seventeen, but he had resolved to maintain himself, and was never weary of work. He slept often



THE GREAT MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.

on the bare ground amidst ice and snow; he was surrounded in the forest by savage Indians; he was ill, weak, faint at times; but he persevered, and at nineteen became a famous surveyor.

Next he commanded in the French and Indian war. He was made commander-in-chief of the American armies in the Revolution. He was our first President. He retired to his farm on the banks of the Potomac, and died a simple farmer. It is because he was always an honest and good man, the founder of our republic, that we raise this monument to his memory in the city that bears his name.

The monument stands on the banks of the Potomac, in one of the most beautiful parts of the city. Near it is the President's house and gardens and public buildings. Before it flows the river that Washington loved. Near the banks of the Potomac he was born in 1732. On its upper shore was his farm, Mount Vernon, where he lived before the Revolution, and to which he came back to pass the few brief years of his old age. By the side of the Potomac he was often seen by his countless visitors, clothed in a gray homespun suit, directing his laborers. The house at Mount Vernon still stands nearly as he left it. Here he died in 1799. Here is his tomb. The Potomac may well be called the river of Washington.

Washington resolved when he was a boy to be honest, industrious, and truthful. It was these traits of character that made him so trusted by all his fellow-citizens. When he was only fourteen he taught himself to write a fair round hand, to draw, and to measure land. He never spelled very well, but he wrote a great deal, and read many useful books. He founded our republic, aided by many other gifted men of the time; and now all the working-men of Europe seem anxious to come over to our country, because here they are free.

The beautiful monument will always teach us to imitate Washington's honesty and industry. The pure white pillar, rising into the sky, is the monument of freedom. It may crumble at last like the obelisks and the temples of the past; but the memory of the good and generous Washington, the patriot and the republican, will never be lost among men.

HOW JOHNNIE SAW THE ELEPHANT.

BY ADA CARLETON STODDARD.



Elephants didn't come to Jay every day, and, indeed, one might never come again. Of that John Henry was sure.

John Henry was up in the stable loft crying. You couldn't have been quite sure what he was crying about unless you had happened to know that the little village of Jay was all aflame with red and yellow posters picturing the most wonderful creatures that could be imagined in the shape of men and women and horses and wild animals and elephants, and that Farmer Bell,

who was also John Henry's uncle Peter, was very much opposed to circuses.

"I wish I could go—I do wish I could! just to see the elephants, and not to look at a single other thing," said John Henry that very morning. His wistful tones and the pathetic way in which the corners of his mouth drooped might have melted a heart of stone, but didn't disturb the heart of Uncle Peter in the least. He cleared his throat with his most severe "ahem!" and looked sharply over his glasses at his nephew as he said:

"Circuses are wicked, John Henry. If you could see

the wild animals 'thout the circus, I'd be willing enough to let ye go; but as you can't, you can't, and there's an end on't. Here's five cents you can take down to the village and lay out in pea-nuts and candy. That 'll have to make up for yer disapp'intment."

But it didn't make up at all, or so John Henry thought, though he took the money thankfully enough, and walked two long dusty miles to spend it, stopping a long time on the way to examine the circus posters, and wonder if anything ever could be so wonderful as those pictured performances. He was, after all, as jolly as could be for a little time; but when he got back to the farm-house, and his candy was gone, and he had only a remembrance of how good the pretty pink and white peppermints tasted to cheer him, his spirits sank again, and he crept away to the stable loft and lay down on the hay, and cried himself to sleep because he could not go to the circus.

The dusk fell and the stars came out; the frogs in the brook began to sing, and good Farmer Bell and his wife went to bed. The moon got up before long, and peeped through the wide cracks in the stable to see a little boy, with tear-stained face and sticky fingers, who ought to have been in his bed, but who lay instead half buried in a pile of sweet-smelling clover hay, too sound asleep to know any difference.

John Henry could not tell how long he had been asleep when he opened his eyes at last, not a little frightened at finding himself alone in the lonely stable loft. There were broad bars of moonlight lying across the hay, and he could hear old Dolly champing and stepping uneasily in her stall below, making, it seemed to him, a dreadful noise, because everything else was so still.

No; everything else was not still. Presently John Henry caught himself listening sharply to the sound of the wind blowing through the orchard. It did not sound exactly like the wind either, for he could hear the branches crack and snap steadily, one after another. His heart stood still with something like fear, and all the while staid old Dolly was becoming more and more restless.

"What is it?" thought the boy. "The wind can't be blowing that way. Oh dear!" And he shivered because it was so dark there in the stable loft, and there were gloomy shadows hiding in the corners, and it was chilly too. "Oh dear me!" he said, "I don't b'lieve I'll dare to go in the house. I wish I hadn't gone to sleep in this horrid place."

But pretty soon he grew a very little braver, and so he crawled out of his nest and opened the small square door which was made to stow hay in at. It looked out on Farmer Bell's pear orchard, the pride of its owner's heart, which lay between the stable and the house, and was bearing this year for the first time. The cracking and snapping were there; and no wonder, for in one dreadful moment John Henry saw a monstrous creature, as large, so it seemed to him, as the stable itself, reach up a funny, snake-like snout to the top of a pear-tree, and pull it down to him.

"It's a—*an* elephant, I do b'lieve," cried our young friend to himself, in an ecstasy of fear. "Now—now what ever 'd I do if he'd pull the stable over? Oh dear!"

There was not the least danger in the world that the elephant would do that, but it really seemed as if he did not mean to leave one twig upon another in the pear orchard, and presently John Henry's heart began to burn with angry resentment.

"I don't know what Uncle Peter 'd say if he knew his pear-trees, 'at he sets such great store by, was being teared to flinders this way; I declare I don't," he thought. "I wish I could get to the house 'n' tell him. He might put a stop to it somehow."

As soon as the boy thought of that he made up his mind he must go, though his courage required a great

deal of screwing up before he could quite make up his mind to creep softly down the ladder and out at the stable door, which creaked recklessly under his touch, and fly away through the dewy, clinging grass to the house, where he burst into his uncle's bedroom, all a-quiver with a delicious sort of terror.

"Uncle Peter! Uncle Pe-eter!"

Uncle Peter sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Aunt Priscilla sat up too, with her false front of corkscrew curls off, and a funny little red flannel night-cap on; and she looked so very queer that John Henry would have laughed if he had not been so frightened. He did laugh afterward with thinking of it.

But Uncle Peter was only half awake.

"Silly!" he said—"Silly! Seem's ef I might 'a let that boy go to the circus. It's wicked, I know. But childern they're just childern, and nuthin' else. He wanted to go so bad! Mebbe he'd 'a furgot all about it afore he grew up."

"Uncle Peter! Uncle P-e-t-e-r-r!! Do wake up!"

"John Henry, you hush! Childern sh'd be seen, and not heard. You can't go to the circus noway."

"Uncle P-e-t-e-r!! U-n-c-l-e P-e-t-e-r-r-r-r!!!"

"Peter!!!"

This time Aunt Priscilla had him by the arm. There was an awful jerk, and the farmer was broad awake.

"What is it, Silly? Du tell. What is it?"

"There's a el'phant in the pear orchard, Uncle Peter"—from John Henry.

But Uncle Peter wouldn't believe a word of it. Now that he was certainly awake himself, he maintained that John Henry was asleep.

"You've just been asleep and dreamin', John Henry, and now you'd better go back to bed again. In the morning I'll hev something to say 'bout this."

The good old gentleman would actually have gone off to sleep that minute had not John Henry protested so earnestly and tearfully against such a proceeding that Aunt Priscilla felt he couldn't have dreamed his story altogether.

"Mebbe there *is* some kind of a critter in the orchard," said she; "you'd better go and see, Peter."

Uncle Peter was hard to persuade, but so earnestly did John Henry plead, while Aunt Priscilla put in a word now and then, that he was finally induced to leave his bed, put on his clothes, and start for the orchard. Aunt Priscilla followed behind, holding the lamp high above her head.

"There—there he is!" whispered John Henry, pointing excitedly. "Don't you see? Just hear him a-thrashing round!"

"Wa'al, naow, I du declare!" said the farmer, filled with wrath, and using the strongest language he was capable of. "I—I du declare I can't stand it."

But it seemed as if he would be obliged to; for though Aunt Priscilla caught up her broomstick and "shooed" in the most threatening manner, the great unwieldy creature went steadily on with his work of destruction, intent only on getting mouthful after mouthful of the half-ripe pears.

"Git out, there!" screamed Uncle Peter. "I—I'm nigh as savage as a meat-axe. John Henry, run up in the shed chamber an' git the old gun."

"I wouldn't shoot him, Uncle Peter," was John Henry's advice. "It's likely he b'longs to the circus 'at was a-comeing in last night, an' they'd rather pay a sight o' money than have him shot; an' the old gun's loaded with salt anyway, an' hasn't been fired for more'n a year—not since a year ago crow-time. Suppose I git on old Dolly's back, an' go over t' the village an' tell 'em he's here, an' let 'em pay for the trees."

"There's sound sense in that," said Aunt Priscilla; and apparently Farmer Bell thought so too, for in less than

ten minutes he was helping John Henry to get on old Dolly's back. Two minutes later saw the boy bounding down the cross-road that led into the highway, and so to the village and the circus grounds.

I am not going to tell you whether John Henry laughed a little to himself or not when he found himself racing along to the circus on old Dolly's back in the middle of the night, with Uncle Peter's full permission.

There they stood, the circus tents, white in the moonlight, while the huge pictures of elephants, tumblers, sword-swallowers, took on a strange look in the silvery light.

"Hullo! hulloa!! hulloa-a!!!" John Henry called out.

In a minute there was a group around him. The absence of the big elephant had been discovered, and nearly the whole company was awake.

"Abraham" had gotten away through the carelessness of his sleepy keeper, and you may be sure that the distracted managers were very happy to hear John Henry's announcement.

"Yes, the critter's in the pear orchard this minute, if he ain't left sence I did, a-destroying everything he can lay—lay his tongue to, an' a-tramping down what he don't chew up."

"We'll make it right," said one of the gentlemen, whose name was Mr. Morgan, soothingly—"we'll make it all right. I'll see your uncle in the morning."

He did; and he paid Farmer Bell ten dollars more than he claimed as damages, and then he sat down in the best room, and ate a plateful of doughnuts and cheese, and drank a glass of good sweet cider, while the good farmer told with considerable spirit the story of how they happened to discover Abraham the night before.

"Well, he's a plucky little chap," said Mr. Morgan, meaning John Henry; and he laughed a little to think of how much impression that charge of salt would have made on Abraham's leathery hide. "He's a plucky little chap."

Presently Aunt Priscilla called John Henry from the pear orchard, where he was examining the tracks of the elephant, and when he went slowly and bashfully into the presence of his uncle and the circus manager, the former said,

"Mr. Morgan here says his show's one that's so carefully looked after that it couldn't hurt any boy in the world, and he'd like you to see it, John Henry. So I've said you can go if you want to. Do ye?"

"I guess I do!" said John Henry; and then he looked up and caught the biggest kind of a twinkle just slipping out of the corner of Mr. Morgan's eye.

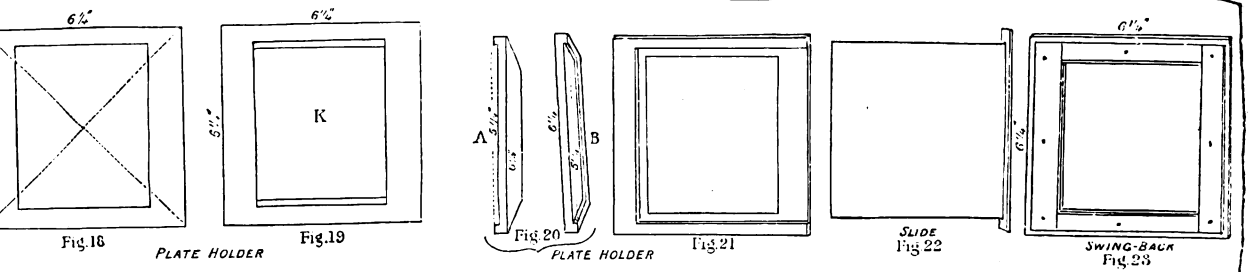
HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT.

BY A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

LAST week, boys, we stopped with a description of the ground-glass holder. If you succeeded in making this without any great trouble, you are now ready for the more difficult task of making the

PLATE HOLDER.

Take a piece of soft wood six and a quarter inches square, and find the centre by drawing diagonals. Now lay your ruler across the centre with the grain, measure on each side of the centre two and one-sixteenth inches, and make a point. Next lay your ruler across one of these points parallel with the edge; measure a little (not more than one-sixteenth) over two and a half inches on each side, and draw a line. Do the same on the other side, and connect the ends of the two lines, and you will have a figure looking like Fig. 18. Now on the four-inch sides draw a parallel line one-eighth of an inch inside (Fig. 19), cut out the piece marked K, and make a ledge just as you did in the ground-glass holder. You have been at work on the back side, so now turn the frame over, and on one of the longest sides cut in just a little for a distance of about five and a quarter inches (Fig. 20, A and B). Continue this cut down the sides and around the opposite ends about a quarter of an inch in width (see Fig. 21) by Google



Take some wood from the sides of a cigar box, cut some strips from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide; nail and glue them on to the frame over the ledge, making a square on the frame that will just fit into the swing-back. Now take some more wood, a little narrower than the first, and nail and glue it on to the back of the frame even with the edge all round. Next take a piece of cigar-box wood that will just fit into the square made by these last strips, fasten one side by leather hinges, and put a small screw away in on the opposite side. This is the back in which to put the plate. Putty all the cracks, and paint two coats of black paint.

THE SLIDE.

Take a piece of card-board—the brown, called “book-board,” is best—and glue it into a groove cut in a small piece of wood; this is the slide (Fig. 22). Ascertain if the plate-holder is “light tight” by holding it between yourself and a lighted lamp. If the least bit of light comes through, putty and paint that place. You will need two or three plate-holders to one camera.

THE SWING-BACK.

You must now return to the swing-back, which we began last week, but left unfinished.

On the inside, about the length of an inch, glue strips of cigar-box wood (Fig. 23).

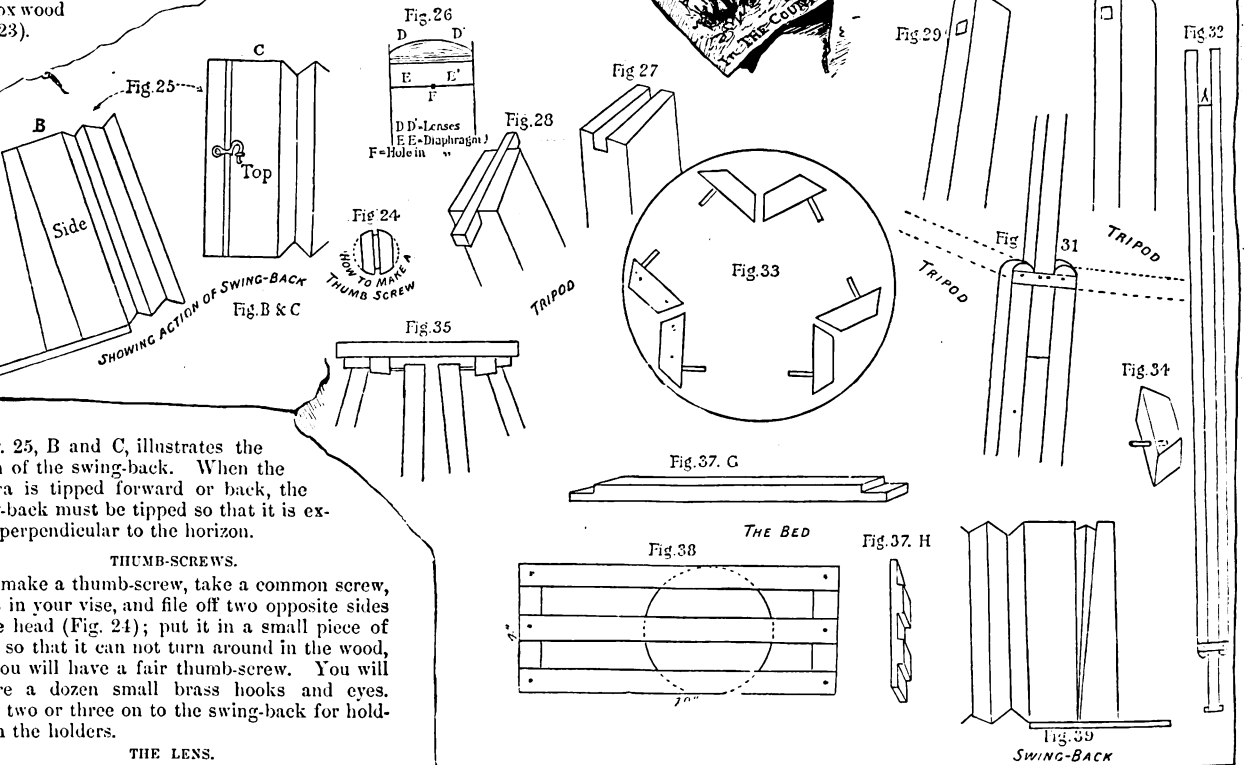


Fig. 25, B and C, illustrates the action of the swing-back. When the camera is tipped forward or back, the swing-back must be tipped so that it is perpendicular to the horizon.

THUMB-SCREWS.

To make a thumb-screw, take a common screw, set it in your vise, and file off two opposite sides of the head (Fig. 24); put it in a small piece of wood so that it can not turn around in the wood, and you will have a fair thumb-screw. You will need a dozen small brass hooks and eyes. Put two or three on to the swing-back for holding the holders.

THE LENS.

There is a great deal of trouble in getting a good lens. I obtained mine from the large end of an opera-glass; but a good lens can be bought from a dealer for two dollars or more. A lens should be mounted with the convex side to the plate. Remember that a simple lens will not do in a large camera; it must be “achromatic.” If you mount your own lens, put a diaphragm in front of it (Fig. 26). Move the diaphragm back and forth until the best result is obtained.

THE BED OF THE CAMERA.

The bed consists of three pieces of wood ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and two pieces four inches long and three-quarters wide. Cut each end of the sticks and the middle of the short ones half-way through (Fig. 37, G and H), so that you can join them.

evenly. Cut a small groove in the top of the middle one. Cut the pieces as shown in Figs. 37 and 38, put them together with glue and finishing nails, and clinch the nails on the under side. Cut out a circle of wood four inches in diameter, and fasten it firmly on to the under side of the bed in such a manner that the centre of the circle will be four inches from the front of the camera (Fig. 38). Now cut out a piece of wood six and a quarter inches long by four and a half inches wide, and fasten it firmly on the bottom of box No. 2, having the front edge of the wood plumb with the front edge of the box. Put a piece of wood under box No. 1, six and a quarter inches long and one inch wide.

Take the bellows and glue it to the inside of box No. 1, or front. If by chance the box is too large or the bellows too small, tack thin strips of wood around the inside of the box, and glue the bellows to them. Do the same to the back. Now take the swing-back. Glue two pieces of silesia together, and fasten (by glue) the swing-back to the back by means of this cloth (Fig. 39). Crease the cloth so that the swing-back can swing forward and touch the back. Of course the cloth should be on all sides, to prevent the entrance of light. Next fasten the front to the front end of the bed, and to render it more firm, put two screws through the bed into the bottom of the front. Putty all the cracks, give it two or three coats of black paint, and your camera is finished.

THE TRIPOD.

The tripod is made of ash or Southern pine. Mine is made of Southern pine. To make it you will want nine pieces two and a half feet long by about three-quarter inch by half inch. Take one piece, put it in your vise, and saw a piece out of one end (Fig. 27). Do this to two more pieces. Take three pieces of wood and fit them in these grooves, as shown in Fig. 28, the ends projecting about a quarter of an inch. Take one of the unused sticks, and with a chisel cut a groove three inches long and a little more than a quarter of an inch deep (Fig. 29). Do this to the other five. Round the ends as shown in Fig. 30. Next get six strips of stiff brass half an inch wide and as long as three sticks are wide when laid side by side. Take two of the sticks with the grooves in them and lay them on your bench, with the grooves facing each other. Put one of the sticks with the projecting ends between them, with the ends in the grooves. Push them close together, and with escutcheon pins fasten the brass strips on (Fig. 31) so that the two side pieces can swing as shown by the dotted lines. You will want the brass strips on each side, having the pins go through both. Do the same to the other pieces, and you will have the legs to your tripod finished. Fig. 32 shows the leg folded.

The top is made of half-inch pine, five and three-quarter inches in diameter. On the under side fasten six pieces of wood as shown in Fig. 33. Each piece is half an inch thick, one and a half inches long on long-

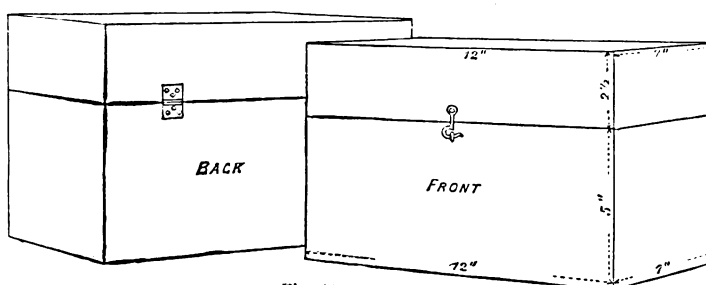


Fig. 40.

est side, and seven-eighths on shortest side. Insert brass wire an eighth of an inch in diameter, and about an inch long (Fig. 34). Fig. 35 shows how the legs are held to the table simply by the elasticity of the wood. Put also stiff wires in the ends of bottom sticks, and you will have a good tripod, costing only about thirty-five cents, whereas one purchased at a store would cost \$2 25. Your tripod should be sandpapered and varnished.

CASE TO HOLD THE APPARATUS.

The carrying case is made of half-inch pine planed on both sides. Saw out two pieces twelve inches by eight, two pieces twelve inches by five, and two pieces seven inches by five. Take one of the large pieces and the other four and put them together, making a box twelve inches long, seven wide, and five high. Put this away. Now cut out two pieces two and a half inches by twelve, and two pieces two and a half inches by seven. Take the other large piece, and make with these pieces a box twelve inches by two and a half by seven. This is the cover. Buy a pair of brass hinges and a brass hook and eye, also an iron handle. Put the cover on the box by the hinges, and put the hook and eye on the front side (Fig. 40). Sandpaper all sides, round the corners, and varnish, paint, or stain to suit your taste. This case is light, and will hold your camera, two plate-holders, focussing cloth, table of tripod, besides other minor articles, and is also a good seat.

This outfit is cheap, and if carefully made will take as good pictures as a ten-dollar or fifteen-dollar one. It ought not to cost over five dollars and a half if you buy a lens, and not over one dollar and a half if you do not buy one. Of course different dealers in hardware and other goods charge different prices, so that the exact cost can not be given.





ABOUT this time many of my little folk are beginning school-work again after their charming vacation. With bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and light steps they take the familiar path to school, and merrily open their grammars and geographies.

Meanwhile, here in the Post-office Box, both in recess and school time, we have our own delightful methods of studying geography and grammar. Haven't we, chicks? To begin this week's lessons, we will take a trip to Australia, and see what our young correspondents are busy about in that far-away land. If the seasons seem rather strangely mixed, we shall realize the distance between us, and very likely peep with a new interest into the pages of that difficult astronomy, and scan with very eager eyes the place on the map from which these letters were sent.

The Postmistress herself feels very glad indeed when she thinks of the household groups all around the wide world, where little heads are bent over these bewitching columns.

Now for mid-winter in June, my pets!

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, June 18, 1884.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in South Australia, where it is very hot in summer. We don't like the hot-wind days, they make us feel so tired. It is mid-winter now, and the hills look beautifully green after the brown and dried-up appearance they have in summer. We think spring the best time of the year. There are a lot of dandelions out on the hills; it looks as if they were covered with a golden carpet.

We have a water-spaniel dog (we call him Dash), a gray and pink cockatoo, and two canaries, but our best pet is our baby brother, eight months old. I have two sisters—Janet, seven, and Mabel, five years old. We have a governess, and we learn geography and history, and we do sums on the blackboard. I began to learn music when I was six years old, and Janet and I can play two duets.

I like reading the Post-office Box in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. My sister likes "The Ice Queen." I think Katie M., who lives at Austin, in Texas, wrote a nice letter to you in No. 236. I wish she would write to me. My father thinks Austin must be a beautiful city. He would very much like to go there some day. My father showed me a picture in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of the hills around Austin and the Colorado River that Katie M. writes about.

The only river of any size in South Australia is the Murray, over two thousand miles long. Last Easter holidays my father and uncle went up to the river and shot a black swan, an ibis, a number of crane, plovers, twenty-four ducks, and a great many rabbits.

I hope this letter is not too long to print, else I could tell you more about South Australia.

KATHLEEN J. WESTWOOD.

I am sure Katie will be pleased to accept Kathleen's invitation to begin a correspondence.

DARLING DOWNS, AUSTRALIA.

I am thirteen years old, and live on a station with my uncle and aunt and two cousins. We go out kangaroo hunting on our ponies. We each have an opossum-trap, and we set them every night. I should like to know if the American opossums are the same as those in Australia. I like the tale "In Honor Bound" very much. The river rose the other day, and there is very good fishing in it now. It is winter, and all the horses are being rugged at night. We used to go out shooting kangaroo-rats in the lucerne paddocks after tea: they dig the lucerne out by the roots. In the summer we bathe in the river. Both my cousins can swim, but I am too frightened to go out of my depth. It is very cold here, and two years ago we had a little snow. We used to bring all the rats we killed home and roast them for the dogs. I hope you will print this letter. I remain your little friend,

GEORGINA D.

The opossum family is much the same in habits and appearance all over the world.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

I am a boy, and will be sixteen my next birthday. I have two horses; one I use when I go out shooting, as he lets me shoot from his back. I have had my gun two years. My father told my sister and me that as soon as we could swim we should have a gun each, and when we got them we used to go out shooting kangaroos every Saturday. There are some friends of ours who

live on a station twelve miles from us, and the three boys come over to shoot sometimes. One morning my sister and I went out shooting at half past four, and when we got out five miles we found that we had forgotten our breakfast, so I shot some parrots, and we were lighting our fire to cook them and boil our quart pot of tea when the dog caught a kangaroo-rat, so we skinned and cooked it; but it was not the best of breakfasts, as we had neither salt nor bread. We went to see the Sydney Exhibition, and then down to Melbourne, and had a very pleasant time. When there is a flood we make rafts and paddle about on them. There are plenty of black swans, wild geese, ducks, pigeon, quail, and sometimes snipe about here, so that in the holidays I have plenty of sport. Sometimes there are emus seen, but not often. There are plenty of kangaroos, bears, and opossums here. The opossums come into the garden and eat everything. There are three stations very near here, and we go and spend some of our holidays at one of them, and at one of them we have coursing and shooting hares. I remain one of your readers,

H. W.

I suppose the boys will be pleased to hear about so much shooting, but the Postmistress pities the poor hares and parrots, and shakes her head a little doubtfully at the destruction of innocent lives in mere sport. If hunting is carried on that food may be obtained, or if the young hunters are naturalists, who wish to study science and collect fine specimens for their cabinets, there is a good reason for it. But since your father approves, my dear H. W., you may hunt with a clear conscience, notwithstanding the singular notions of your soft-hearted friend, the Postmistress.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

I shall be fourteen years of age on my next birthday. I have two ponies of my own. One is a little white pony, named Little Nell, which my uncle gave me for a Christmas present about five years ago; the other pony's name is Souvenir. Last Christmas holidays my brother and myself were staying with some friends who live on a station about fifteen miles away, and as we were coming home my pony shied and knocked me against a tree and broke my leg. I was laid up for two months. I have a retriever dog that fetches out the ducks that my brother shoots.

I had a gun of my own, and used to go out shooting with my brother, but it was too heavy for me, so I have sold it. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think "Thimble's Last Hunt" is a very pretty story. We took a trip down to Sydney to see the Exhibition of 1880, and had great fun. My brother and myself used to go to the Exhibition by ourselves. There are plenty of kangaroos here, and we often go out hunting them. We had two greyhounds, and we used to go out after kangaroo-rats, but both the dogs got poisoned. I read the letter in which the girl said she was learning "The Joyful Peasant." It is the piece I learned last. I am learning another piece now. Sometimes we go out after the bullocks, to bring them in for killing. It is very cold now in Australia. I remain yours affectionately,

MADELINE.

MANTOLOKING, OCEAN COUNTY.

I have this year subscribed to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; before this year I bought it. In the summer I live in Mantoloking. I have no pets, but my sister has a dog. I suppose you have never heard of Mantoloking, so I will send you a little paper, *The Snipe*, which we have every week. I wrote the "Fishing Excursion" in the first number, and about the "Wreck" in the fifth number. Mantoloking is on Barnegat Bay, on a narrow strip of land, the ocean on one side and the bay on the other. The bay is sixty miles long. We have only a few cottages, a station, and a boarding-house.

LOUIS DE FOREST D.

P. S.—I hope you will like *The Snipe*.

P. S.—I am eleven, nearly twelve.

Two postscripts! and from a boy friend too! You know it is said that only ladies write postscripts. I almost always write three or four myself, Louis. I like the *Snipe* very much.

ANHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

My brother Fred and I have been so much interested in the letters in the Post-office Box that I have been wanting to write one for a long while. My father is a civil engineer, and has been out in British Columbia for the last five years, on the Canada Pacific Railway. My mother was out two years with him, and only got back last May. We were very glad to see her again. They lived at Port Moody, the terminus of the railway. It is on Burrard Inlet, an arm of the Pacific, and is a very pretty place, but when mamma went there, there were no other ladies; the only ones she saw had to come from New Westminster or Victoria. There were seven hundred Chinamen working all round the house, on the railway; they were very quiet and good-natured, and gave mamma many nice presents. She had a Chinese servant boy named Tsue. He was very smart, and mamma was teaching him

to read and write English. He said when he grew big he wanted to be a judge; she asked him why, and he said, "Wely much like cut of one man's head; dlink too much lum." I would like to write again and tell you more about British Columbia and Cape Breton, where I have been with my uncle while mamma was away. I am thirteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and my brother one, as he has been in St. Catharines, Ontario. I have a brother younger and a sister older than myself.

EGERTON B. H.

We shall certainly expect you to write again, Egerton. I know the boys and girls will wish you to do so after reading your letter.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was first published. I live near a large pond, where there are numbers of fish in summer and plenty of skating in winter. I have just returned from a short visit at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, Massachusetts. While there I learned to swim quite a little way, and caught a number of fish every day. I attend the Roxbury Latin School, and am in the fifth class. I shall study, when school begins, all of the common studies and Latin, French, geometry, ancient geography, and possibly a little physics. We have one session, from nine o'clock until two. We have a recess of five minutes every hour, and at twelve o'clock a half-hour. I like this way very much, as it gives plenty of time for a good play and time to eat one's lunch. Though a boy, I want to ask if I may join the Little Housekeepers, as I want to know how to cook if I should go camping out.

ARTHUR B.

Of course you may. Not a boy among my readers who will not be welcome to do so. I suppose you have read with satisfaction Captain Kirk Munroe's articles on "Camping Out." You might try his receipt for coffee without going into camp, provided your mother will consent to your experimenting.

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK.

Although my letter is dated from New York, my home is in New Orleans. I came North to school. I have been attending school in London, Ontario, for the past year, and hope to return on the 2d of September, when the school re-opens. I have no pets, but have five brothers and two sisters, which I consider much better. My younger sister is only sixteen months old; I have not seen her since she was three. One of my brothers, Ackland J., wrote to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some time ago; we were all very much astonished when we saw the letter from him in the Post-office Box. My aunt Maria subscribes for the paper, and after my cousins here read it they send it to my brothers to read the beautiful stories and interesting letters; they always look forward with a great deal of pleasure to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am writing this letter without my aunt's knowledge, and hope to surprise her when she sees it. I would like to write all about the nice times we have skating in the winter, and playing base-ball and other games in the fall and spring, at the school I attend. Of course we study as well as play.

WINNIE MAY J.

About the Christmas holidays I shall watch for another note from Winnie, describing her winter sports.

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—You have a good many friends here, and I think you ought to hear from them once in a while. Our vacation is almost over; I have enjoyed it very much, although I was disappointed about going to the country. I expect to go to the Zoological Garden soon. It is on one of the lovely hills which overlook Cincinnati, and one can spend the day there very profitably. The chief attractions there at present are a young sea-lion and a baby hippopotamus. The prairie-dogs have quite a settlement of little hillocks. The Canadian lynx convulses one with his ridiculous stride, which is like a horse with stringhalt. The hyena, lion, tiger, and leopard are fine specimens of natural history. The monkey house draws crowds of delighted children. A young cousin of mine went out to the Gardens one day, carrying a new parasol. While watching the antics of the monkeys, she poked at one of them with it. As quick as a flash it was seized and drawn through the bars, and in a little more time was torn into bits.

I have two friends living near me, named Gracie and Marie, who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like the stories as well as I do. After reading "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" we went on a perilous voyage in Marie's hammock. The vessel was large enough to accommodate we three girls as the crew, and Marie's brother Edwin as captain. The waves must have rolled fearfully, for our vessel pitched and tossed at such a rate that Gracie either became seasick or lost her sea-legs (as the sailors term it), for she tumbled overboard. It required great presence of mind on the part of the crew to rescue her. I would like to give you a further account of our pleasure, but must not take up so much room. Besides

taking your excellent paper, mamma has subscribed for the Chautauqua *Young Folks' Journal* for me; I think I will enjoy reading it very much.

OLIVE C.

Thank you for so bright a letter, Olive. My love to Marie and Gracie.

Two little friends in Montclair shall next have their turn.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

We live in a little village called Ardmore, but I am visiting one of my friends now. I have had ever so many pets, but somehow I don't seem to have much luck with them. I have only one pet now: it is a bird, a very pretty canary. I call him Goldie. This spring I had a garden, and I raised peas and string-beans. I planted some sweet-majormarion too, but I am afraid it will not come to much. I help mamma with the house-work, and she is teaching me how to do it properly. I know how to make a cake and a pudding already. I have over twenty books, and my favorites, I think, are the volumes of *St. Nicholas*. I have never been to school. Papa teaches me in geography, history, arithmetic, and writing, and sometimes I read poetry. We have besides our books a great many other amusements—checkers, backgammon, Bear game, game of shopping, graces, archery, and croquet. I think croquet is a favorite, at least it is this summer. Last Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, my friend and I stepped out on the front piazza before going to Sunday-school, when we heard a report like a distant cannon. I thought it was a train stopping at the depot, for they sometimes make sounds like that, but the next instant the piazza shook, and so did the front door. The whole disturbance lasted but a minute, and then things went on as well as ever. But next day several people remarked about the disturbance, and the papers were full of it; they said it was an earthquake.

HELEN L. B.

I did not myself feel the earthquake of which you speak, but many of my friends did.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

The little village of Upper Montclair is very picturesque. It has a very few houses, two little churches, and one school. I have twelve pets, and I enjoy taking care of them very much. I have a beautiful black and white goat named Daisy: she is almost five years old, but she is very small for her age. I have one brother, but not any sisters. The story of "The Lost King" is lovely: I always enjoy an exciting story like that. The other day I went down to Concy Island to spend the day; I had a lovely time; I wished I might stay a week, for it is very seldom that I get a chance to go to the beach. The other night some of my friends and I had some charades: we acted "Long Branch," "Saratoga," "Catskills," and a few others; it was lovely fun, and as we had a number of rehearsals before, we acted quite nicely. Do the readers of the Post-office Box know how to make thistle pompons? The way is to get a large thistle, and cut off with a sharp pair of scissors all the calyx except about half an inch above the stem; then pick out all the little pink flowers except those which are down below the top of the white, and hang them out in the sun until the little pink blossoms which were underneath have come to the top so that you can pick them out without spoiling the pompon. We are raising a little kitten. When we first had her she just had her eyes open. We feed her with a little spoon, and she is learning to take her milk real nicely. She is black and white, with dark blue eyes. We named her Witch, for she is so cunning. Witch could hardly walk when we first had her, but now she runs after me wherever I go, although she often totters and falls.

ETHEL II.

DEERING, MAINE.

I am a little girl, and live in Deering, just out of Portland. I have HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every Thursday, and enjoy it very much. I like to read the letters the boys and girls write, and as I have seen none from Deering, I thought I would venture to write you this. I am an only child, and have no pets, so I am lonely sometimes. I have been to the sea-shore this summer, and had a nice time there. I had a pet kitten, but it died; but there are three across the street, and I took one of them to ride with me the other day, and he seemed to enjoy it. I think "The Ice Queen" and "The Fair for Sick Dolls" were splendid stories.

MARIE W.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I will write you a letter and tell you about myself. I have been confined to my bed now seven months, and have been entirely helpless at times. I have had an abscess on my spine, and had two surgical operations performed on my back and one on my right hip. I have had some pleasures even if I have been very ill. I have had several fine presents given me on my birthday. Mamma gave me a watch and chain, and I have had several books given to me. I have two volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound, and will have this year's bound. I read all the stories; I like "Left Behind." I have a

fine little dog. Papa got him for me when I was first taken ill. His name is Fussie, and he is so cute. I did use a bicycle last summer, but I fear it will be a long time before I ever will again. I attended school until I was sick. This vacation my teacher went to Europe, and he will return next month. I like him ever so much. I have taken music lessons two years. My school-mates come and see me, and I let them use my toys. We had a fine time on the Fourth of July; I had lovely fireworks. I could see them from my window. I had a cake with twelve flags on it, and other refreshments. I fear I have written so much you will not print it, so I will close, hoping to see this in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Your little friend,

MARTIE L. G.

I have a warm corner in my heart for brave boys like you, who suffer without fault-finding or weak complaining. I hope you will grow strong again in body, but a strong soul and a cheerful face are nobler things than even the best health without courage, patience, and manliness.

MCCOY, OREGON.

I am a girl eleven years of age, and have one sister and two brothers, Anna, Charlton, and Fred. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it better than any other paper. I ride to school on horseback two miles and a half, and study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, spelling, and mental arithmetic. We have eleven horses, and live on a large farm with our uncle. I take music lessons. Anna and I play duets together; Anna is eight years of age.

MABEL E. II.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

About a year ago I began a letter to you, but it was never finished, because I am not accustomed to writing letters. I have had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE now for more than three years. I was a little bit of a boy in dresses when papa began to buy it for me, and we never have felt as though we could live without it since. In almost the first number I had there was a story about Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit and a buzzard. I liked it so well that I learned it by heart, and I still think it one of the funniest stories I ever heard. It is like the stories an old colored servant used to tell me in Louisiana, where I was born. Now I must tell you about my pet. It is a little pickerel, an inch and a half long. This is the way I got it. I went out with some other boys to swim in a creek just out of town, and we caught a lot of little fish in our hands. I brought home a number of minnows and crawfish in a tin can. I intended to put them in an aquarium, but all of them died except the pickerel. I put him in a glass jar, where he seems to be well and happy. He is just a beauty. I want to thank all a thousand times who make HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so nice—all those who make the stories and the lovely pictures. Mamma writes this for me, because I can't make capitals or write very well, but I can read.

GEORGE H. L.

A pickerel is a novelty in pets. I hope he will thrive. Thanks for your kind letter, dear. The authors and artists deserve the children's love.

I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but I have just mustered courage now. I love HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE dearly, and look anxiously for it every week. I have no pets except a brother. I send you some verses which I have composed. Please print my letter and verses.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

'Twas on a clear and starry night,
When the birds had sought their nest;
The moon was shedding its silvery light
And everything seemed at rest,

When little Neddie, a boy of three,
In his night-robe long and white,
Climbed on his fond father's knee
And closing his blue eyes bright,

Said, "Father, when I am as old as you,
Will my hands be wrinkled and small;
Say, will my face be wrinkled too
And my voice be low when I call?"

The father looked down on his fair young face,
And his dim eyes filled with tears;
He thought of the future and seemed to trace
The boy in his manhood years.

But he only whispered, in accents low,
And his voice was strangely weak,
"My boy, we must all grow old, you know,"
But the boy was fast asleep. FONEY.

Ella S. G. said in her letter that she wanted a name for her cat. We have had a great many cats, and I will give their names: Sooty, Gypsy, Fluff, Muff, and Topsy. These are all Persian cats. We have one now named Bogy, because of her black fur. I will tell you her tricks. When dinner is ready we lay a newspaper on the floor, and then go and turn the dinner-bell over on its side, and say, "Ring the bell, Bogy"; and she goes over and throws the tongue up and down. Then we give her a bit of meat, and tell her to

take it to the paper, which she does, and eats it there; it is a useful trick, as it saves the carpet from a good deal of grease. Bogy has two little black kittens. I am fifteen years old, and was born in Anerley, near London, England.

LUCIE C. G.

SARATOGA, NEW YORK.

I have a large French doll; her name is Edith. She has curly hair. We have a little kitten, which is gray and white, and is real playful. This is the first letter I have ever written. I hope you will please print it. I am eight years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. "Left Behind" is the best. Good-by.

ELLEN M.

ROME, NEW YORK.

I have no pets, but my sister had a pet cat named Dick. He left home last winter, and has never come back, so we have nothing left but our dolls. Sister Jessie has four and I have two. You see that makes quite a family, and we have good times with them. We live on a farm about three miles from the city. We have one horse that I can drive. I do not go to school, but study at home and recite to mamma. I was eleven years old the 4th of April, and I had a birthday party. Sister is nine years old, and is half a head taller than I am. I have an uncle living at North Brookfield, New York. He has a large hop-yard, and I am going out there to help them pick hops, and I expect to have a grand time. Did you ever pick hops? I have a friend living in Atlantic City, Iowa, who sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. The stories I like best are "Left Behind" and the "Little Dunce."

BELLE S. II.

Jennie M. A.: Thanks, dear child, for the lovely pressed flowers, which retain their colors perfectly.—Louie A. W., Pusha, Maine, is informed that Addie B. Worthen, East Rockport, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, will be happy to exchange butterflies with her.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in violet, but not in rose.
My second in India, but not in San Jose.
My third is in ocean, but not in sea.
My fourth is in ant, but not in bee.
My fifth is in orange, but not in cake.
My sixth is in river, but not in lake.
My seventh is in Christmas, but not in Lent.
My eighth is in carry, but not in sent.
My whole is the name of a Christian queen,
Honored around the world, I ween.

CARRIE G. HALL.

- 2.—My first is in apple, not in plum.
My second is in dance, but not in strum.
My third is in eagle, not in crow.
My fourth is in Lucy, not in Joe.
My fifth is in enemy, also in foe.
Guess my whole and my name you will know.

A. II.

No. 2.

A SQUARE WORD.

1. A rock. 2. A person who corrects discords.
3. A river in Russia. 4. A liquor. 5. To take out.

PUNCHINELLO.

No. 3.

TWO HALF SQUARES.

- 1.—1. A language. 2. To encourage. 3. Twice five. 4. A pronoun. 5. A letter.
- 2.—1. Something which oozes from trees. 2. A stove. 3. To place. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.

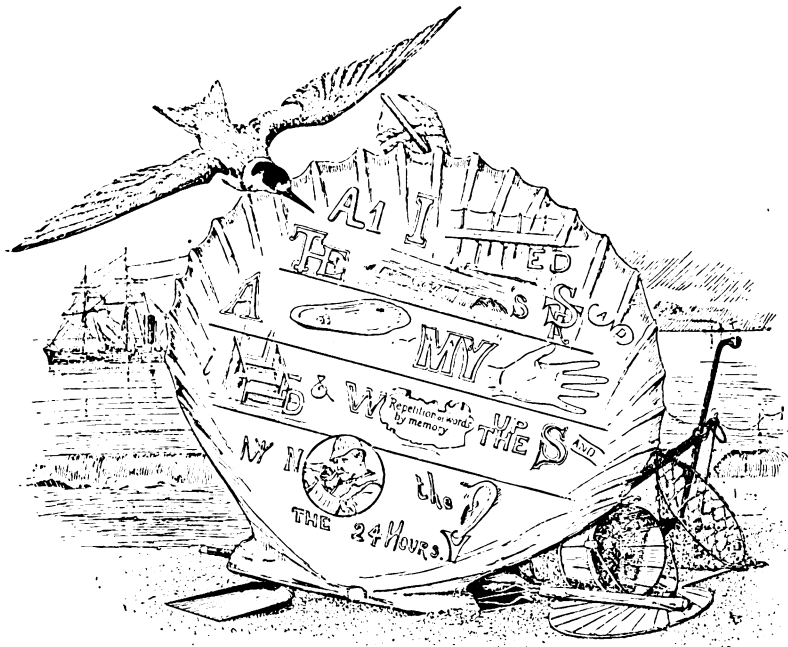
CHARLIE DAVIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 251.

- No. 1.—Taw. Parrot. Isis. Axe. Axe. Mole. Dart. Essex. Mersey. Eden. Wye. Tweed. Till. Tees. Dee. Hull. Don. Cobble. Ayr. Blackwater. Almond. Tay. Forth. Camel. Otter. Newport. Ouse. Barrow.
- No. 2.—John Greenleaf Whittier.
- No. 3.—Indianapolis. Charleston. Richmond. Boston. Rochester.
- No. 4.—Desk.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma B. Carpenter, Ray Greenleaf, Otto C. K., The Man in the Moon, L. Jochem, Jessie A. Bruhams, Sophie Brands, James Connor, E. Ver Krüzen, Jennie M. A., Henry Norris, John and Albert Ritchie, P. McDonough, W. B. and G. D. Sleight, W. C. Palmer, D. U. D. E., Eureka, Oliver Twist, Laura Beardsley, E. W. Rope, Samson S. Curtis, Edmund Martin, Edward W. Mullikin, Jun., Harry R. Pyne, Arthur Cecil Perry, Jun., Helen C. Ruberg, Charlie Davis, Dollie M. Frederick, and Frank R. Riley.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

THE COMICAL CAPTIVES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT, AUTHOR OF "NEW GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

VERY great fun for children of any age can be made by tying all the company together in couples by pieces of strong cord about a yard long, as follows:

First tie one end of one of the pieces of cord very securely around the left wrist of one of the children, and the other end around the right wrist of the same child. Now tie another cord around the left wrist of a second child; pass it over the centre of the cord which secures the first child, and then tie the other end to the right wrist of the second child. Fasten thus all the players in pairs, and then produce a paper of candy with the

words, "This candy is for the first who gets away from his mate without cutting the string or unfastening it from either wrist."

Play a lively air on the piano, and watch the frantic struggles of the prisoners to escape. Some will try to step over the cord, others to pass it over their heads in front and back to back, and many very funny exercises will be attempted, to no purpose; and when all have tired themselves with laughter at the fruitless efforts of their friends, say, "I suppose I must show you how to escape, and divide the candy."

Then call up one of the captive pairs, and take the cord which binds the first child and draw it through the part of the cord which goes round the right wrist of the second child; then pass the portion which you have drawn through over the right hand of the second child, and they are both free from each other, although each one is firmly bound from one wrist to the other wrist, and the cord has not been cut.

After all have tried to discover the method of escape, which it is very difficult to do, even when they have seen it done, it may be well to explain the process, which is one of the most ingenious of the many string tricks. Sash cord or very large curtain cord is best for this purpose, as a smaller one is apt to cut or chafe the wrists of the captives in some of the many odd positions they assume in their eager efforts to escape.

MOTHER'S WAY.

I COULD not find the button-hook,
Although I tried and tried,
And peered in every single spot
Where button-hooks can hide.

Then mother kindly lent me hers,
And, with a smiling face,
Said, "If you'd never lose a thing,
Keep everything in place."



"I WONDER IF BLACKBIRDS REALLY DO NIP OFF NOSES!"



THREE HOME-COMERS AND FOUR NEW-COMERS; OR, PUSSY'S SURPRISE PARTY.

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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CHRYSANTHEMUM.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHEN nuts are dropping from the trees, and corn is gathered in,

When purple grapes are on the vine, and apples in the bin,
When far across the level fields is borne the crow's harsh call,
Then in the garden lifts its head the bravest flower of all.

Chrysanthemum—the name is long for little lips to speak,
But Ethel loves the cheerful bloom, and holds it to her cheek;
For on the winter's icy edge it sets its banner bold,
With fragrance keen as myrrh and spice, with colors clean and cold.

Clematis twined its airy wreaths, and faded from the land;
No more the sumac rears its plume, by gentle breezes fanned;
Dear Mother Nature tells the rose 'tis time to hide her head,
And every tiny violet is tucked away in bed;

The birds which sang in summer days are flying to the South;
The fairies lurk no longer in the morning-glory's mouth;
And Ethel, sitting down to rest anear the old stone wall,
Sees, bright and strong and undismayed, the bravest flower of all.

Its petals may be tipped with pink, or touched with palest hue
Of yellow gold, or snowy white, their beauty smiles at you;
And little reck it though the frost may chill the nipping air,
It came to see the curtain drop, this flower so debonair.

Chrysanthemum—a harder word than children often say,
Yet little Ethel croons it o'er to music blithe and gay;
"For east," she cries, "and west the leaves they flutter and they fall,

And still I find Chrysanthemum the bravest flower of all."

Oh, by-and-by the fierce north wind in wildest wrath will blow,
The sleet upon the panes will beat, and Nature swift shall go
And whisper to Chrysanthemum—shall little Ethel hear?—

"Come, darling flower; the play is done. I'll bring you back next year."

IN SEARCH OF THE TIDE.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

I.

MR. PERKINS laid down the newspaper and stirred his tea.

"There was a great tide last night," he said; "the highest water known here for ten years. I suppose the full moon and strong east wind we have had for the last week account for it."

"How high was it, father?" asked Charlie, as he buttered the fifth piece of toast. Charlie was fourteen, and the other Perkins children looked up to him as the head of the family.

"Sixteen feet," answered Mr. Perkins.

Harry, who was not quite seven, and who was always trying to find out things for himself, looked thoughtfully out of the window. The cottage stood a stone's-throw from the water, and Harry could look through the open channel between the islands out to the wide sea that was tossing restlessly in the distance.

"Father," he asked, "where does the tide come from?"

Mr. Perkins sipped his tea before he replied, "Oh, from a long way out at sea."

"But where does it start from?" persisted Harry.

"I don't think it starts from any particular place," said Mr. Perkins. "I should say the surface waters run in from all over the sea."

"But it must start somewhere," said Harry.

Mr. Perkins had not studied up the subject of tides, and feeling that his answers had been rather vague, did not try to say anything more.

When supper was over, the family went out on the piazza which stretched across the front of the house. Mr. Perkins lighted a cigar, Mrs. Perkins brought out some pretty worsted thing she was knitting, Charlie walked down to the beach and began skipping stones across the water, and Harry sat down on a large rock and watched the tide running up and down the beach. The sun had gone down, and left a few rosy clouds trailing after him, the mountains were growing dim in the distance, and among the islands of the bay the water lay quiet and dark. It ran up the beach as if it meant to travel far inland, and then something stopped it and drew it back with a long wash that sounded as if all the wet stones on which it ran were slipping back with it.

Harry had often watched this advance and retreat of the tide, but it had never seemed so curious to him as now. "What sends it up the beach? and why does it go back instead of going on?" were questions he was trying to answer. The long, low wash of water along the whole line of shore as far as Harry could see grew more and more mysterious to him as it became darker, and the sights began to change into sounds. The great sea out beyond the island seemed to be sending its waves in, and then suddenly stopping them, and the murmur of the waters seemed to be the many voices of the sea calling its waves back again.

At last Mr. Perkins took out his watch and looked at it by the light at the end of his cigar.

"Why!" he exclaimed; "it's later than I thought; it's after nine."

Mrs. Perkins called to Harry, who very unwillingly left the shore and went up to his room. When he had undressed and blown out the candle, he opened the blinds and looked out. The moon had just risen, and was sending a silvery light over the sea where the sky met it, and the trees on the islands stood out dark and motionless. Up to the window, in the stillness of the night, came the murmur and splash of the rippling tide, almost at its flood. "Where does it start from?" said Harry to himself as he fell asleep.

It might have been two hours—it was probably more—when Harry suddenly awoke. The moon was shining into the room, and the cool splash of the sea on the beach came in at the window. "Where does it come from?" said Harry to himself again, and then, quick as a flash, the thought came to him to go and see. Why not? The sea was only a little way off, the night was almost as light as day, and at the little dock below the cottage Charlie's boat *Sallie* was tied. He slipped out of bed, and ran to the window; the tide was falling, and this would be the very best time to go out and find where it came from.

In five minutes Harry was dressed; and taking his shoes in his hands, he crept softly down-stairs, opened the door into the piazza, and shut it again so quietly that nobody

heard a sound. Once on the ground, he sat down and put on his shoes, then ran swiftly down to the little dock where the *Sallie* was dancing on the water, slipped the rope off the iron rod, and jumped into the boat. Harry had spent no end of time in the boat, and knew more about sailing than many older boys. The tide was falling fast, and the water along the shore was rough. The *Sallie* danced up and down, and before Harry could get an oar he was thrown over a seat into the bottom of the boat, which drifted rapidly out into the bay. It was a still night, and a light mist had spread over the sky, making the stars dim and faint. The islands looked strange and vague to Harry, and the sea was white and weird. Things did not look at all as they did by daylight; everything was queer and ghostly. Not a sound came from the cottages scattered along the shore as the boat drifted away from them; not a light was burning in a window anywhere; the whole world had gone to sleep except the sea, and a strange dream had come over that.

When the tide falls as far as it did in this bay it makes a good deal of commotion, and there are swift currents between the islands. In one of them the *Sallie* was caught, and swiftly carried seaward. Soon cottages and islands lay behind, growing dimmer and dimmer every minute, and the sea was close at hand. The water along the beach was white and foaming, and around the rocky head at the entrance of the bay the sea rushed and roared mightily. It ran in as if it meant to tear the rocks from their foundations, and swept foaming back, leaving the lower rocks uncovered and dripping with countless little water-falls.

Harry was not at all frightened; he loved the water, and had not so much as thought that he might have trouble in getting home again. The tide was running swiftly out, and if he followed it he would surely find where it came from. On and on, out into the strange, lonely sea, the little boat drifted; once in a while the moon would look out for a moment between the clouds, but most of the time she was hidden by them. Sometimes the foam on the crests of the little waves would flash in sudden points or lines of fire; sometimes a quick gleam would show itself at a distance, and Harry would wonder if it were not the fin of some great fish cutting the surface of the sea.

He had left the little silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday hanging on the head of his bed, and so he could not tell what time it was; but he noticed after a while that the stars began to grow pale, and the great wide heavens a little less dark. A fresh breeze had sprung up, and went singing over the sea; fortunately it was a light wind, and did no harm beyond making Harry a little chilly. The boat drifted wherever the waters carried it, and they carried it straight out to sea. When the sun rose, and the morning mists had curled up and rolled themselves out of sight, Harry saw far behind him the island from which he had sailed, its mountains standing out green and solemn against the sky; far ahead were the barren rocks from which at night a light-house sent its solitary beam over the sea.

Breakfast-time came, but no breakfast, and no sign of a breakfast. The sun marched steadily up the steep circle of the sky, and found it such a hard climb that he not only got very warm himself, but put everybody else into a profuse perspiration. On Harry he fairly poured his heat, until the poor little fellow's head buzzed and ached, and he began to wish himself safe at home, tide or no tide.

Dinner-time came, but no dinner; and finally, after a long hot afternoon, tea-time, but no tea. The boat had floated further and further, but Harry had not yet found where the tide started from; the further he went, the wider the sea spread out, and there was no sign of a beginning or an end anywhere. Harry began to think he had passed the place where the tide started; certainly,

if it got out as far as this, it would lose itself and never get anywhere. The sun, tired with his long day's work, went down hot and red; by-and-by, one by one, the stars began to steal out from the places where they had hidden away from him. Harry, tired, hungry, and a little frightened, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat, and was dreaming of sitting down to a very nice dinner, when the moon came up and found him lying there, far out to sea, when he ought to have been in his bed at home.

II.

Captain Peleg Waters was coming home with a goodly load of fresh mackerel; wind and tide being favorable, he expected to make Rockland some time the next afternoon. Captain Peleg was rather a rough-looking old fellow, but he had the kindest heart in the world. At the time when he sailed into this story he was taking his turn at the tiller, and was enjoying about equally the beautiful still moon-lit night and the short pipe from which he blew occasional puffs of tobacco-smoke.

"This is the purtiest night we've hed this trip," he said to himself, as he looked up at the full moon sailing serenely through the clouds, and at the silvery sea whispering to itself as if in a dream. Just then something ahead caught the Captain's eye.

"Wa'al, I declare," he said, aloud, "if there ain't a small boat! What's she doin' twenty mile out to sea?"

In ten minutes Captain Peleg had brought the schooner alongside the little boat, and was looking down at the small boy still fast asleep.

"Wa'al, I vow," said the Captain, "if that ain't the littlest crew and the sleepest I ever see afloat."

Captain Peleg whistled to himself, as he always did when puzzled; then he leaned over, and called out, softly, "Ahoj, there!"

Harry opened his eyes wide, and jumped up in a second. He was a bright, honest boy, and the Captain knew it the minute he laid eyes on him.

"Where you from?" he asked, as gently as he could, for a voice that gets used to bawling in the teeth of all sorts of winds isn't very soft.

"Bar Harbor," answered Harry, promptly.

Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled. This was the queerest craft he had ever fallen in with on the sea.

"Where you bound?" he continued.

"I want to find where the tide comes from, sir," was the quick reply.

Captain Peleg whistled long and loud.

"What you got in yer locker?" he said, looking quizzically at the boy.

"Nothing," said Harry, rather dolefully, for he knew this was the weak point of the voyage.

"How long you been out?"

Harry hesitated a moment, for he was rather confused by the absence of dinners, teas, and clocks; finally he said he thought he had been out a day and a night.

"Anything to eat?" asked Captain Peleg.

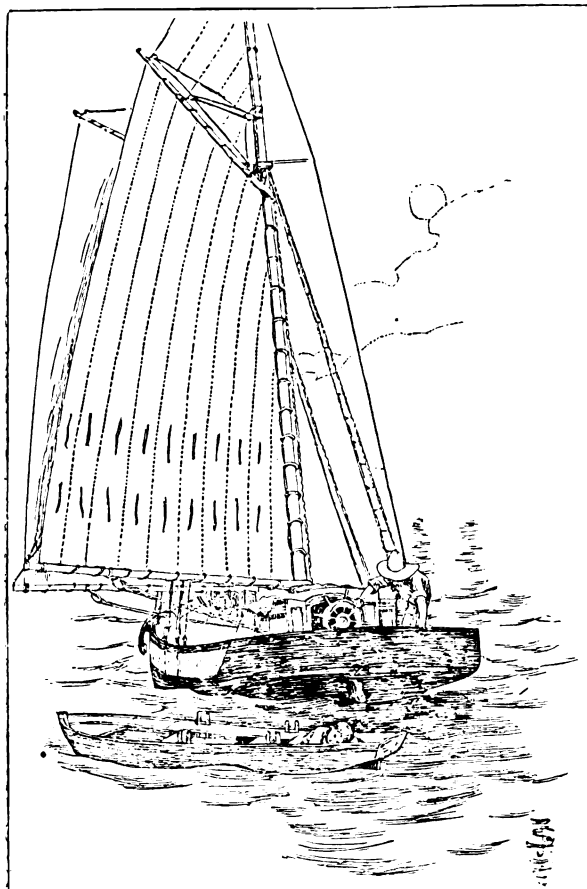
"Nothing," answered Harry, mournfully, for he was becoming very weak, and there was a strange feeling in his stomach.

The Captain whistled again.

"Hi, there, Jim!" he called out, in a very loud voice. In a minute Jim came stumbling up from the little cabin, looking very frouzy and sleepy.

"Just you take this tiller," said Captain Peleg. Jim took the tiller. "Now," said the Captain to Harry, "throw me that rope."

Harry threw the rope, and the Captain made the little boat fast to the big one. Then he held out his rough hand, and with one vigorous pull the boy was on the schooner and the little boat was floating behind. Meanwhile the Captain had disappeared. When he came back he handed Harry some big slices of bread well buttered.



"THE LITTLEST CREW AND THE SLEEPIEST."

"Just stow that away in the hold," he said.

Harry needed no second invitation, and the bread speedily disappeared.

"Now," said Captain Peleg, as the last piece of bread went out of sight, "you turn in, and in the mornin' we'll take our bearin's."

Harry was thereupon slipped into the Captain's bunk, and within a few minutes he was fast asleep. When he awoke it was after ten the next morning. He found Captain Peleg on deck, with his short pipe in his mouth. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the schooner was dashing along, sending little showers of spray right and left from her prow.

"Mornin'," said Captain Peleg, when he spied Harry. "Hope you slept well?"

Harry thought he had never slept better.

"Well," said the Captain, "I've followed the sea goin' on forty-five year, and my advice is, give up this 'ere voyage of yours and put fer home." Captain Peleg's eyes twinkled, but his face was perfectly sober. "I'll take yer into Rockland, and there yer kin telegraph to yer folks."

Harry thought this was the wisest plan, and was quite willing to give up the matter of the tides if he could only get home. About three o'clock in the afternoon the schooner came up to the dock, and Captain Peleg went straight to the telegraph office, and sent this dispatch:

ROCKLAND, August 3, 1884.

George Perkins, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine:

Boy Harry and small boat *Sallie* picked up at sea. Send directions.
PELEG WATERS.

The little sheet of paper which bore this good news filled the Perkins family with joy. They had found the little boat gone, had guessed what had happened, and had telegraphed in every direction without getting any news

of the lost boy. Mr. Perkins ran down to the office and sent this message in reply:

BAR HARBOR, August 3, 1884.

Peleg Waters, Rockland, Maine:

Heart-felt thanks. Send boy and boat by steamer to-morrow.

GEORGE PERKINS.

The next day about one o'clock the steamer came along the dock at Bar Harbor, and Harry ran off the gang-plank among the first, and was kissed and hugged and cried over to his heart's content. Charlie got into the *Sallie* and rowed home, but Harry had had enough of boats for the present, and preferred to walk. About a week later Captain Waters was surprised by the arrival of a small and very nicely tied package. He opened it cautiously, and discovered a very substantial watch, with the "grateful regards of George Perkins and family."

Harry has not yet found out where the tide starts from.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY JOSEPH J. CASEY.

IX.—FIJI ISLANDS.

FROM cannibalism to postage stamps is a tremendous stride. It is supposed that postage stamps were introduced into Fiji in 1872. Fig. 1 will give a correct idea of the main design. These stamps were printed on white paper, with the watermark "Fiji Postage." The issue contained: one penny, blue; threepence, green; sixpence, carmine. A short time afterward the currency was changed to "cents," and the stamps had the new values printed on them: two cents on the one penny, blue; six cents on the threepence, green; twelve cents on the sixpence, carmine. The initials "C. R." on the stamp mean "Cakobau Rex," or King Thakombau.



FIG. 1.

In 1874 the Fiji Islands were made over to Great Britain, and a change was made in the stamps by printing the initials "V. R." (Victoria Regina) over the first initials "C. R." The values remained the same.

In 1876 an ornamental monogram, "V. R." is printed over the original initials "C. R." and the currency is changed back to pence: one penny, blue; twopence, green (on the threepence); sixpence, carmine. In 1878 these stamps were printed on laid paper, and a new value issued, made by printing "fourpence" over the threepence stamp, printed in mauve. In 1879 the dies were re-engraved (Fig. 2), and the letters "V. R." substituted for "C. R.": one penny, blue; twopence, green; fourpence, mauve; sixpence, carmine.



FIG. 2.

There are numerous varieties of many of these stamps, but as a list would be confusing, I will not give it.

Before the government used stamps, the *Fiji Times-Express*, a paper printed for circulation among the English and American settlers in the islands, issued stamps to prepay copies of the newspaper to Melbourne. The issue is said to have taken place under the superintendence of the British Consul, who was also the packet agent. The stamps were of the type represented in Fig. 3, and were printed in black on pink paper: one penny, threepence, sixpence, ninepence, one shilling.

The Fiji, or, more correctly, the Viti Archipelago (Fiji being the pronunciation in the eastern part of the group, frequented by the Ton-

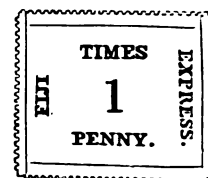


FIG. 3.

gas), is one of the most important in the South Pacific. The islands number about two hundred and fifty, of which perhaps eighty are inhabited. Viti Levu, about eighty by fifty-five miles, is the largest and most important. Vanua Levu, about one hundred by twenty-five miles, is the next most important.

The Fijians were formerly savages and cannibals of the worst kind. Shipwrecked or helpless strangers were nearly always killed and eaten. Widows were strangled at the death of their husbands; slaves killed at the death of their masters; victims were slain in numbers at the building of a house or of a canoe, or at the visit of embassies from other tribes. Yet the people were always hospitable, open-handed, and remarkably polite. Fijian tradition holds that the creation of man, the scene of the deluge, and the building of a tower of Babel took place on Fijian soil.

A few of the islands in the northeast were first seen by Tasman in 1643. The southernmost of the group, Turtle Island, was discovered by Captain Cook in 1773.

Na Ulivau, chief of the small island of Mbau, established before his death, in 1829, a sort of supremacy, which was extended by his brother Tanoa, and by Tanoa's son, the well-known Thakombau (whose initials appear on the stamps), a ruler of considerable wisdom.

This King was harassed by an ambitious chief of the Friendly Islands. He was also annoyed by a demand from the United States for \$45,000 for injuries to their Consul, and King George of the Friendly Islands demanded \$60,000 for his services in crushing rebellion.

At last Thakombau, unable to contend with all these troubles, offered the islands to England, with the fee-simple of 100,000 acres, on condition of her paying the American claims. This was in 1858. About 1869, after attempts at self-government, the sovereignty was again offered to England and to the United States.

In 1871 a constitutional government was formed by certain Englishmen under King Thakombau. Trouble and debt followed this, and finally Great Britain felt obliged, in the interest of all parties, to accept the unconditional cession offered in 1874.

The islands are governed as far as consistent in accordance with native ideas.

The people are now almost all Christians. Mourning is expressed by fasting, by shaving the head and face, or by cutting off the little finger. This last is sometimes done at the death of a rich man, in the hope that his family will reward the compliment. Sometimes the chief cuts off the little finger of his dependents in regret or in atonement for the death of another. The women only are tattooed.

WAKULLA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER IV.

A WRECK ON THE FLORIDA REEF.

BEFORE the light but steady trade-wind, that kept the air deliciously cool, the *Nancy Bell* ran rapidly down the coast and along the great Florida Reef, which bounds that coast for two hundred miles on the south.

Captain Drew stood far out from the reef, being well aware of the strong currents that set toward it from all directions, and which have enticed many a good ship to her destruction. Others, however, were not so wise as he, and at daylight one morning the watch on deck sang out, "Wreck off the starboard bow!"

This brought all hands quickly on deck, and, sure enough, about five miles from them they saw the wreck, looming high out of the water, and evidently stranded.



As her masts with their crossed yards were still standing, "Captain Li" said she must have struck very easily, and stood a good chance of being saved if she could only be lightened before a blow came.

"Are you going to her assistance?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"Certainly I am," answered the Captain. "I consider that one of the first duties of a sailor is to give aid to his fellows in distress. Besides, if we succeed in saving her and her cargo, we stand a chance of making several thousand dollars salvage money, which I for one do not care to throw away."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Elmer. "It is seldom that we are offered an opportunity of doing good and being well paid for it at the same time, and it would be foolish as well as heartless not to render what assistance lies in our power."

The schooner was already headed toward the wreck, but approached it very slowly, owing to the light breeze that barely filled her sails. As the sun rose and cast a broad flood of light over the tranquil scene, the Captain anxiously scanned the line of the reef in both directions through his glass.

"Ah, I thought so!" he exclaimed; "there they come, and there, and there. I can count six already. Now we shall have a race for it."

"Who? what?" asked Mark, not understanding the Captain's exclamations.

"Wreckers," answered the Captain. "Take the glass, and you can see their sails coming from every direction, and they have seen us long ago too. I actually believe those fellows can smell a wreck a hundred miles off. Halloo there, forward! Stand by to lower the gig."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Elmer.

"I am going to try and reach that wreck before any of the boats, whose sails you can see slipping out from behind those low keys. The first man aboard that ship is 'wreck-master,' and gets the largest share of salvage money."

So saying, "Captain Li" swung himself over the side and into the light gig, which, with its crew of four lusty young Maine sailors, had already been got overboard, and now awaited him. As he seized the tiller ropes, he shouted, "Now, then, give way! and a hundred dollars extra salvage to you four if this gig is the first boat to lay alongside of that wreck."

At these words the long ash oars bent like willow wands in the grasp of the young Northern giants, and the gig sprang away like a startled bonito, leaving a long line of bubbles to mark her course.

The wreck was still three miles off, and, with the glass, small boats could be seen shooting away from several of the approaching wrecking vessels.

"It's a race between Conchs and Yankees," said Jan Jansen to Mark.

"What are Conchs?" asked the boy.

"Why, those fellows in the other boats. Most of them come from the Bahama Islands, and all Bahamians are called 'Conchs,' because they eat so many of the shell-fish of that name."

"Well, I'll bet on the Yankees!" cried Mark.

"So will I," said the Swede. "Yankee baked beans and brown bread make better muscle than fish, which is about all the fellows down this way get to live on."

As seen from the deck of the schooner, the race had by this time become very exciting, for, as their boat approached the wreck on one side, another, manned by red-shirted wreckers, who were exhibiting a wonderful amount of pluck and endurance for "Conchs," as Jan called them, was rapidly coming up on the other. It was hard to tell which was the nearer, and while Mark shouted in his excitement, Mrs. Elmer and Ruth waved their handkerchiefs, though their friends were too far away to be encouraged by either the shouts or warnings.

At last "Captain Li's" boat dashed up alongside the wreck, and, almost at the same instant, the wrecker's boat disappeared from view on the opposite side.

With their glasses, those on the schooner saw their Captain go up the side of the ship, hand over hand, along

a rope that had been thrown him, and disappear over the bulwarks. They afterward learned that he reached the deck of the ship, and thus made himself master of the wreck, just as the head of his rival appeared above the opposite side.

The wreck proved to be the ship *Goodspeed*, Captain Gillis, of and for Liverpool, with cotton from New Orleans. During the calm of the preceding night she had been caught by one of the powerful coast currents, and stealthily but surely drawn into the toils. Shortly before daylight she had struck on Pickle Reef; but so lightly and so unexpectedly that her crew could hardly believe the slight jar they felt was anything more than the shock of striking some large fish. They soon found, however, that they were hard and fast aground, and had struck on the very top of the flood tide, so that as it ebbed the ship became more and more firmly fixed in her position. As the ship settled with the ebbing tide she began to leak badly, and Captain Gillis was greatly relieved when daylight disclosed to him the presence of the *Nancy Bell*, and he greeted her Captain most cordially as the latter gained the deck of his ship.

By the time the schooner had approached the wreck as nearly as her own safety permitted, and dropped anchor for the first time since leaving Bangor, a dozen little wrecking boats, manned by crews of swarthy spongers and fishermen, had also reached the spot, and active preparations for lightening the stranded ship were being made. Her carefully battened hatches were uncovered, whips were rove to her lower yards, and soon the tightly pressed bales of cotton began to appear over her sides, and find their way into the light-draught wrecking vessels waiting to receive them. As soon as one of these was loaded, she transferred her cargo to the *Nancy Bell*, and returned for another.

While the wreckers were busily discharging the ship's cargo her own crew were overhauling long lines of chain cable, and lowering two large anchors and two smaller ones into one of the wrecking boats that had remained empty on purpose to receive them. The cables were paid out over the stern of the ship, and made fast to the great anchors, which were carried far out into the deep water beyond the reef. Each big anchor was backed by a smaller one, to which it was attached by a cable, and which was carried some distance beyond it before being dropped overboard.

When the anchors were thus placed in position, the ends of the cables still remaining on board the ship were passed around capstans, and by means of the donkey-engine drawn taut.

At high tide that night a heavy strain was brought to bear on the cables, in hopes that the ship might be pulled off the reef. But she did not move, and the work of lightening her and searching for the leak continued all the next day. While all this work was going on, the Elmers spent most of their time in exploring the reef in the Captain's gig, which was so light that Mr. Elmer and Mark could easily row it.

As the clear water was without a ripple they could look far down into its depths and see the bottom of branching coral, as beautiful as frosted silver. From among its branches sprung great sea-fans, delicate as lace-work, and showing, in striking contrast to the pure white of the coral, the most vivid reds, greens, and royal purple. These, and masses of feathery sea-weeds, waved to and fro in the water as though stirred by a light breeze, and among them darted and played fish as brilliant in coloring as tropical birds. The boat seemed suspended in mid-air above fairyland, and even the children gazed down over its sides in silence, for fear lest by speaking they should break the charm, and cause the wonderful picture to vanish.

By noon the heat of the sun was so great that they sought shelter from it on a little island, or key, of about

an acre in extent, that was covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and shaded by a group of stately cocoa-nut palms. Mr. Elmer showed Mark how to climb one of these by means of a bit of rope fastened loosely around his body and the smooth trunk of the tree, and the boy succeeded in cutting off several bunches of the great nuts that hung just below the wide-spreading crown of leaves. They came to the ground with a crash; but the thick husk in which each was enveloped saved them from breaking. The nuts were quite green, and Mr. Elmer with a hatchet cut several of them open and handed them to his wife and children. None of them contained any meat, for that had not yet formed; but they were filled with a white milky fluid, which, as all of the party were very thirsty, proved a most acceptable beverage.

After eating the luncheon they had brought with them, and satisfying their thirst with the cocoa-nut milk, Mark and Ruth explored the beach of the little island in search of shells, which they found in countless numbers, of strange forms and most beautiful colors, while their parents remained seated in the shade of the palms.

"Wouldn't it be gay if we could stay here always?" said Mark.

"No," answered the more practical Ruth. "I don't think it would at all. I would rather be where there are people and houses; besides, I heard father say that these little islands are often entirely covered with water during great storms, and I'm sure I wouldn't want to be here then."

It was nearly sunset when they returned to the schooner, with their boat well loaded with the shells and other curiosities that the children had gathered.

At high tide that night the strain on the cables proved sufficient to move the stranded ship, and, foot by foot, she was pulled off into deep water, much to the joy of Captain Gillis and those who had worked with him.

The next morning the entire fleet—ship, schooner, and wrecking boats—set sail for Key West, which port they reached during the afternoon, and where they found they would be obliged to spend a week or more while an admiralty court settled the claims for salvage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

THOSE of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who happened to be at Newport during the last week in August had an opportunity of witnessing as fine a display of lawn tennis as any that has ever been seen in this country. It was the occasion of the Fourth Annual Championship Tournament, which great event has always taken place at Newport, that delightful place having claims and attractions that could not be overlooked.

Let us fancy that we are at Newport, that it is the morning of Wednesday, August 27, and that we are standing on the grassy carpet of the tennis ground. The champion is here before us, but he has not yet donned his tennis suit, for he will not be called upon to play until some one has proved his right to challenge the famous player by defeating all the others.

The matches that are going on are interesting, nevertheless. In one court young Livingstone Beckman is having a match with Mr. Post. Beckman is still a boy, though nineteen years old, and, but for his height, you would hardly take him for more than fifteen. Those who know him stand upon little ceremony with him, and call him "Livvy," for short. If you will watch his play, especially his back-hand strokes and wrist play, you will see much to admire and to imitate.

In another court young Thorne, of Yale, is playing a match, which he wins very easily, his opponent only getting one game in the two sets. Thorne is one of the Yale

College champions, and a possible champion of the United States some day. Another college man is at work in another court near by. This is Brinley, who comes from Trinity College, Hartford, and who is twenty years old. He has an easy victory, disposing of his opponent by a score of 6—5, 6—1. Brinley has an excellent style, and is as active as a cat and as quick as a mouse. But in the second round this young player is called upon to meet one who will try his mettle to the utmost, and who, indeed, soon proved to be more than a match for the young Trinity College representative.

You may as well take a good look at the victor in this match, for, as it afterward turned out, this is the very man who earned the right to challenge the champion, the unconquered "Dicky" Sears. He is eighteen years old, and looks even younger, about five feet six inches in height, and weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. He is a Harvard junior, and, as they say in advertisements of lost dogs, answers to the name of Howard Taylor. He has not the quick, nervous figure that you would expect in a first-rate player; indeed, to see him curled up in a rocking-chair on the piazza, reading a novel, you would think he was too lazy to stir even when the dinner bell rang.

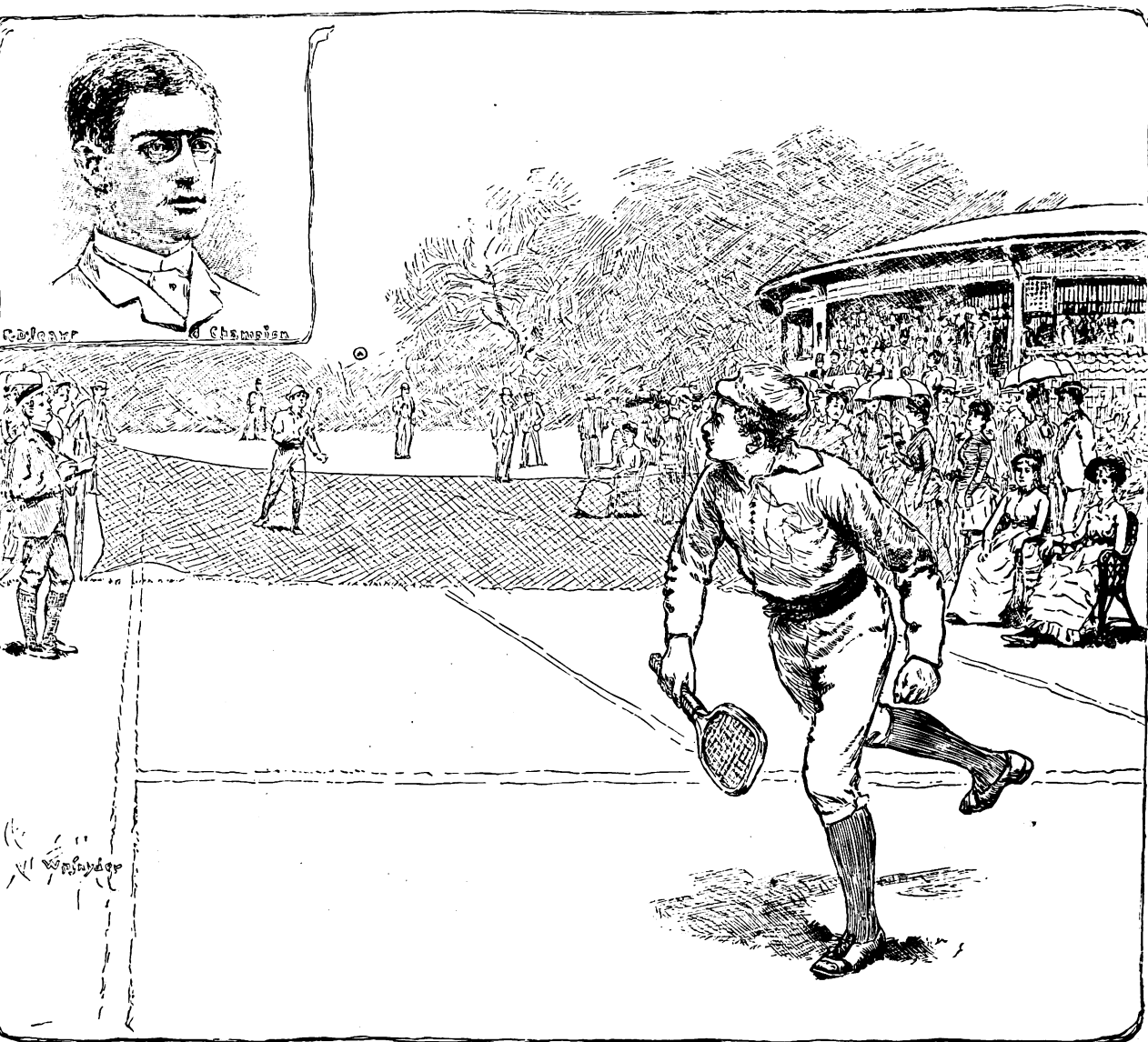
But Howard Taylor in a tennis court is another person. He is here, there, and almost everywhere at the same time. He follows that ball almost as closely as the "little lamb" followed "Mary" in the poem. And not alone with arms and quickly moving legs does he play, but with his head also. It is not enough that he shall return the ball; he watches the position of his opponent, and places the ball beyond his reach, over his head, or along the side line. His "placing" is excellent, and it won him his Newport honors. If you are a tennis player, pay attention to "placing," which is hitting the ball so that it shall drop beyond the adversary's reach. It is not easy at first to judge distances, but it comes with practice, and it is sure to "pay."

A little later in the tournament Howard Taylor is matched against Mr. A. Van Rensselaer, one of the best-known tennis players in the country. He is no longer a boy, having graduated at Princeton in '74, but he still pursues tennis and other sports with his old college-day enthusiasm, and excels in cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, and several other games. He is over six feet high, and well proportioned. When he serves, the ball comes as if it had been shot out of a cannon, and if you would return the service you would do well to stand several feet behind your base line. I have no doubt that Mr. Van Rensselaer has won many matches through striking terror to the heart of his opponent by his furiously hard service.

But in this match the cannon-ball style of service did not avail him, for his young antagonist had both sets easily in hand, the older man only winning four games in the first set, and one in the second.

Other players there are on the ground whom we have not noticed. There is Knapp, a Yale boy, who, with Thorne, won the double championship at their college; there is Stevens, recently from St. Paul's School at Concord; there are the two Clark brothers, Clarence and Joe, who crossed the Atlantic to play the English champions, but could not succeed in defeating them; there is Conover, who has probably won more prizes than any other player in America, and who deserves all he has won, for he has a sure eye, a swift stroke, keeps his head level, and "plays for all he is worth" all the time.

Finally we come to the champion pair, Richard D. Sears and James Dwight. Mr. Sears is twenty-three years old, and of very slight build. He graduated a year ago at Harvard, and is now studying law. Four times in succession he has won the Lawn Tennis Championship of the United States, and thrice in succession he and Mr. Dwight have won the Championship for Doubles. The champion challenge cup has become his private property,



LAWN TENNIS AT NEWPORT.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

s has also the splendid "Horsman trophy," a full-sized racquet adorned with gold and studded with diamonds. He has won so many first prizes that ordinary tournaments have no attraction for him, and this match that he has been called upon to play in defense of his championship is the only single-handed match he has played in this country since last season.

During the past spring and summer Messrs. Sears and Dwight have played in several tournaments in England, and they are acknowledged to be second only to the English champions, the twin brothers Renshaw, in the double game. Mr. Dwight is about thirty-three years old, and though short of stature he is a remarkably good player, being very quick and sure of his strokes. He is now serving his third term as President of the National Lawn Tennis Association, and though still a young man he might well be called the father of lawn tennis in the United States.

But these sketches of the principal players in the Championship Tournament have taken up nearly all my space, leaving none for an account of the play. Ah, well! it is almost impossible to describe the games, and the bare results would prove of little interest. The end of the Newport week saw the prize for Singles gallantly captured by Howard Taylor, who, however, could not succeed in taking

the championship honors from Sears, though he managed to win one set out of four. The Doubles were very easily won by Sears and Dwight, the final match being against Van Rensselaer and Berry, the latter pair winning only one set in four.

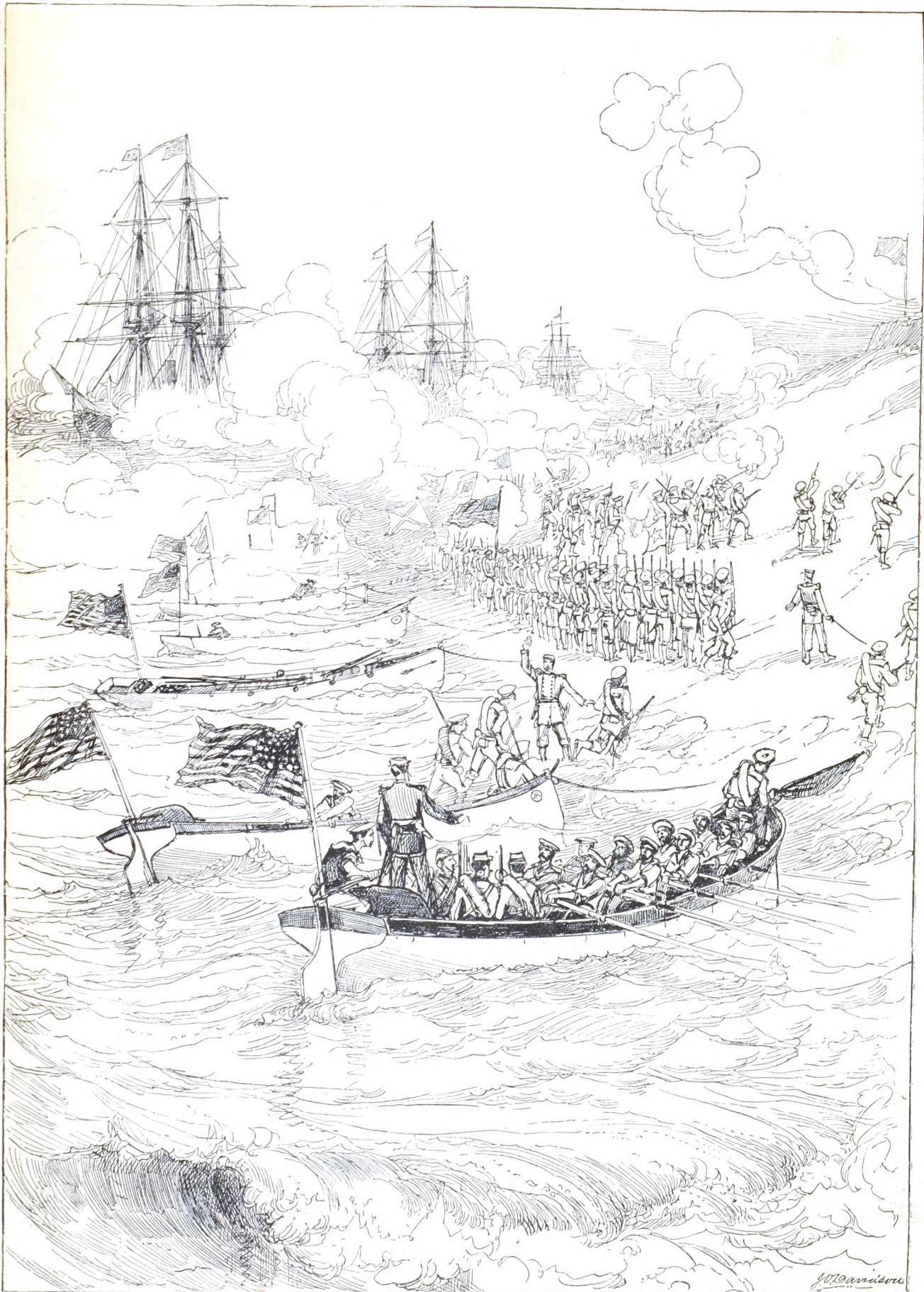
And so Mr. Sears takes his champion trophies home to adorn his mother's parlor, for he has won them outright; in two or three years perchance one of the young college students whom we have seen on the lawn at Newport to-day will occupy his place, with the proud title of champion; for though lawn tennis is only a game, if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and well worth doing best if you can.

NAVAL DRILLS AND SHAM BATTLES.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

"IN time of peace prepare for war," is a saying with which every American boy is familiar. But how elaborate the preparation must be very few who are not well acquainted with military and naval doings can realize.

Each year certain vessels are sent abroad to visit foreign ports. The officers and men thus become familiar with the latest improvements in their profession. Each winter some vessels are sent to cruise in southern seas.



A SIAM BATTLE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Digitized by Google

and every summer there are naval reviews, and the fleets off our coasts are exercised in tactical manœuvres and target practice. All this is done as if in view of an enemy, and if their services should be required at a moment's notice, the men would be found ready.

This summer a landing of 700 sailors was made on an island in the Atlantic, where they formed a camp, built a fort, and drilled just as if they had captured the island from an enemy.

At Newport, the North Atlantic Squadron, composed of the *Tennessee*, *Vandalia*, *Swatara*, *Alliance*, *Yantic*, and the iron-clads *Nantucket* and *Passaic*, and torpedo boat *Alarm*, were several weeks engaged in their summer practice, which terminated in a sham battle, when the boats from the ships landed and stormed a fort near the water. The scene was very exciting. The great ships drew up in line, and the men poured over the sides and swarmed in the boats like bees. Small field cannon were lowered into the boats. The men seized their oars, and a grand rush for the beach followed, while the big guns on the ships fired broadsides to cover the landing. Presently the boats dashed into the surf and ran aground, the men jumping into the water, taking their rifles with them. Some ran forward a little way up the hill, and forming a skirmish line, opened a rifle fire at the fort. Hundreds of others formed in line of battle, with the flags of their ship behind them. In a few minutes all the Gatling guns and small cannon were mounted and opened fire, and under their cover the entire force made a charge up the hill.

Every little hollow and inequality of ground was taken advantage of, even to some hay-mows, behind which some of the men sought security, and from which they fired, as if at an enemy. Others, in the open, lay down, loading and firing their rifles as if bullets were flying too thickly for them to stand up. Presently the reserves were ordered up, and with "Fix bayonets!" and "Charge!" the whole line, blue-jackets, marines, guns, and all, went rushing up the hill and over the fort. It was taken, and presently the Stars and Stripes rose up out of the smoke, and floated from the staff where the red banner of the "enemy" had so recently been waving. The surrounding hills were covered with thousands of spectators, and the bay was bright with flitting sails and gay bunting of the visiting craft.

ROLAND'S HAPPY MISTAKE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"I ALWAYS did want to fly my kite in the moonlight," said Roland White, as he stepped out upon the roof one beautiful moonlight night, and closed the trap-door gently after him.

Roland had never been *forbidden* to fly his kite at night, because no one ever even thought of his wishing to do such a thing, but, for all that, he knew it was not quite right. So he moved softly over the roof, and seating himself on the stone ledge between his house and the next, began to unwind his ball of twine.

In less than five minutes the kite was ready, and flying many yards above Roland's head, for there was a splendid breeze blowing.

He stood up and moved along so as to keep the kite between him and the moon. But presently the cord was all played out, and the kite seemed like a small black speck right against the moon. As Roland looked at it with delight and admiration, a distant clock struck twelve.

"Well!" exclaimed Roland, "I had no idea it was so late as that."

He drew in his kite quickly, and then turned to retrace his steps; but as the houses were all alike, and he did not know how far he had gone over the roofs, this was not very easily done.

Roland went from house to house slowly and softly,

and tried each trap-door very gently, for he was afraid, if he made a noise, some of the neighbors would hear him, and peep out to see who it was. He did not in the least wish to be seen, for he had no shoes on, and his head and shoulders were muffled up in a large white shawl of his mother's.

"They would think I was a house-breaker," said he to himself, as he stooped and tried the door near his feet.

"This must be ours," thought Roland, much relieved to feel one of the trap-doors move under his touch. He slipped in, fastened the catch, and stepped cautiously down the ladder. It was dark, and everything was just as he had left it when he formed the notion of flying his kite by moonlight, and had stolen out of bed and upon the roof.

Roland crept down the stairs to his own room, which was on the second floor, and opened the door cautiously. The moonlight streamed into the window between the curtains, which were slightly parted, and fell upon the bed close by it. He rubbed his eyes and stared, for there on the pillow lay a very pale face with closed eyes, and below the face he could see a throat tied up in red flannel.

He was about to ask the stranger who he was, and how he came to be in his bed, when he saw at once from the looks of things about him that he had got into the wrong house. His only thought was to go back to the roof before he was discovered.

"I would rather stay there all night," thought he, "than be caught here."

He groped his way to the door, and his hand was on the knob, when he felt it turn from the other side, and heard a voice mutter, "Arrah, now, what's coom to the door?"

Roland turned first one way and then another in his anxiety to escape. A closet stood open close by him, and just as the other door was unclosed, he slipped in and hid himself behind some garments hanging on the wall.

The person who entered struck a match and lit the gas; then Roland saw that it was a rough-looking boy of about sixteen years old dressed in livery. The new-comer went up to the table and began to examine the vials. He took up one after another with a puzzled expression; then he said, in a whisper:

"Walter, me boy, I say, which of thim was you to take inside and which was I to rub on to your chist? Arrah! it's gone out of me head intirely."

The sick boy made no answer.

"It's all doctor's stuff," continued the boy. "So I'm thinking it will make little differ. It was black stuff that cured me once, so I'll be givin' you this. One tea-spoonful, two, three, and one for good measure," said he, dropping the medicine into a glass of water. He gave a loud sniff as he replaced the cork, and exclaimed, "Musha! if it's as strong as it smells, it will cure you up mighty quick."

"Is that you, Dennis?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes. "Is it time to take my medicine?"

"Not yet," replied Dennis, "but it will be in fifteen minutes."

"Well, then," said Walter, "put it close by me on the table, and I will take it myself, and you can go to bed."

"But won't you be afraid to be alone?" asked Dennis. "I could sleep here on the flure."

"Oh no," said Walter, hastily; "thank you very much. You can't help it, you know, but you snore, and it would keep me awake."

"Very well," replied Dennis, good-naturedly. "I'll go upstairs, then, and if you want me, just ring the bell fernenst you, and I'll be down before you can count ten. Shall I lave the light?"

"Yes," replied Walter, as he turned uneasily upon his pillow.

Then, much to Roland's relief, Dennis said "Good-night," and left the room.

Roland watched the sick boy anxiously. Presently he saw his eyes close and heard him breathe heavily. Then he crept from his hiding-place and stole toward the door, his eyes fixed on the bed all the time. The greenish liquid which Dennis had poured into the glass glittered in the gas-light and attracted Roland's attention, and made him smile as he thought of the boy's words, "'Tis all doctor's stuff, anyhow." Then another thought came into his mind. Perhaps Dennis had made a mistake, and given the wrong medicine. So he glanced toward the large vial from which it had been taken. Then he stood quite still, for he could plainly see that on one corner of the label was a skull and cross-bones.

"That means poison," thought Roland: "what ought I to do?"

Just then the sick boy half opened his eyes and stretched out his hand toward the glass.

"I say!" cried Roland, forgetting everything but the boy's danger, "don't drink that."

Walter raised himself on his elbow, and opened his eyes wide in amazement.

"Why, who are you?" said he, staring at Roland, who certainly was a rather queer-looking figure, with his shawl over his shoulders and head, in place of a jacket and hat.

"Never mind that for a moment. Look at this medicine. This is the bottle it came out of. It's marked poison, and the label reads, 'For external use only.' And here is what you ought to take. It is a kind of pink color, and it says, 'Three tea-spoonfuls every two hours.' Shall I change it for you?"

"Yes," replied Walter, "and then tell me how you came to find all this out."

Roland poured the contents of the glass into a bowl on the table, and after cleansing the glass carefully, measured off the right medicine and handed it to Walter.

Walter looked at him, as he swallowed it, and smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Roland.

"You look so queer with that big shawl over your head," replied Walter.

"I forgot the shawl," said Roland, pulling it off hastily.

"Now I know you!" exclaimed Walter. "You are the boy that lives next door."

"I am glad you know where I live," replied Roland, "for I don't." Then he told the sick boy all about his mistake.

"It was a happy mistake for me," said Walter, when he had finished. "But now I suppose you want to go home, though I wish you could stay."

"Good-by," replied Roland. "I am afraid I can't stay. Which side is my house?"

"On the left," said Walter. "I saw you go in when I came home yesterday. I was on a visit to my aunt's, and I fell sick, and I made them send me home. But when I got here I found the house empty; nobody but Dennis in it. Before you go, would you mind smoothing the quilts a little? I feel so warm and horrid."

Roland did as he was desired, and started for the door. It was locked.

On leaving the room Dennis had locked the door, thinking his young master would be safer thus.

There was nothing to do but take the situation quietly. Roland returned to the bed, explained matters to Walter, and took up a book which he found on the floor near the table. Then seeing that the sick boy was still wide awake, he said,

"Shall I read to you?"

"If you will I shall think you the best boy I ever met," replied Walter, gratefully.

So Roland read him a story of the wonderful adventures of two boys cast away on a desert island.

At last Walter fell asleep, and presently the book fell from Roland's hand, and his eyes closed.

It was seven o'clock when Roland opened his eyes again, and became aware of a loud ringing at the door bell. In a few moments he heard Dennis stumbling down-stairs in a great hurry, and then presently, after a few words had been spoken, he heard a man's voice say, in a loud, horrified tone,

"What! you gave him the lotion? Then he is dead, and you have killed him."

In a moment or two Dennis came clumping upstairs, and began to beat at the door and cry, "Oh, Walter, boy, are you kilt intirely?"

"Who locked this door?" interrupted the doctor's voice.

"It was I meself," sobbed Dennis.

"Then go and get the key," replied the doctor, sternly. Dennis hurried away, and the doctor paced impatiently backward and forward.

"This is terrible!" muttered he; "but how was I to know that that great boy could not read? Dear me! dear me! what will his mother say?"

Just then Walter awoke and sat up. "What's the matter?" said he.

Roland did not answer, for at that moment the door was flung open, and the doctor hurried in, followed closely by Dennis.

They both started back in astonishment at sight of the two boys. Dennis fairly howled.

"There's two of them!"

The doctor, after glancing at Roland, took Walter's hand, and said, anxiously, "Do you suffer much?"

"I think I am almost well," replied the boy; "I feel ever so much better, and I have had a splendid sleep."

"Did you take the medicine Dennis gave you?" asked the doctor, gravely glancing at the empty glass.

"No," said Walter, with a laugh, pointing to Roland; "he would not let me."

Then came the explanation, to which Dennis listened with open eyes and mouth, looking suspiciously at Roland all the while.

"A fortunate accident," said the doctor, with a look of relief, when the story was finished. Then, patting Roland on the shoulder, he said: "If you had not been here, this poor child would not have been able to tell the story this morning. He would either have been dead or suffering terrible agony. Now I think it would be best for you to go home and let your people know where you are. I will stay with Walter until his mother arrives."

"Come back soon," said Walter, as Roland left the room.

Roland nodded and ran home.

That morning at breakfast Roland related his adventure to his parents. They were both very much astonished.

His mother said that she thought it very dangerous to go on the roof alone at night, and that he must never do it again; but since he had saved a boy's life by it, she could not scold him this time.

His father laughed, and seemed to think that he must have dreamed it all, and after a while Roland almost thought so himself.

But that afternoon a lady called on his mother, and presently Roland was sent for. The lady was Walter's mother, and she had come to thank Roland for saving her boy's life. She spoke so kindly, and seemed so near crying, that Roland was very glad when she asked him to go and call on her son. He hurried away, and spent the rest of the afternoon reading and talking to the sick boy.

When Walter recovered, which he did shortly, the boys spent many a delightful hour together. Walter is often heard to say that he can never be too thankful for "Roland's mistake," not only because it saved his life, but it has given him such a dear friend.

FRECKLES.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

AFTER the time I tried to photograph the baby, my camera was taken away from me and locked up for ever so long. Sue said I wasn't to be trusted with it and it would go off some day when you think it isn't loaded and hurt somebody worse than you hurt the baby you good-for-nothing little nuisance.

Father kept the camera locked for about a month, and said when I see some real reformation in you James you shall have it back again. But I shall never have it back again now, and if I did, it wouldn't be of any use, for I'm never to be allowed to have any more chemicals. Father is going to give the camera to the missionaries, so that they can photograph heathen and things, and all the chemicals I had have been thrown away, just because I

would agree to take them away. Sue said she thought freckles were perfectly lovely, and it's a good thing she thinks so, for she has about as many as she can use; and Lizzie said she'd give anything if she only had a few nice freckles on her cheeks.

Mother asked what made freckles, and Mr. Travers said the sun made them just as it makes photographs. "Jimmy will understand it," said Mr. Travers. "He knows how the sun makes a picture when it shines on a photograph plate, and all his freckles were made just in the same way. Without the sun there wouldn't be any freckles."

This sounded reasonable, but then Mr. Travers forgot all about chemicals. As I said, the last time I wrote, chemicals is something in a bottle like medicine, and you have to put it on a photograph plate so as to make the picture that the sun has made show itself. Now if chemicals will do this with a photograph plate, it ought to do it with a girl's cheek. You take a girl and let the sun shine on her cheek, and put chemicals on her, and it ought to bring out splendid freckles.

I'm very fond of Lizzie, though she is a girl, because she minds her own business, and don't meddle with my things and get me into scrapes. I'd have given her all my freckles if I could, as soon as I knew she wanted them, and as soon as Mr. Travers said that freckles were made just like photographs, I made up my mind I would make some for her. So I told her she should have the best freckles in town if she'd come up to my room the next morning, and let me expose her to the sun and then put chemicals on her.

Lizzie has confidence in me, which is one of her best qualities, and shows that she is a good girl. She was so pleased when I promised to make freckles for her; and as soon as the sun got up high enough to shine into my window she came up to my room all ready to be freckled.

I exposed her to the sun for six seconds. I only exposed my photograph plates three seconds, but I thought that Lizzie might not be quite as sensitive, and so I exposed her longer. Then I took her into the dark closet where I kept the chemicals, and poured chemicals on her cheeks. I made her hold her handkerchief on her face so that the chemicals couldn't get into her eyes and run down her neck, for she wanted freckles only on her cheeks.

I watched her very carefully, but the freckles didn't come out. I put more chemicals on her, and rubbed it in with a cloth; but it was no use, the freckles wouldn't come.

I don't know what the reason was. Perhaps I hadn't exposed her long enough, or perhaps the chemicals was weak. Anyway, not a single freckle could I make.

So after a while I gave it up, and told her it was no use, and she could go and wash her face. She cried a little because she was disappointed, but she cried more afterward. You see, the chemicals made her cheek almost black, and she couldn't wash it off. Mother and Sue made a dreadful fuss about it, and sent for the doctor, who said he thought it would wear off in a year or so, and wouldn't kill the child or do her very much harm.

This is the reason why they took my chemicals away, and promised to give my camera to the missionaries. All I meant was to please Lizzie, and I never knew the chemicals would turn her black. But it isn't the first time I have tried to be kind and have been made to suffer for it.



"MOTHER AND SUE MADE A DREADFUL FUSS."

made a mistake in using them. I don't say it didn't serve me right, but I can't help wishing that father would change his mind.

I have never said much about my other sister, Lizzie, because she is nothing but a girl. She is twelve years old, and of course she plays with dolls, and doesn't know enough to play base-ball or do anything really useful. She scarcely ever gets me into scrapes, though, and that's where Sue might follow her example. However, it was Lizzie who got me into the scrape about my chemicals, though she didn't mean to, poor girl.

One night Mr. Travers came to tea, and everybody was talking about freckles. Mr. Travers said that they were real fashionable, and that all the ladies were trying to get them. I am sure I don't see why. I've mornamillion freckles, and I'd be glad to let anybody have them who





BUTTERFLY, butterfly,
Isn't it fun
Watching the flow'rets
Here in the sun?

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THIS week you will find several bright little stories from the children, as well as a great many letters, in the Post-office Box.

LYONS, MICHIGAN.

I am a farmer's girl nine years old. I play outdoors and have to work some. I go to school about eight months in a year. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE just splendid. I have a sister older than myself, and a brother two years old. He is just as cute as he can be, and a regular boy. My sister and I have raised twenty-eight chickens, and have lost only one. We had three little kittens, but I guess they died, for we can not find them. I have a doll, and have lots of fun playing with her.

JESSIE W.

WINDOM, MINNESOTA.

I live on a small farm. We have a nice little grove around our house. I am herding cattle; this is the fourth summer I have been herding. The first summer I earned enough to buy me a pair of steers, and last winter, when they were three years old, I sold them for \$75. I paid my board in town and went to school, and then had enough left to buy me a cow. I now have a cow and a calf of my own. I have a dog named Tony, and we have a cat named Birdy, and three little kittens. Birdy used to take her kittens down into the cellar through the ventilator, so one evening we stopped the ventilator up, and the next morning where do you suppose we found the kittens? We found an old hen down beside the ventilator taking care of them and fighting the old cat away. I find ever so many pretty little stones when I am herding. I wish I could send the Postmistress some of them. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and the *Youth's Companion*, and I like them both very much. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is seven years old and my sister is nine. I am the oldest, and am thirteen. I did have a pair of doves, but one died, so now I have only one. I like "Our Little Duncie," "Left Behind," and "The Accommodating Circumstance." I like the articles on insects the best. My sister caught a little rabbit to-day, but I don't think it will live. We have a cunning little colt named Daisy. I like to go to school. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography.

REVERDY R.

I wish I could shake hands with you, Reverdy. But as you are too far away for that, I send my good wishes. You must read the story of the "Wise Mother Cat," told on our sixteenth page. I shall think of you, herding cattle in summer, attending school in winter, and growing up to be a true, useful American.

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA.

I used to live in Kentucky, and came to Florida two years ago. Papa has a saw-mill and an orange grove. My brother is named Burke, and is eleven and a half years old. He engineers when the mill runs, and measures lumber when papa is absent. I can measure lumber too. When we go sailing in our schooner we help to manage the sails. My brother frequently shoots alligators from one to ten feet long. Once an alligator came to our doorstep. We live near a pretty creek, and in sight of the Caloosahatchie River. The Indians come to see the mill sometimes. There were a great many beautiful birds on the coast, but men killed ever so many of them for the plumes. I love to go on the beach and pick up the pretty shells. I love to go with papa in his schooner and get oysters, and see the schools of porpoise playing in the channel. The climate is delightful. Flowers bloom in the open air all the year. The oleander grows to be a tree. We have oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, citrons, shaddock, cocoa-nuts, figs, grapes, mango-apples, alligator pears, and guavas growing on our place,

and when they get in bearing we hope you will make us a visit and eat some of our tropical fruit. For pets, I have a cat, chicken, and doll. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it a valuable paper. I like all the stories, and the letters are interesting. I have read *Swiss Family Robinson* six times. Didn't they have a splendid time? We study Sixth Reader, arithmetic, geography, spelling, and writing, and recite to mamma. We will go to school when we are older; papa can not spare Burke now, and mamma needs me. My cousin, Tom De La H., won the medal at the commencement; he is at the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. I will be ten years old in October. Will you please guess whether I am a boy or a girl? As this is my first letter to you, I would be pleased to see it in print if you think it worthy. Mamma copied it for me.

DE LA HUNT H.

Do boys make pets of dolls, dearie?

NEW WINDSOR, NEW YORK.

I have wanted to write to the Post-office Box for a long time, but did not know how to address the letter until one day I saw your answer to Ted's question. I was real glad when I saw it, for I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much I wanted to write. When the paper comes I almost always read the letters first. It seems as if I almost know the Postmistress. I think she must have lots of patience to read all the letters that are sent to her. I can not tell you about my studies at school or such things, as the others do, for I have been sick three years and a half; for two years and a half I have been confined to bed. My Sunday-school teacher says I am attending a school where God is my teacher. I am trying by the help of my Saviour, to learn perfectly the lesson of patience and submission. I have many things to make me happy and amuse me. I can read, write, and do a great many such easy and light things. If I could not do anything it would be much worse. I have two sisters; one two years older and the other four years younger than I am. I have a precious Sunday-school teacher; she is so kind and good. When I was first ill she said she would write me a letter every Saturday so long as I could not be in our class. I have a great many letters, and they do me more good than I can tell. If you are willing, I will copy some off and send them to the Post-office Box. They are such a help to me. I thought there might be some who were sick that would like to read them. I think, of the stories, "Our Little Duncie" is the best. I am anxious to get the rest of "The Story of a Ring." I would like to see you, our kind Postmistress, very much. Although I am sixteen, I hope I am not too old to sign myself your little friend,

MINNIE G.

The lessons we learn in suffering are always worth the pain they cost us, dear Minnie, and so I thank you for your kind letter, which the girls and boys will read with pleasure. You have a faithful teacher, and if you choose to send me one of her letters let it be the one you like best of the whole collection, which you treasure with care, no doubt.

NYACK-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I have never written to the Post-office Box before, and I hope my letter will be printed. I live in a large house in Nyack, and I have very good times in the country in the summer. I have a little brother and a great many pets: a monkey named Mooney, a cow named Lady Daisy, a canary named Pet, and five robins. I have been to school four years. I want you to guess how old I am. I send you a receipt.

MARY M. W.

SNOW CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of powdered sugar, the whites of six eggs, two and a half cups of flour, a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, a tea-spoonful of vanilla, a cup of milk; beat well, and bake half an hour.

CORNING, IOWA.

I am a little boy almost eight years old. I will tell you of some of our pets and their names: A shepherd dog named Fanny, a cat named Spot, a red-bird named King, a grosbeak named Grace, and some canaries named Fred, Mollie, Cherry, Minnie, Maud, and two young birds, a cow named Pink, a calf named Pet, one old pig and seven little pigs (the old pig's name is Fossum), and we have some chickens. I have two sisters, Ruth and Wem, but no brothers. My papa is the editor of the *Adams County Gazette*. I am going to school on the first day of September. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever so much. Good-bye.

OSCAR H.

Do you mean to be an editor yourself by-and-by?

EMBERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live on the banks of the Brandywine, and sometimes I go in bathing. I can not swim, but I paddle about on my hands and feet. My cousin is visiting at our house, and yesterday we went in bathing. We had a great deal of fun. My brother made a boat and a canvas canoe. We often go out rowing in them, and I have learned to paddle the canoe and row the boat. I live out

here in the summer, and in West Chester in the winter. I go to school in West Chester, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, writing, and drawing. I take music lessons on the piano, but I do not like to practice much. I have a cat named Muff. She is all black, with two or three white hairs on her breast. She was born on Washington's Birthday, so, of course, her birthday is celebrated. We named her Muff Washington. She is three years of age. My other pet is a young rooster. He will eat out of my hand or a spoon. He is very fond of Muff, and will eat out of the same dish with her. I have two brothers, both older than myself; their names are Russell and Carroll. I think "Left Behind" is a lovely story, and "The Story of a Ring" interests me too. We all think the pictures by H. P. very quaint and funny. Your little friend,

MAMIE A. H. (aged 11).

P. S.—Muff sends love to the Postmistress. Thank you, Muff.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two sisters named Jessie and Hallie. We have a little dog, and its name is Rover. We have a cat, and its name is Pansy. I go to school and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, drawing, and writing. Good-by.

LAURA L. D.

Is he ever one Rover too many, like the dog on our sixteenth page?

ABINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wish to tell about the tableaux we had when I was away at the sea-shore. Most of the scenes were taken out of *Kate Greenaway*. Then we had phantom faces. We had a sheet stretched on a frame with holes cut in it, and the children who acted in it stuck their heads through. They looked exactly like cherubs bursting through the sky. We had a collection taken up afterward for The Children's Home in Mount Holly, New Jersey. We made \$70. I was the Sleeping Beauty in one of the scenes. If you don't mind, may I be one of the Little Housekeepers? As I do not know when your birthday comes, I send you a card now.

LILLIE.

Thanks for the pretty card. Does the little housekeeper take care of her room and keep it in nice order? Do all the little housekeepers try to keep their things in their places, and to help mamma all they can? The tableaux must have been beautiful.

Now for a story which the author says is true:

PUSSY AND THE SNAKE.

A few miles distant from our "City of Roses" there lives a family who have three of the dearest little children one could wish to meet anywhere. At the time of my story Johnnie, the eldest, was seven. He was the owner of a very handsome dog, which he had named Ponto. Mamie, whose age was five years, had a very pretty Maltese cat, which her aunt had sent as a birthday present for her from the East, together with two beautiful little baby kittens. Daisy, the least one, was too small for anything except her nice "toft dolly," as she called her rag-doll.

It was Mamie's habit the first thing every morning to go out and pay her little favorites a visit. But one day last week, on making her morning call, she found both her little beauties missing from their home, and the old cat was standing there mewling, as though she were trying to call them. Mamie began crying piteously when she discovered her loss, when little Daisy, who was standing by, seeing her sister's grief, said: "Mamma titty, wot oo do wif Mamie's titty babies? Did oo teal 'em?" But mamma kitty, not understanding what was meant, arose and stole softly and cautiously along through the grass, sniffing here and there, as if in search of something. Johnnie, as he was going through the yard looking for them, saw pussy, and glancing ahead of her saw a huge black snake only a few feet away, which seemed to be eating something, and upon closer examination he found that it was Mamie's lost kitten. The snake had coiled itself around the poor kitten's body, thereby causing its death, and it was now quietly lubricating the poor thing preparatory to making a meal of it.

With eyes green as emerald, the cat crept to within a foot of the snake, which, quick as a flash, dropped the kitten and made ready to strike. The cat suddenly stopped, and raising her left forepaw, cautiously held it out toward the monster. Like a flash the snake struck at the paw, but puss whisked her paw out of harm's way; at the same time she brought her right paw into play, and before the snake could recover itself she spread her claws, which were sharp as needles, and dealt it a blow on the head that knocked the snake back a foot or two, leaving deep scratches on its head. The snake, greatly surprised and maddened by pussy's attack, returned to renew the fight. As before, pussy presented her left forepaw, and again the snake struck viciously at it, only to again miss and receive the terrible right-hand blow which pussy dealt at the

side of its head. Four times did the snake repeat the attack, four times did pussy show it that she was mistress of the situation, when the snake weakened, and, thoroughly dispirited, turned and tried to drag itself away. No sooner did pussy see that it was trying to retreat than, with one bound, she was on the reptile's head, and with two or three strokes of her sharp claws she literally tore its head to pieces. Then turning round, with a sorrowful mew! mew! mew! she took the dead kitten up in her mouth and carried it back to the house.

Just at that time Ponto also came up, and hearing her pitiful cries, took up the snake, and between dragging and carrying got it out of sight to a distant part of the yard, where he scratched a hole, put the snake into it, and by pushing with his nose and scratching with his feet he covered it up.

Johnnie says pussy has been out on a snake hunt several times since. He thinks she knows that her other little kitten was eaten by the snake, and that she is trying to avenge its death by killing all the snakes she can find.

MABEL C.

I am one of your older readers, but I still like to read and enjoy HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very fond of reading. I have lately read Miss Sewell's works, and I found them very interesting. We live in a lovely little rectory on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. Since I have grown old enough I have been very much interested in my father's parish work among the poor. In winter I have a little sewing-class, and I also have a Sunday-school class. I find both very interesting, and they occupy many leisure hours. I have no pets except a little canary-bird. I wonder if all the children who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are as fond of climbing trees as I am? I used to dread the time when I had to give it up, but I don't mind it so much now. We are about to have a fair. It is for a summer home for the poor near us. With best love to all the children, I am, affectionately,

A FRIEND.

ELBERON, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I am a brother of Lena T. W. The white rat belongs to me, the fox-terrier belongs to my brother, the colly to my other brother, and the Skye terrier to my sister who wrote to you. I went to Europe last year. I was sick all winter, and am just able to run about.

B. W.

LITTLE DICK'S BIRTHDAY.

His name was Richard Larrington—called Dick by his parents and his friends. He was seven years old to-day, and he was to have a party. His mamma wrote the invitations and sent them out a week before the time. As he had never had any before, he was delighted at the promise of this. He was to have a large cake with a ring in it, and all kinds of goodies, he told his cousin, John Ellison, who was visiting him. The party was to be from six to eight o'clock, which was quite long enough for such little folks. By six o'clock all the boys and girls were assembled, and then they played all kinds of games. Then they marched out for refreshments, Dick and Alice James leading. While they were guessing who would get the ring, some one suddenly cried out, "Lillie Morrison has it! Lillie Morrison has the ring!" at which they all gathered around, clamoring to see it. While they are talking about it I will describe it. A gold ring with a large pearl set in it surrounded by turquoise, and with Dick's initials, "R. A. R." inside. Then they went back again to the parlor, where Mrs. Larrington played and sang for them, and they would sometimes join in the chorus. Then they all went home, after having a very good time.

HENRIETTA (aged thirteen years).

FORT MILLER, NEW YORK.

My aunt Helen, of Keyport, New Jersey, sends us HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; she began in November; we get them in packages every three months. I think that "The Lost City," "The Ice Queen," "Our Little Duncie," and "Left Behind" are the best of all, only I never dreamed that Katie would marry Tug. What a queer name he had!

Would Katie R., the little girl who wrote last November from Biarritz, France, please write me a letter? I love the Old World so!

I am half Scotch and half English. I live on a farm in the centre of several Revolutionary places. We can see Burgoyne's monument from our south door; it is about six miles directly south. It is eleven miles to Fort Edward, the fort that Israel Putnam saved from fire, and where Jane McCrea was murdered. Every time I go up to my aunt Hattie's I see the place where she lived. The celebrated Saratoga Springs are eighteen miles and Mount McGregor is twelve miles from here; we see the electric light every night from the upper Mount McGregor House. Lake George is twenty miles from here; they don't have many guests at the lake this summer, on account of cold weather.

As the rest of the writers tell of their pets, I will tell of mine. We have a dog named Bird (she is a bird dog); her color is dark brown, with

a stripe of white down her neck and breast. We also have a black cat named Nig; a black horse, Prince, and a bay one, Kitty; three cows, viz., Spot, Jersey Peg, and Bobtail Beauty; two calves, Cuffy and Crete; two pigs, twenty-eight sheep, and twenty-seven lambs. I can milk, and make butter, bread, cake, and pies. We have berries, black, white, red, and blue. We have some Long Island red raspberries that are as large as a big thumb, and they last from June until November; last year I canned some the 25th of October.

I live two miles and a half from Fort Miller village. We have two churches there, Baptist and Presbyterian. Our pastors have been having their annual vacation, so we haven't had preaching for two weeks.

CARRIE E. W.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULD NOT SAY "PLEASE."

Once on a time a little girl lived in a house; her room was near the kitchen, handy to the pies and things. There was a little boy who said "please" for everything—perhaps your little girl says the same thing. He was a very polite little boy; he would say, "Please, some potatoes." "Please, a party." The party was very small; just the children of the house, three little girls and three little boys. The little girls' names were Minnie, the little boys' names were Fred. The little girls were very neat and nice, and two of the boys were neat and nice. One little boy was naughty; he would not say "please." His mother put a dunce-cap on him, and made him stand in the corner. At the party he would tease for more. They had a very nice party, but he always asked for more, more. The other children went out to play; they went to feed the chickens. The baby was in the room with the naughty boy; he touched the baby, and she began to cry. His mother came in and his father. He was naughty for a week, but at the end of the week that little boy said "please." NENNIE (four years old).

What a nice story for a little four-year-old girl to tell!

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I have taken your paper ever since the first number, and watch every week for it, and the moment I get hold of it I look at the Post-office Box first. I have written before, but my letter was not printed. Please print this, to surprise papa and mamma. I am eleven years old, and have a little sister five months old; her name is Charlotte Mary. Do you like that name? Will some one please tell me what the Little Housekeepers mean, and how much it is to join? For pets, I have a dog, a canary, and two gold-fish. My dog's name is Dandy and my canary's Nelly. I like Miss Alcott's and Lucy C. Lillie's stories best. I will write no more this time, or you will not print this letter from your constant and loving reader,

ALICE A. D.

Anybody, girl or boy, who reads the Post-office Box may join the Little Housekeepers by simply asking to do so. Then it will become his or her duty to try, in some way, to make home a sweeter, brighter, and dearer place. It does not cost anything to join our ranks, you see. Charlotte Mary is a very pretty name.

For a long time I have been desiring to write to you another little letter. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly one year, and I like it more and more every day. My mamma made me a present of it on my birthday. We have no school now, as it is vacation, but it will open on the 1st of next month. I go to school at the Convent, and I like it very much; I am in the Fifth Reader. I have but one pet, and that is a little canary-bird. It sings so sweetly! It was made a present to me by a lady who had intended to go away from here; I have already had it one year. I had one before this; but one day I left the door of the cage open, and it flew away. I think "Left Behind" and "Our Little Duncie" were both very interesting stories. My love to the Postmistress.

A. L. M. S.

SHARON SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl, and though I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very long, I desire to write to you. In the winter I live in Brooklyn, but this summer I came here. It is a delightful place, and I have a great deal of fun. The boys here have had some races; one was a sack race, which was most amusing. One of my brothers and I have a dog; it is a colly, and her name is Sheila. I have a canary-bird called Dick; he sings beautifully, and is quite pretty. I have a very small turtle; I feed him with meat, and I have had him since last summer, and he don't seem to grow a bit. I do not go to school, but I take lessons at home. I have several dolls, but I never play with them.

Your loving friend,

ANNA P. S.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I live in Jersey City, which is very near New York. This summer I went to Washington, New Jersey, and staid three weeks. Soon after coming home from there I went to Cooperstown, which is a beautiful place at the foot of Otsego

Lake, to visit my great-grandmother. I wonder how many little girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have a great-grandma? I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE better than any paper.

EMMA B. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and think all the stories in it are lovely, and I like to read the letters too. The harp is the sweetest of all instruments. I hope to take lessons on it some time. I think Fauchon is a lovely name for a calf too. Please print my letter. I am a thirteen-year-old reader.

MAY W. O'R.

Harry N. P. and Mabel P.: Write again.—H. L. S.: Eva is a pretty name for a doll. Do you take great pains with her dresses, and make them as neatly as you can?—Thanks to A. L. D., Nellie E., Maude C., Bessie W., Harry P. B., Edith H. M., May L. K., Glenn C. B., and Maude Isabel D.—Lillian L. L.: I am afraid I could not possibly put a continued story in the Post-office Box. It would crowd out our dear little letters. I do not think you saw me when you came to New York, as I never forget a little visitor, and I do not recall you. When you come again I hope you will try to give me a peep at your face.—Matie T., Mattie W. P., and M. K.: I was glad to hear from you.—Love to Maude M. and Nellie M. T.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in smooth, but not in rough. My second is in coat, in collar, and cuff. My third is in this, but not in that. My fourth is in bonnet, not in hat. My fifth is in crane, but not in stork. My sixth is in mutton, but not in pork. My seventh is in ice, but not in snow. My eighth is in fast, but not in slow. My ninth is in rice, but not in wheat. My tenth is in cold, but not in heat. My eleventh is in apple, not in plum. My twelfth is in playmate and in chum. My thirteenth is in dance, but not in walk. My fourteenth is in whisper, not in talk. My fifteenth is in wail, but not in cry. My sixteenth is in custard, not in pie. My seventeenth is in grass, but not in shrub. My eighteenth is in insect, not in grub. My whole is the name of a paper old. Which some people think is as good as gold.

A GRASSHOPPER.

- 2.—My first in candy, but not in bread. My second in Harry, not in Ned. My third is in you, but not in me. My fourth is in sugar, but not in tea. My fifth is in picture, but not in book. My sixth is in hear, but not in look. My whole is a building, well designed To cheer and help all mankind. L. V. R.
- 3.—In ginger, not in spice. In loaf, not in slice. In love, not in hate. In dimple, not in straight. In west and in east. In banquet, not in feast. In rose, not in lily. In hot, not in chilly. In dark, not in light. Whole a flower which charms the sight.

LULU PEASE.

No. 2.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To solicit. 3. Shadier. 4. A title. 5. Having two cells. 6. One who plunders. 7. To rent again. 8. A liquid. 9. A letter. NAVAJO.

No. 3.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. Tax. 2. Old. 3. To guard. 4. A current. JAMES CONNOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 252.

No. 1.—M O R E M E A N F I S H
O P E N E A S E I D E A
R E E D A S P S E L L
E N D S N E S T H A L L

No. 2.—Elm. Cedar. Pine. Maple. Oak. Ash. Palm. Locust. Yew.

No. 3.—Albany. Edmund Burke.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma W. Gleason, Lewis B. Jones, Philip Cohen, Ella G. McSturdy, L. Jochem, Lavina C. Bacon, J. N. Sinkler, L. P. Green, Hamilton E. Field, Sons of the Moon, Emma St. C. Whitney, Marguerite, Arthur C. Perry, Jun., E. Smith, and Lulu Pease.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2nd and 3rd pages of cover.]



"LITTLE MISS RAGS."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

LITTLE Miss Rags is the dearest of girls,
 With blue in her eyes and gold in her curls,
 And in each rosy cheek,
 Though she laugh or but speak,
 There are dimples forever at hide and at seek;
 But what would you think of a girl who each day
 Came in from a walk or came in from her play
 With her dresses all torn,
 And of trimmings quite shorn,
 And her general appearance most sadly forlorn?

But it isn't *her* fault, as mamma ought to know
 Ere she scolds her young sinner and worries her so;
 For where'er she may ramble,
 Each twig and each bramble
 To catch in her clothes makes a regular scramble.
 "And how can I help it?" she sobs to mamma
 "There always is 'tearers' wherever *I* are."
 So it's always the same,
 And the excellent name
 Of "Little Miss Rags" is all she can claim.

A VERY WISE MOTHER CAT.

MRS. SARAH BROWN, of Ellenville, New York, has a large Maltese cat which is the mother of three kittens, now nearly half-grown. It was noticed lately that she was feeding her little ones on some fine specimens of perch and sun-fish, which she brought in nice and fresh daily. One day she was seen coming in with seven. She was watched, and it was discovered that she caught the fish herself in Fantine Kill Pond, near the village.

The pond had been drawn down quite low recently, and the cat would crouch down at the edge of the water, and when a fish would come swimming along within reach, would spring upon it in the water, and rarely miss its aim. Her plan was to strike the fish first with her claws. Having secured it in this way, she would dip her head in under the water, take her prey in her mouth, and then swim ashore.

Besides fish, the cat serves her family with birds, not less than two of which she provides every day. The most remarkable fact about the cat, however, is the system she has adopted in feeding her kittens. When she comes in with a meal she will not permit any scrambling after it, by which one kitten might get more of the dinner than its mate, but she lays the morsel, fish or bird, as may be, before one of the young ones. The other two she obliges to remain quietly at a distance while the one is eating. In case there is any attempt at rebellion, puss enforces her rules by severely punishing the offender. She will cuff the poor little one on each side of its head with her motherly paw until it is glad to retire and wait its turn.

When the kitten has eaten one-third of the meal, the old cat removes the dinner, and places it in front of another kitten, who eats its third of the meal unmolested, when the third kitten's turn comes. It is an understood thing among the family that the kitten that is served first on one day becomes the last on the list the next day. This is acted upon day after day, and nothing ever varies it.



THE GAME SPOILED—ONE "ROVER" TOO MANY.

HARPER'S
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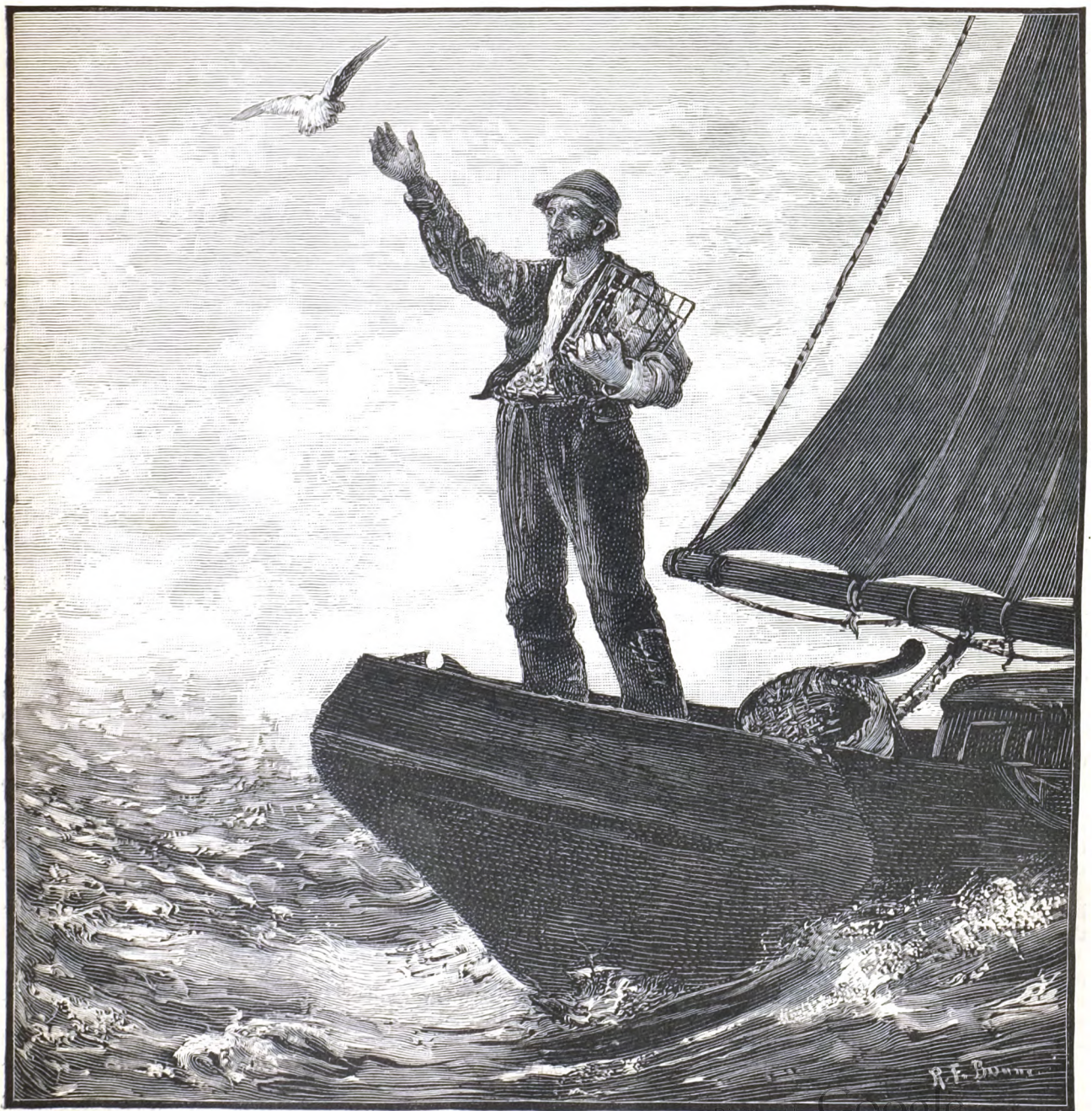
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HOW ABNER EARNED HIS SCHOOLING.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

I.

"**A**BNER."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the boy, glancing up from his book.

"It 'd come hard on ye to have to give up your schoolin' now, I s'pose," said Mrs. Skinner, looking anxiously at the thin, pale face of her son to note the effect of her question.

"Why do you ask, mother?—must I?" was Abner's question, after a slight hesitation, during which the mother's keen eye saw the look of disappointment that passed over his face.

"Well, son, your father's afraid—he don't just see—"

"I know, mother," interrupted Abner, quietly, but with a tinge of bitterness in his tone; "he doesn't see how education is going to pay."

"You've had more schoolin' ten times over than ever I had," said the father, who came in just at this moment, "an' what good has it done ye? I don't say eddication's no good, but what good has it done *you*? You're sixteen year old, an' you know as much Latin as the teacher, your mother tells me. Well an' good. Can ye get any kind of a livin' by it all?"

"Not yet," replied Abner, seeing that his father waited for some reply from him; "but I can by-and-by."

"Ay, by-and-by! An' the bread and butter mean-while?"

To Abner the short laugh with which his father ended his words contained a reproach, and he had great difficulty in refraining from a sharp retort. He controlled himself, however, and in a few minutes laid aside his books and went out, brooding over his wrongs, real or fancied.

Had Abner but known it, there was nothing reproachful in the laugh that grated so harshly on his ears. No; that short laugh expressed only some of the bitterness which filled the soul of a man who at the close of the fishing season saw himself no better off than at the beginning, and all because of the slowness of his boat—a defect which all his skill as a sailor and all his energy and hard work as a man could not remedy.

And so it had been season after season, and so it would probably be for seasons to come. He could not make a living without his boat, and he could barely do so with it. Had Abner been able to help him, he would have needed one man less on board, and that man's share would have been saved. It was natural enough that he should feel sore when he saw his son, unlike other fishermen's sons, spending instead of earning.

True, it was not much that Abner spent, and so the boy said to himself as he walked moodily along the street. But much and little are terms which have different value. What is little to one who has, is much to one who has not. So it was that in the struggle to make ends meet the few dollars necessary for Abner's books and Abner's food seemed to his father a large sum.

Abner, however, in his angry mood would not recognize anything but the disappointment which threatened him, and he took his way to his firm friend the school-master, full of the sense of his father's injustice.

"But, Abner," said the school-master, kindly, after he had listened to his young friend's story, "it seems to me that your father is right."

"Right!" exclaimed Abner, with a sort of angry surprise. Then he began to think uncomfortably of the many times he had compared the work of the head to the work of the hands, and for the first time it occurred to him that his words might carry a sting for his father.

"Mr. Wainwright, do you think so?" he asked, with much feeling, as the truth forced itself upon him that he was open to the charge of selfishness.

"Do I think what?"

"Why, all that you imply."

"Well, a great deal of it."

Abner sat still for several minutes, during which time the school-master studied his face with earnest sympathy.

"I see, I see," said the boy at length. "I have been wicked and selfish. There is little Ray Tinker, who is a cripple, younger and weaker than I, and yet he earns money, while I—"

"There, Abner, don't go too far in self-condemnation. Let us look now at your side."

"I don't want to look at my side; I can see it without looking."

"Now," said Mr. Wainwright, "why not try to work out your father's problem, and show him, if possible, that headwork can do some things which handwork can not. You see"—with his genial smile—"I am a school-master, and I must uphold the dignity of headwork if I can."

"What problem do you mean?" asked Abner, in doubt.

"How to make the *Mary Jane* swifter."

"Oh, but we can't do that."

"How do you know? Have you given it all your thought?"

"No; but I know we can't."

"Oho!" laughed Mr. Wainwright, with good-natured satire. "A nice advocate of headwork you are!"

"Well," insisted Abner, "we can't make the *Mary Jane* a swift sailer. Now can we?"

"Suppose I admit that, what then?"

"Why, nothing, except that it's no use to think any more about it."

"Oh dear! oh dear! What a conclusion for a headworker to come to! Rufus Choate, whom you admire so greatly, would never have stopped like that. If I am not mistaken it was he who always said that he would never try to answer a question until he knew what the asker meant by it. Now what did your father mean when he said what he did about making the *Mary Jane* swifter?"

"I don't know," said Abner, thoughtfully, "unless—no, I don't know."

"I think you do; but I will ask another question. Why did your father want the *Mary Jane* to be swifter?"

"So that he could get in with the other boats, and sell his fish for a good price," answered Abner, promptly.

"In other words," said the master, "the point is that your father wants to sell his fish at a good price. Only he can see no means to this end but swifter sailing."

"I see what you mean," said Abner, "but it looks almost as difficult now as before." Then he hastened to add, "I can give this some thought."

II.

Mr. Wainwright and Abner did give the subject some thought, and very serious thought, for the teacher was desirous that his favorite pupil should carry out his desire to study law, and he was therefore glad of any opportunity to further that desire by making Abner, if possible, self-helpful.

A plan was at last fixed upon, and Abner was very joyous. What the plan was can best be seen by its results, and they were not apparent until the next fishing season commenced.

In the mean time Abner, by entirely avoiding all approach to the topic of headwork, got along much more pleasantly at home. By obtaining employment to ride about with a doctor, and take care of the horse while the doctor was with his patients, he earned a little money, and further advanced himself in his father's esteem.

Indeed, the change in Abner was so great that the father could not refrain one day from expressing his pleasure to his wife.

"Though," he said, in conclusion, "it's a queer streak

he's taken, this of havin' pigeons. However, it's better than his everlastin' talk 'bout heads and hands, for we can eat the pigeons."

Abner had developed very suddenly a strong fancy for pigeons, and had bought a pair with the first money he could save. Most of his spare time was given to his birds, and he even took one or the other of them on most of his walks, which he suddenly began to take, to the comfort of his mother and the improvement of his health.

The time passed quickly enough even for Abner, impatient as he was to put his plan into operation, and the fishing season was close at hand. A day before the boats went out for the first time, Abner went to one of the fish dealers.

"You know father's always last in with his catch," he said, abruptly, for he was considerably excited, and was so full of his plan that he had no thought of making any preface.

"Ya-as, like enough."

"Well, suppose I could tell you several hours before the fleet—the first of the fleet—got in just what father's catch was, the kind of fish and number of each kind, couldn't you afford to give a better price than for the first fish landed?"

"Couldn't a cannon-ball get the best o' me in a collision? I rather think yes. Is the old man goin' to take a telegraph wire out with 'im?"

"No; but I'm serious. If I give you particulars of the catch, will you pay well on delivery?"

"What's up, Ab?"

"Well, that's my secret, but Mr. Wainwright will vouch for me; and anyhow you don't pay till the fish are delivered. You don't run any risk."

"Oh, don't I, though! If I promise the fish to my customers and I can't deliver, how then?"

"But Mr. Wainwright will tell you it's perfectly safe."

"Wa'al, all right, Ab. What is it?—some blamed scientific trick?"

"Never mind," said Abner, running away gleefully.

With his father he had not such an easy time, but after insisting that it was "all nuthin' but foolishness," he finally consented to give Abner's plan a careful and secret trial.

III.

The fleet had hardly faded over the horizon before Abner began to grow uneasy. Mr. Wainwright, who had stood by Abner, tried to reason with him, telling him that he must be patient.

"Yes, I know," answered the boy, "I've hours to wait; but so much depends on first success, I can't help being anxious. You couldn't if you were in my place."

"I can't, anyhow," said the master. "I may as well confess I'm as anxious as you. It is your education," he went on, laughingly, "but it's my reputation, that is at stake."

However, Mr. Wainwright had to subdue his impatience and go to his scholars; but Abner, not compelled by any necessity, turned from one thing to another in a vain effort to fix his thoughts, and at last, as if in despair, he took a book, went to the top of the house, and sat down by the empty pigeon loft.

Ten minutes later he stood panting before the fish dealer, gasping: "Here's the catch. If the wind's good, the boat will be in in five hours."

The man read the items scribbled painfully on a small piece of paper, and demanded, "You're dead sure o' this?"

"As sure as I stand here."

"All right. I'll resk it. Nothin' venture, nothin' have."

Several hours later Abner hailed his father as he stepped ashore, tired and hungry, and almost shouted at him: "Here's Mr. Simpson, father. He takes the whole catch."

"Yes, purvidin' it's accordin' to invoice," said the fish dealer.

It was according to invoice, as Mr. Simpson phrased it, and Abner led his father home, probably the most joyous boy in Massachusetts that night.

"The pigeons are good for something better than eating; aren't they, father?"

"They are that, son. But who'd 'a thought that them dumb critters 'ud know enough to carry a letter home?"

"Why, father, they are trained to do it, and they can go for five hundred miles at thirty-five miles an hour. The best are called Antwerps, but mine are only a common breed. Mr. Wainwright told me about them, and suggested them to me. He had read about them."

"Read about 'em, had he? Got it outen a book?"

"Yes, sir. You see, I told him about the *Mary Jane* being slow, and how you couldn't afford to keep me at school, and he said if I could sell your fish for a good price, he didn't believe it would make any difference if she was slow."

"He said that, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wa'al, he's got a long head."

"Yes, sir."

"I guess it's all right about the books, son."

"Thank you, sir."

"Abner!"

"Yes, sir."

"Maybe there's more'n I thought in what you used to say 'bout headwork and handwork."

Abner studied law, supported, as he said, "by the wings of a carrier-pigeon."

THE STORY OF CANUTE.

BY MARY J. PORTER.

HAVE you heard the tale of brave Canute,
Who ruled on English soil
When Danish conquests bore their fruit,
And rest succeeded toil?

His father, Sweyn, was a man of war;
But a lover of peace was he,
Who governed by the strength of law,
And judged in equity.

How wise he was, how much he knew,
The half can ne'er be told;
Nor how the power of England grew
In the reign of this King of old.

He walked by the sea, this good Canute,
With a crowd of flatterers near.
They sought for words that his pride might suit,
For words that would please his ear.

"All might is yours. These waves to you
Would own the right of sway;
For what may not Canute subdue,
Whom all things must obey?"

"Bring me a chair," cried wise Canute,
"For I would rest awhile,
And place it near where waters meet
In strife about our isle."

He sat by the sea, this monarch strong,
And the courtiers round him pressed;
Then he lifted his voice above the throng,
And thus the waves addressed:

"Turn back, O floods! your coming cease;
Turn back, O rising tide!
Ye restless waves, I bid you peace!"
The sounding depths replied.

He called aloud, this great Canute,
But ever the waters rolled;
The tide came in, and the lords were mute
Who had human might extolled.

Then they heard the voice of Canute again,
Through the midst of the ocean's roar:
"Know ye that God, who made us men,
Is God for evermore."



A VENETIAN MAIDEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. DE BLAAS.

A MONKEY'S LOVE OF NEATNESS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

WHEN I was at Yarmouth, that great fishing town on the southern coast of England, a few summers ago, I made the acquaintance of a monkey which I shall not soon forget. He was a delightful little fellow, though he belonged to an organ-grinder, and earned his living by dancing and collecting pennies, and though he had only the common name of Jocko, which is really no name at all.

He wore a little jacket and skirt of scarlet cloth, with lots of brass buttons upon it, and a red cap held by a strap under the chin, and whenever he took off this cap, as he would always do most politely when anything was given him, he showed a furry brown head much like a seal-skin cap.

The organ-man told me the little fellow was about five years old, and knew his name. So I said, "Jocko, Jocko, come and see me." The monkey at once snatched off his cap, and climbing up into my lap, rubbed his furry head against me, gazing up out of a pair of merry, intelligent eyes in a way that quite won my heart. A minute after he curled down and went to sleep, or pretended to do so. I think his nap was a real one, though brief, for it is likely he was tired with his long trotting about and dancing in unnatural attitudes.

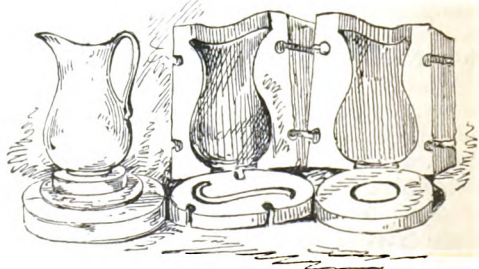
When any one gave him anything his first motion after seizing it in his small black fist was to bite it. If it was eatable (and he was very fond of nuts and candies), his

joy shone all over his wrinkled face as he munched at it, watching all the time lest somebody should take the sweetie away; but if the gift proved to be a hard penny, he leaped to the top of the organ at a single bound, and gave it to his master. This done, he would hurry down again and stay at the farthest stretch of his chain, as though trying to get as far away as possible from the monotonous music.

His master seemed very fond of him, and would carefully take him under his coat if rain or a cold seawind made Jocko shiver; and well he might, for the monkey's lively ways and pretty tricks brought a crowd of children about his miserable organ, and earned many a coin which otherwise would not be given.

The prettiest of all Jocko's tricks was his love of brushing clothes. He seemed to be uneasy as soon as he had made friends with any person until he had gone carefully over their whole suit. He had a small flat brush, like a shoe-brush, which he grasped in his right hand, and used with the greatest diligence, chatting all the time in monkey talk, the tone of which seemed complimentary, though I could never quite make out what he meant, and so did not risk any reply.

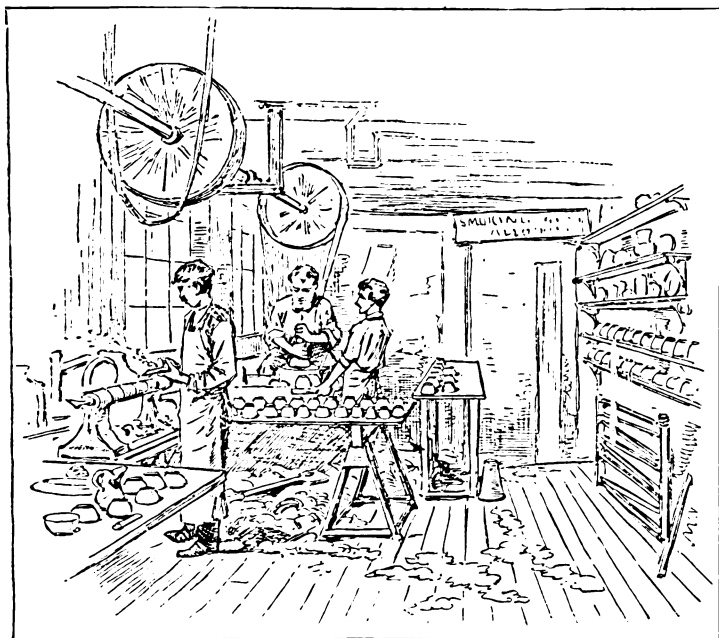
One day he evidently thought a gentleman had not brushed his hat before coming out, for he tugged at his chain and scolded until his master let him scramble up the gentleman's arm. Then he perched comfortably on his shoulder and brushed away at the hat with all his might, leaning over the top, and looking here and there, until not a particle of dust remained. The look of satisfaction with which Jocko received a sixpence for this careful work, and the last glance out of the corner of his bright black eye, to be quite sure he had done his brushing thoroughly, were very funny.



MOULDS.

LEARNING A TRADE.

EVERY boy or girl who has ever passed through Trenton on the Pennsylvania Railway must have noticed the great red cones that rise up here and there not far away from the track, making the outskirts of the city look like an immense brick-yard. If the boy takes the trouble to



THROWING AND TURNING.

ask, however, he will be told that these are not brick, but pottery kilns, where the china and stone wares that we use in our houses and on our tables are made, and that Trenton is the principal place in the United States where this manufacture is carried on. If he becomes so much interested in the subject as to want to see a pottery, he can not do better than stop over for half a day and go through the works of the Mercer Pottery Company, or the large manufactory of Mr. Joseph Moore. The latter, indeed, is one of those that he will see from the track, on the right-hand side, as the train approaches Trenton. And if he has a desire to learn the trade and become a potter himself, such a visit will help him to get an idea beforehand of what a pottery boy is required to do.

He will be shown first of all the heaps of clay, or kaolin, from which the ware is made. This is a white, chalky substance, already partly cleansed from impurities and foreign elements, but having to be purified still further and mixed with a certain amount of feldspar before it will be fit for use. The kaolin comes from Pennsylvania or New Jersey, and the feldspar from Connecticut and Maine, so that two sections of the country are drawn upon to make the commonest kind of a wash-bowl or dinner plate.

These substances, being thrown in a large vat, are stirred up with water, like milk in a churn, until they are thoroughly mixed, when the water is drained off through fine lawn sieves, and only the mixture left behind. To extract every drop of water, this is then put under a heavy press, and when it comes out of this process it looks and feels like soft putty, though of a little deeper color, and is ready for the potter's use. So far the work has been done by machinery, needing scarcely any care. Now skill comes into the manufacture, and it begins to be interesting.

China-ware, it must be remembered, is made in three ways: it is either "thrown," "jiggered," or "pressed," according to the size or shape of the article desired. When "thrown," it is made upon the potter's wheel, and this is the oldest and simplest of the three processes. The wheel, indeed, is as old as history.

The honor of having invented this useful bit of machinery is claimed by the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Japanese. The Greeks maintain that we owe it to Dædalus, an Athenian noble of royal descent, who invented the wedge, the axe, and other mechanical instruments. That the Egyptians were familiar with it in very early times we know from the fact that it appears on a painting on one of the walls at Beni-Hassan. The Japanese give a date, claiming that it was invented in the year 724 by a priest named Giyoki. Except that it is turned by steam instead of by a treadle, there has been no change in the "potter's wheel" for two thousand years. I suppose that it is about the only piece of machinery in the world which time has not improved.



CHARGING A KILN.

The Cypriote jars in the Metropolitan Museum and the beautiful Chinese vases and cups in the same collection were all made centuries ago in precisely the same way that the Trenton pottery is thrown to-day. Hardly any manufacture is more interesting. The potter, bending over the wheel, places his lump of clay on the revolving disk, builds it up into a sort of tower with both hands, sticks one hand in the top while he holds it with the other, and as it goes round and round gives it in some mysterious way the form of a cup, or a mug, or a vase. How he does it one can not tell; one can only wonder

"More and more to see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his lightest touch obey."

To do this of course one must be an expert. It is a part of the work which the boy visitor will look at with a good deal of curiosity, realizing how much practice must be required before the potter can learn to do his work well. The wheel, however, is otherwise used in "jiggering," where the article, instead of being built up by the potter's hand, is shaped on the outside of a mould. The pressed ware is also moulded, but in separate parts, and in the inside of the mould.

It is in the jiggering department that boys are first made useful, though here they are usually employed, not by the manufacturer, but by the jigger man, since by having the help of one or two boys he may do so much more work himself. Thus one man in Mr. Moore's pottery, by the aid of three boys, is able to make thirteen hundred dozen plates and saucers a week. This may sound extraordinary, but if one will stand alongside him for five minutes, and note the speed with which he turns off plate after plate, it will not appear at all strange.

One of the boys drops a dab of clay on the slab before him, flattens it out like a piece of pie crust, and then proceeds to spread it, not on the top of the pie plate, but over the bottom. This he hands to the jigger. The latter takes it, sets the plate, bottom up, on his revolving wheel, trims off the unnecessary clay with a little ivory tool corresponding to the shape of the plate, presses the clay down over the model, makes it of uniform thickness, and in less time than it has taken to write this hands it, completed, to the second boy, who carries it off to the drying shelf, from which the third boy has just brought a fresh supply of moulds. The first has meanwhile been repeating his part of the process, and is ready for the jigger by the time the latter is ready for him. So the work goes on all day.

If, after having helped the jigger for some time, the boy wants to learn the trade, the proprietor is very ready to take him in. In fact, the demand for apprentices is usually greater than the supply, and the manufacturers are always glad to get hold of bright, intelligent boys. Their apprenticeship will last four years; they are paid at first thirty-three and one-third per cent. less than men's prices for the same kind of work; then twenty per cent. less; then fifteen per cent.; then ten per cent.; and finally, becoming journeymen, they get the market price for skilled labor, and, being paid by the piece, they can make as much or as little as they choose. The newest and smallest boy in Mr. Moore's pottery has made, the last three weeks, an average of three dollars and fifty cents per week, and from that the boys' wages run up to six dollars, ten dollars, and twelve dollars.

It is the skill and industry of the boy which determine how much he shall make, and he has only himself to blame if his earnings are not fairly good. He is generally set to work at the pressed ware, and if it be his task to make a pitcher, one will see him spreading a layer of clay over the inside of a mould, which forms one-half of the article, doing the same thing with the other half, clamping the two together and joining the seams in

the clay by passing his hand through the hole at the bottom. Then another mould is added, containing the bottom of the pitcher, and the article is set away to dry. This does not take long. When quite dry a slight knock will loosen the moulds, and the pitcher will come out complete, except for the handle, which will be added afterward.

When the article has reached this stage, whether it has been thrown, jiggered, or pressed, it is ready to be put into the kiln and "fired." For this purpose it is placed along with a number of others in a deep earthenware dish called a "seggar." These seggars when full are taken inside the kiln and piled one on top of the other until it is entirely filled. Then the door is cemented up, and a fire started in the furnace beneath, slow at first, so as not to crack the damp clay, but increasing in intensity until, as one looks in through a brick removed for the purpose, he is reminded of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace seven times heated, and expects to see the figures of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. The seggars glow with a white heat, and one does not dare to think where the thermometer would go to if it were hung up inside.

After a couple of days, when the fire is put out, the doorway opened, and the seggars taken out, the ware is found to be hard and white, though still rough, and needing to have the glazed surface put on before it can be used. This is done by dipping it in a solution of flint, and then when it is dry replacing it in the seggar, and baking it a second time. When it now comes out of the kiln it is the glazed cup, pitcher, or plate in ordinary use.

Nothing now remains but to decorate the ware, though this is not done in all potteries, and may be regarded as a sort of separate branch of the trade. Where it is done, as it is in the Mercer Company, it gives employment to girls, whose delicate touch is better fitted for the paint-brush than the heavier work which has gone before. They will be seen seated at a long table extending the entire length of the room, each with a little palette of colors before her, and painting her own part of the design upon the article as it passes down the line. The first one, who is a little girl not more than eleven or twelve years old, lays on each cup or saucer a dab of brown for a stem. She is guided by the print of the design, which has already been stamped on, and has only to make sure that her lines are straight.

This is the easiest part of the whole work, and the little girl, who has just been promoted from dusting the china, is taking her first lessons in art. The next girl, who is a little further ahead, paints a leaf, and passes it to the next, who does something more difficult still, and so on until the whole design has been filled in, and the article is ready to be fired a third time, in order to fix the color. In this department the girls make from three to twelve dollars a week. Of course the work is not the highest kind of art, but every one can not have Sèvres china, on a single piece of which the decorators may work for days, and most of us, indeed, will have to content ourselves with Trenton.

Having seen this, the visitor will have seen about all that the pottery has to show. When he goes home, the ordinary utensils of the table and the house will have an interest for him which they never possessed before. The water pitcher will present itself no longer as a single article, but as being made up of two halves and a handle, while the soap cup, of which he has never thought at all, will shape itself into seven distinct pieces. And if he is thoughtfully inclined, he will take down his volume of Longfellow, and turning to "Kéramos," read the song of the potter:

"Turn, turn, my wheel. What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done;
To-morrow will be another day:
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay."

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER V.

MARK AND RUTH ATTEND AN AUCTION.

ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Elmer regretted the delay in Key West, being anxious to get settled in their new home as soon as possible, the children did not mind it a bit; indeed, they were rather glad of it. In the novelty of everything they saw in this queerest of American cities they found plenty to occupy and amuse them.

The Captain and their father were busy in the courtroom nearly every day, and Mrs. Elmer did not care to go ashore except for a walk in the afternoon with her husband. So the children went off on long exploring expeditions by themselves, and the following letter, written during this time by Ruth to her dearest friend, Edna May, will give an idea of some of the things they saw:

"KEY WEST, FLORIDA, December 15, 188-.

"MY DEAREST EDNA,—It seems almost a year since I left you in dear old Norton, so much has happened since then. This is the very first chance I have had since I left to send you a letter, so I will make it a real long one, and try to tell you everything.

"I was not seaisick a bit, but Mark was. In the Penobscot River we rescued a man from a floating cake of ice, and brought him with us. His name is Jan Jansen; but Mark calls him Jack Jackson. A few days before we got here we found a wreck, and helped get it off, and brought it here to Key West. Now we are waiting for a court to say how much it was worth to do it. I shouldn't wonder if they allowed as much as a thousand dollars, for the wreck was a big ship, and it was real hard work.

"This is an awfully funny place, and I just wish you were here to walk round with Mark and me and see it. It is on an island, and that is the reason it is named 'Key,' because all the islands down here are called keys. The Spaniards call it 'Cayo Hueso,' which means bone key, or bone island; but I'm sure I don't know why, for I haven't seen any bones here. The island is all made of coral, and the streets are just hard white coral worn down. The island is almost flat, and Captain Li—he's our captain—says that the highest part is only sixteen feet above the ocean.

"Oh, Edna! you ought to see the palm-trees. They grow everywhere, great cocoa-nut and date palms, and we drink the milk out of the cocoa-nuts when we go on picnics and get thirsty. And the roses are perfectly lovely, and they have great oleanders and cactuses, and hundreds of flowers that I don't know the names of, and they are all in full bloom now, though it is nearly Christmas. I don't suppose I shall hang up my stocking this Christmas; they don't seem to do it down here.

"The other day we went out to the soldiers' barracks and saw a banyan-tree that Captain Li says is the only one in the United States, but we didn't see any monkeys or elephants. Mark says he don't think this is very tropical, because we haven't seen any bread-fruit-trees, nor a single pirate; but they used to have them here—I mean pirates. Anyhow, we have custard apples, and they sound tropical, don't they? And we have sapadilloes, that look like potatoes, and taste like—well, I think they taste horrid; but most people seem to like them.

"It is real hot here, and I am wearing my last summer's best straw hat and my thinnest linen dresses. You know those I had last vacation. The thermometer got up to 85° yesterday.

"Do write and tell me all about yourself and the girls. Has Susie Rand got well enough to go to school yet? and who's head in the algebra class? Mark wants to know

how's the skating, and if the boys have built a snow fort yet. Most all the people here are black, and everybody talks Spanish; it is so funny to hear them.

"Now I must say good-by, because Mark is calling me to go to the fruit auction. I will tell you about it some other time.

"With love to everybody, I am your own lovingest friend,

RUTH ELMER.

"P.S.—Don't forget that you are coming down here to see me next winter."

Before Ruth finished this letter Mark began calling to her to hurry up, for the bell had stopped ringing, and the auction might be all over before they got there. She hurriedly directed it, and put it in her pocket to mail on the way to the auction, just as her brother called out that he "did think girls were the very slowest."

They had nearly reached the end of the wharf at which the schooner lay when Ruth asked Mark if he had any money.

"No," said he, "not a cent. I forgot all about it. Just wait here a minute, while I run back and get some from mother."

"Well," said Ruth, "if boys ain't the very carelessesst!" But Mark was out of hearing before she finished.

While she waited for him, Ruth looked in at the open door of a very little house where several colored women were making beautiful flowers out of tiny shells and glistening fish scales. She became so interested in their work that she was sorry when Mark came running back, out of breath, and gasped: "I've got it! Now let's hurry up!"

Turning to the left from the head of the wharf, they walked quickly through the narrow streets until they came to a square, on one corner of which quite a crowd of people were collected. They were all listening attentively to a little man with a big voice, who stood on a box in front of them, and who was saying as fast as he could, "Forty, forty, forty—shall I have the five? Yes, sir; thank you. Forty-five, five, five—who says fifty? Fifty, fifty, forty-five—going, going, gone, and sold at forty-five to Mr.— Beg pardon; the name, sir? Of course, certainly. And now comes the finest lot of oranges ever offered for sale in Key West. What am I bid per hundred for them? Who makes me an offer?"

Of course he was an auctioneer, and this was the regular fruit auction that is held on this same corner nearly every morning of the year. Many other things besides fruit are sold at these auctions; in fact, almost everything in Key West is bought or sold at auction. For an hour before the time set for the auction a man goes through the streets ringing a bell and announcing what is to be sold. This morning he had announced a fine lot of oranges, among other things, and as Mrs. Elmer was anxious to get some, she had told Mark and Ruth to buy a hundred if the bids did not run too high.

The children had already attended several auctions as spectators, and Mark knew enough not to bid on the first lot offered. He waited until somebody who knew more about the value of oranges than he should fix the price. He and Ruth pushed their way as close as possible to the auctioneer, and watched him attentively.

"Come, gentlemen," said the little man, "give me a starter. How much for the first lot of these prime oranges?"

"Two dollars," called a voice from the crowd.

"Two," cried the auctioneer. "Two, two, two and a half. Who says three? Shall I hear it? And three. Who bids three? That's right. Do I hear the quarter? They are well worth it, gentlemen. Will no one give me the quarter? Well, time is money, and *tempus fugit*. Going at three—at three; going, going, and sold at three dollars."

Several more lots sold so rapidly at three dollars that Mark had no opportunity of making himself heard or of catching the auctioneer's eye, until finally, in a sort of



"HERE'S ONE, AND MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK THROUGH IT."

despair, he called out, "Quarter," just as another lot was about to be knocked down to a dealer at three dollars.

"Ah!" said the auctioneer; "that is something like. It takes a gentleman from the North to appreciate oranges at their true value. A quarter is bid. Shall I have a half? Do I hear it? Half, half, half; and sold at three dollars and a quarter to Mr.—what name, please? Elder. Oh yes; good old name; and one you can live up to more and more every day of your life. John, pick out a hundred of the best for Mr. Elder."

The oranges selected by John were such beauties that neither Mark nor his mother regretted the extra quarter of a dollar that had secured them. After that, during the rest of their stay in Key West, whenever Mark went near a fruit auction he was addressed most politely by the auctioneer as "Mr. Elder," and invited to examine the goods offered for sale that day.

One day Mark and Ruth rowed out among the vessels of the sponging fleet that had just come in from up the coast. Here they scraped acquaintance with a weather-beaten old sponger, who sat in the stern of one of the smallest of the boats, smoking a short pipe and overhauling some rigging, and from him they gained much new information concerning sponges.

"We gets them all along the reef as far as Key Biscayne," said the old sponger; "but the best comes from Rock Island, up the coast nigh to St. Mark's."

"Why, that's where we're going," interrupted Ruth.

"Be you, sissy? Wa'al, you'll see a plenty raked up there, I reckon. Did you ever hear tell of a water-glass?"

"No," said Ruth, "I never did."

"Wa'al," said the old man, "here's one; maybe you'd like to look through it;" and he showed them what looked like a wooden bucket with a glass bottom. "Jest take an' hold it a leetle ways down into the water, an' see what you can see."

Taking the bucket which was held out to her, Ruth did as the old man directed, and uttered an exclamation of delight. "Why, I can see the bottom just as plain as looking through a window."

"To be sure," said the old sponger; "an' that's the way we sees the sponges lying on the bottom. An' when we sees 'em, we takes those long-handled rakes there an' hauls 'em up to the top. When they fust comes up they's plumb black, and about the nastiest things you ever did see, I reckon. We throws 'em into crawls built in shallow water, an' lets 'em rot till all the animal matter is dead, an' then we stirs 'em up an' beats 'em with sticks to get it out. Then they has to be washed an' dried an' trimmed an' handled consider'ble afore they's ready for market."

The sponge crawls of which the old man spoke are square pens made of stakes driven into the sand side by side and as close as possible together. In some of them at Key West Mark and Ruth saw little negro boys diving to bring up stray sponges that the rakes had missed. They did not seem to enjoy this half as much as Mark and his boy friends used to enjoy diving in the river at Norton, and they shivered as though they were cold, in spite of the heat of the day.



THE STUDENTS.

THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

NEXT in importance to the little English royalties of whom I told you in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 231 are the sons and daughters of the Crown Princess of Germany. She, as perhaps you know, is the Queen's eldest child, Victoria, and in 1858 was married to the Crown Prince of Germany, who is heir to the German Empire.

During the Princess Victoria's girlhood she was her mother's favorite companion, and her marriage and going from home was a terrible blow to the Queen. She has described in her journal how she missed her darling daughter, how lonely the rooms of the palace looked without her, and how it made her fairly weep to come unexpectedly upon some trifles belonging to "Vicky," as she was always called.

Naturally the Queen is very fond of her Prussian grandchildren, and they visit her often; they are six in number—Frederick, Charlotte, Henry, Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret. Of them all, I think the eldest girl, Princess Charlotte, is the most interesting. She is said to be extremely like the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whose sad death in 1818 plunged all England into grief and mourning—like her in looks, and also in a sweet natural gayety of disposition. Then her youthful marriage was one such as is rarely seen in royal families. Her husband, the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, had been her playfellow in childhood and the companion of her growing years.

A very brilliant match, just before his offer, was proposed for the Princess Charlotte, but it is said she implored of her parents not to oblige her to accept it. I chanced at that time to be with friends of the Crown Princess of Germany, who told me how resolutely the mother decided not to force her child to marry against her will. The Prince yielded his opinion to that of his wife and daughter, and a happier bride and bridegroom were never seen than Princess Charlotte and her chosen husband.

The wedding was a joyous as well as a brilliant one. The young couple were received in their new home with the most heart-felt demonstrations of delight, and the young bride—only seventeen—could hardly wait to enter upon her housekeeping duties. In one of her letters to an English friend she described how she was determined to be a careful housekeeper, and not give up all care of her household to officials.

Everything in her quiet home is very simple. She consults her husband's tastes even to the ordering of their meals, and is fond of giving him pleasant surprises. On one occasion, when she received a box of presents from England, as he chanced to be absent, she spread the pretty things all about her boudoir, on the chairs and tables, and then waited behind a curtain to witness his surprise when he came in. And this she related in a letter with the utmost simplicity and sweetness.

Her little girl, born the year after her marriage, in 1879, was hailed with delight not only by the loving family and subjects of Princess Charlotte, but by the English royal family, as being the Queen's first great-grandchild. I saw some of the pretty clothes sent from England for this happy baby. They were very simple; just such as any mother in good circumstances would have; by no means the clouds of lace and cambric we might suppose royal babies would require.

The younger sisters, Sophia and Margaret, come frequently to England. One time, while they were staying at the sea-side, the little Princess Margaret—now ten years old—out of mischief ran off with the pail and spade of some child playing on the beach, and tormented the little one for a few moments very naughtily. The next day her governess insisted upon her going to the child, making a humble apology, and giving her one of her own favorite toys.

This little Princess has a most interesting and piquant face. It is round and fair, with mischief in the eyes and mouth, and although so young, she writes a firm, bold hand, her signature, "Margarêt of Prussia,"* being full of character.

The children of Princess Alice of Hesse, whose sad death was so startling in 1878, are five in number, and are frequently in England since their mother's death. The eldest daughter, Victoria, recently married to Prince Louis of Battenberg, is a very dear friend of her aunt, Princess Beatrice. They have many tastes in common, and as the Princess Beatrice leads rather a lonely life, I am sure she must be glad of her young niece's visits to England.

Other grandchildren of the Queen of England are the sons and daughters of the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Albany, whose father, Prince Leopold, died last winter at Cannes. The former family live very quietly and simply near Windsor, the Princess Christian being a thorough housekeeper and devoted mother. The youngest little girl in this family has a curious Polish name—Frangiska—and is a great pet of her grandmother's. The large merry family of the Duchess of Edinburgh, they say, interests the good Queen very much; but it is also a source of disquiet to her, they are such a spoiled little set of girls and boys. They are the terror of photographers or portrait painters, being such restless monkeys that it is almost impossible to keep them still.

THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT.

A BOY'S STORY.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER, AUTHOR OF "DIALECT TALES," ETC.

I.

I LIKED Henri Dupin from the first. As my sister said, he was really a fascinating boy. He was very shy when he made his appearance at our military school in Guntown; and I, being rather bigger, rather older, rather stronger in a fisticuff fight, pleased myself by playing protector to the strange lad. He was of French descent, and lived somewhere down in Louisiana. All his talk was of lagoons and alligators and Spanish moss and strange poisonous flowers.

I soon fell into the habit of taking Henri to my home, and my people grew to liking him as much as I did. He was the most well-mannered of boys, so gently bred and delicate in every particular; and then his queer French accent and his effort to understand the English idioms were so diverting! My manners did not begin to be so good as his, for I would laugh at his mistakes. But, for all that, we were excellent friends, and when he invited me to spend the Christmas holidays with him, I was as pleased—well, as pleased as Punch, if I may be allowed the expression.

We took a steamer at Memphis, and floated down the muddy old river, each day basking in a warmer sun, and delighting our eyes with glimpses of Southern foliage. We got off at a landing some fifty miles above New Orleans, and here a carriage awaited us to take us to Andalusia, for so Henri's home was called.

Isn't it a romantic mouthful? I was not prepared for such an elegant turn-out as the Dupin carriage, with its blooded horses, liveried groom and coachman, and satin hangings—all fresh and fine as Cinderella's pumpkin after her jolly little fairy godmother had waved her wand over that useful vegetable and spoiled it for a pie. A final touch of style was given by the impression of a crest on the panel of the carriage door. On looking at it closely, what should this turn out to be but a very fair picture of a hat, a white hat, with a sugar-loaf crown and a respectable brim, underneath which was scrawled the lively motto, *Chapeau haut!*

* Royal people always sign only their Christian name, adding "of Prussia," or "of Austria," etc.

"But why '*up with the hat?*'" thought I to myself; "and why should the hat be stamped on the carriage door?"

But remembering the particular care with which Henri had avoided asking questions about my home affairs, I shut my lips, and put my curiosity to sleep. In fact, I was asleep myself before we had driven many miles. To sink down into those soft cushions was almost equal to plunging into a clover bed.

We were both wide enough awake as we came in sight of Andyloo—I can't help curtailing that fine name; it seems to improve it as it does a boy to cut off his curls.

As we neared the beautiful place Henri gave a ringing shout, which was answered by a waving of handkerchiefs from the wide veranda. The carriage tore up the long avenue; Henri himself flung the door open—and then, *such a welcome!*

I was not five minutes falling in love with all Henri's family. They were like French people I had read of, so impulsive and gay, given to exclamations and merry little shrugs. Madame Dupin was a tiny lady, but very majestic with her black hair rolled from her face, her eyes sparkling with pride as they rested on her son. The father was less imposing—a dapper little man, the pink of courtesy, who kissed Henri first on one cheek, then on the other, which he took as a matter of course, though I could hardly keep back an American chuckle.

Monsieur Dupin addressed his wife as "*mon petit chou*," which nearly sent me off again, as the dear little woman was certainly more like a flower than a *cabbage*. There were a lot of small sisters—Henri was the only boy—each of whom made such a pretty courtesy to me that I felt very important, and smiled kindly on the black hair and red ribbon top-knots of the little maids. I was letting myself talk at a great rate, when the door opened and a most distinguished-looking old gentleman came in.

"Grandfather!" cried Henri, and ran forward to kiss his hand. Then I was presented, and was received with such fine manners that I felt like an awkward hobbled-hoy. As for old M. Dupin, he looked as if he ought to be a picture, and not a living man at all. His hair was as white as cotton, combed smoothly back, and actually tied with a ribbon; his eyes were black and piercing, his features fine, and his snowy mustache so huge and luxuriant as to quite overshadow the lower part of his face.

"Here is real aristocracy," thought I, recalling what I had read of the noble families of the Faubourg St. Germain. I began to feel that a boy should be very particular in choosing his ancestors, and to wish that some of my grandfathers had belonged to—what do they call it? oh yes! *la vieille noblesse*—the old nobility.

Henri's grandfather, however, was as sociable as if he had been a common man, and chatted away so pleasantly that I almost forgot how hungry I was after our drive. Luncheon was pretty soon announced. They called it breakfast, and a very good breakfast it was, though rather puzzling on account of the number of courses. You see, until you get used to it, you are rather apt to satisfy your hunger on the first thing that comes, instead of saving up enough appetite for three or four more courses. As I glanced about me at the table, I noticed on the silver a delicately engraved hat such as I had seen on the carriage panel. Yes, it was the same hat, with its bell-like crown, and its stiff brim curling the least bit at one side. It was on the dainty china too, together with the Dupin monogram, and embroidered in the corners of the damask napkins. Well, well, this was odd enough!

II.

After breakfast we were taken out to the stables. And there above the stable doors, like a great gray bell, hung the hat—the Inevitable Hat, I was beginning to call it.

It looked very nice swinging there, but the thing was getting monotonous. Even the silver-mounted harness bore the crest of the White Hat! When we went to our bedroom, there was the same thing. A picture of a comfortable-looking old Frenchman—I learned afterward it was King Louis Philippe—hung above the mantel, wearing, instead of a crown, the identical dome of white felt that seemed to be held in such honor by the Dupin family. The White Hat decorated the pink porcelain jug and basin on my wash-stand; it nodded at me on the very towel that wiped my hands.

Henri had left the room a moment before, and I gave vent to my feelings by a sounding slap on my knee.

"It beats the world," cried I. "Well, old White Hat, I give up. You're a conundrum I can't guess. But just let me suggest another motto to you, you empty old resurrected head-covering—the saying of Paul Pry, if you please—'Hope I don't intrude.' For you *do* intrude most viciously. I am tired of the sight of you."

A hearty roar sounded behind me. Henri had come back, and there he stood, laughing like a dancing jack. I turned very red, but knotting my towel into a ball, I flung it at the youth, and joined in his laugh.

"I don't wonder you are puzzled, Jack," he said at last; "any one would be at such an epidemic of hats. But you ask my grandfather to tell you about the original white hat."

"Really? He would not think me rude?"

"Not a bit of it. Nothing he would like better."

"Good! I'm sure it's worth hearing."

Henri nodded, and went off into another laugh. "I wish he could have heard you spouting away—"

"Never mind; never mind that."

There were no delays. That very evening, as we sat on the porch, and the black-haired children danced about the grove in the moonlight, and old Monsieur Dupin rolled and smoked innumerable cigarettes, I heard the story of the White Hat.

"We Dupins have no noble blood in our veins," he began, with a proud air, but to my intense mortification. What an oversight to my fine opinions concerning aristocracy! What a comment on my fine powers of discernment! But no matter. Monsieur Dupin possessed a rich and musical voice. It was a pleasure to hear him speak.

"In the year 1830," said he, as a light puff of smoke escaped his lips, "I was a hatter, and a most unhappy hatter at that. Not another such, I will venture to say, in all the gay, bright, wild city of Paris, where it was my blessed fate to live. And why was I selected by the black dog Care as his victim? So the neighbors—good people—all wanted to know. They were devoured with curiosity. Why did I whistle no more, nor sing the gay songs that I loved? Why had I ceased to snap my fingers over the jokes in *Figaro*, and to join in the babble as to the government of the Citizen-King? Not a word did I answer to any of these questions. I shut myself up in my shop like a spider rolled into a corner of his web.

"My trouble was a very common one. I was poor, and I wanted to be rich. More than that, I wanted to get married." Here Monsieur Dupin looked at madame. The little woman smiled back at him, and I saw at once that both the old gentleman's objects had been accomplished.

But what had the White Hat to do with it?

Monsieur Dupin continued: "She lived around the corner—the beautiful Justine. I had been making my court to her, in a sly way, for a year, and had been frowned on by her good papa for just an equal length of time. But what would you? Monsieur Clermont was a rich *propriétaire*, I a struggling young hatter. Still, the business was good; my show case and shop window were filled with novelties of my own make—hats with fine shapes, and odd shapes, and old, and new, all that

the heart—or head—of man could desire. Above everything, I had a comfortable conviction that Justine's love was mine."

Once more Monsieur Dupin looked at Madame Dupin, and once more the little lady smiled back at him. They were clearly a very happy and satisfied couple.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE HERO.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

ACCIDENTS on the water are always frequent in the summer. So many boys and girls go in boats and bathe nowadays, without knowing how to swim, that one reads nearly every day of deaths by drowning.



"I TOOK A HOLD OF HIS TWO HANDS."

Down at the foot of East One-hundred-and-twenty-first Street, New York, is a boat-house, with a float from which the boats are launched. For some curious reason the most unsafe places are always the most fascinating for little boys, and one can always depend upon finding a number about this dangerous spot, where a misstep will plunge them into water over their heads. Here they will play with little chips of wood for boats, launching them in the river, and pretending that they are going to make long voyages to China or Hunter's Point.

It was in this delightful sport that Willie O'Brien and Fritz Mischel were engaged the other day, when the accident of which I am about to tell occurred. Willie is only six years old, a little brown-eyed, curly-haired fellow, still in dresses, while Fritz is a year or two older, and promoted to knickerbockers. In order to navigate his chips better, Fritz had stepped into a boat that was lying alongside, while Willie still remained on the float.

Several gentlemen were sitting on the piazza of the boat-house, when they heard a scream, and saw Fritz topple overboard and disappear under the water. Two of them rushed down the steep and slippery gangway, ready to jump in and pull the little fellow out; but before they could get there they saw Willie lean over the edge of the float, and catching the sinking boy by his outstretched hand, draw him safely in.

How he got the strength to do it no one could imagine, though Willie himself did not seem to think he had done any remarkable thing. His own account of the exploit, as he told it to the gentleman who visited him to get the material for this article, is very simple and brief.

"We was a-playin'," Willie says, "an' he was a-standin' on the side er the boat, an' he asked me to give him a little shove; an' I shoved the boat a little, an' he fell in. He hollered, 'Willie!' an' then I run to the float an' pulled him up."

"How did you pull him in, Willie?" the gentleman asked.

"I took a hold of his two hands."

"Wasn't he bigger than you?"

"Yes; jes' 'bout as big as this feller"—pointing to a boy with whom he was playing horse—"only a little bigger."

"Didn't you get wet?"

"Yes, a little wet."

"Weren't you afraid of drowning?"

Willie opened his brown eyes as if he didn't know what fear was.

"No sir; not a bit."

"How old are you, Willie?"

"Six years old."

"And do you go to school?"

"No, sir; but I'm going next winter. Get up, Tom."

Willie was playing horse all the time the gentleman talked with him. He was quite unconscious that he had done so brave a deed, and seemed to think it

rather a bore that he must stop playing and answer a lot of questions. The picture shows both the little rescuer and the rescued, and helps one to see how brave and gallant deeds may be done by those who are hardly more than babies.

HOW TO SNARE SMALL GAME.*

NO boy who lives or even visits in the country ought to be without occupation, so long as woodchucks destroy the meadows, crows devour the young corn, and hawks and foxes prey upon the chickens. All these creatures are the farmer's natural enemies, and he will welcome any assistance in killing them. Even the squirrel, which in the woods is so pretty and graceful an object,

* From *Camp Life and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap Making*. By W. Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. Published by Harper & Brothers.

becomes around the barn a grain-eating nuisance, and brings himself under the penalty of farm law, as the rabbit does also when he burrows in the field or forages in the garden. But they are all too shrewd to be easily caught, and one must match craft with craft, enticing them, through their greedy appetites, into the snare or trap.

Most small animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, woodchucks, and the like, may be killed in a simple snare which any boy may easily make with a jackknife, a few bits of wood, and a piece of thin brass wire. The accompanying cut, Fig. 1, shows one of the simplest varieties. It consists, as will be seen from the picture, of a branch or sapling, to serve as a spring, a piece of cord connecting the sapling with the noose, and a pen of little sticks or twigs to prevent the bait being approached from behind.

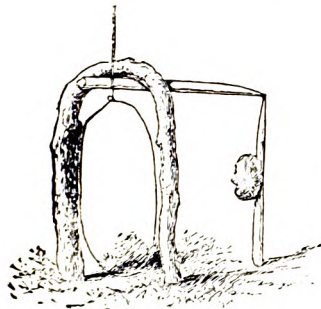


FIG. 1.

frame for the noose. Inside of the pen a stake is to be driven as high as the arch, with the bait tied to it about half-way down. The noose stick, which is about six inches long, and has the wire noose hanging from one end, while the other end is bevelled, completes the apparatus.

In setting the snare pull down the sapling by the cord until there is spring enough to carry up a rabbit or squirrel (Fig. 2). Then cut off the cord where it crosses the top of the arch, and tie its end to the noose stick at the place where



FIG. 2.

the noose is also tied. Pass the stick under the arch and rest its bevelled end lightly on the bait stake. It will be kept in place by the pull of the sapling, while the noose will hang directly in front of the arch. In trying to get the bait the animal must put its head through the noose. The slightest touch of the tempting morsel will dislodge the noose stick, send the sapling up with a spring, and so draw the noose before the animal has time to escape. This snare is generally known as the "twitch-up." It may be used with all kinds of small game, and baited with an apple or a nub of corn

A simple snare for woodchucks consists of a wire noose spread around the hole and secured to a stout stick driven in the ground. On coming out of the hole the animal is almost certain to be entangled, and in struggling to free himself he will be sure to draw the noose tighter. These devices are calculated to kill the victim. Where it is desired to capture him alive some kind of trap should be used, and of one of these a description will be given in another article.





ILKLEY, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Perhaps you have never heard of this lovely little place. We are staying here at present, and have been away from our home in Philadelphia for nearly five months. We have been staying here most of the time. Ilkley is in a beautiful valley called Warfedale, named after the river that runs through it. There are moors rising on each side of it, and they are quite purple with heather, of which there are many pretty kinds. We are six miles from Bolton Abbey, a very picturesque old ruin. There are lovely woods near, called Bolton Woods, and at one place the river Warfe goes through a narrow channel between some large rocks, where it boils and surges about. This place is called the Strid, or Stride. There is a poem called "The Boy of Egremont," by Rogers. This boy, who was following a deer with his dog in a leash, came to this passage, and in leaping it fell in and was drowned, so it is called the Strid from that time. There is a very pretty hunting lodge in the Abbey grounds, one of the numerous seats of the Duke of Devonshire, and Bolton Woods and Bolton Abbey belong to him. I am afraid this letter is too long. Good-by. S. B. S.

The letter is not at all too long, and is really a model letter. How I should like to see the moors purple with heather, and roam with you through Bolton Woods. You will bring pleasant memories back with you to Philadelphia. One of the chief advantages of travel is found in the fact that the new sights and scenes give you so much to think about in after-days beside the home fire.

KENNINGTON, S. W., ENGLAND.

We are so pleased with the book called HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and should like to have it every month. We hope it will soon be published in England, and that there will be more stories by Jimmy Brown, as we like those the best. Believe me, yours sincerely, ETHEL R.

We are very much pleased in our turn that the little English children like our paper so well.

Now we will listen to a little correspondent who writes from Brussels, and she will be followed by one at present in *la belle France*.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

I live in Louisville, Kentucky, but came to Europe to spend the summer. I have been on the Continent only a few days. I have been travelling about in England and Scotland. My cousin, Kate T., wrote and told you that we were coming to Europe. When I was in London I went to Madame Tussaud's Wax-works, and saw Napoleon's carriage and several other things belonging to him. I also went to the Crystal Palace and to the Zoological Gardens. I staid in Derbyshire, and went to see the Duke of Devonshire's house, and I also went to Haddon Hall and saw the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited there. We staid in Edinburgh nearly three weeks. While I was there I went to Holyrood, where Mary Queen of Scots lived, and I saw her bed and the bed of Charles II. I forgot to tell you that Haddon Hall was the residence of the ancestors of the Duke of Rutland, and is 800 years old. We are going to Cologne to-morrow, and then to Switzerland. MARIAN S. H.

I hope Marian will write again.

CHAMOUNIX, FRANCE.

It is a perfect morning here among the mountains—a morning that makes one involuntarily exclaim, "The world is lovely, O my God! I thank Thee that I live." This European trip has been one long succession of delights to me. How many places I have seen and enjoyed! Gay, sparkling, vivacious Brussels, dark, sombre, stately, art-loving Munich, charming Heidelberg, musty old Cologne, picturesque Verona, bewitching Venice, beautiful Florence, overflowing, animated Naples, enchanting Rome, and now I am at Chamounix, in the presence of Mont Blanc—"the monarch of mountains." I thought the Rhine and the Bay of Naples very beautiful, as indeed they are, but in my opinion they do not compare with the Lake of the Four Cantons in Switzerland; that is incomparably grand and beautiful. The snow-crowned Alps! how unspeakably majestic they are! I can say with truth, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works." Yesterday I attended services at a little English church just under the shadow of the mountains. On one of the walls is a memorial tablet to a young Englishman who lost his life in ascending Mont Blanc. I was much gratified, when visiting Westminster Abbey, to

find there a noble bust of our own Longfellow. I placed under it a cluster of white flowers and some beautiful rose-buds. How far away my home on the shores of Lake Erie seems now! I turn to it with fond remembrance. "They change their skies, but not their hearts, who cross the seas." Since I last wrote you another dear little one has been given to us—little Grace. I inclose some violets from Chamounix.

JULIA B. H.

Thanks for the pressed violets—sweet flowers in a letter quite as sweet as they.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

I am almost eleven years old. I have a father and mother, and three brothers younger than myself. Their names are Lewis, Malcolm, and Bayard; they are aged eight, six, and five. I think Trenton is a lovely place to live in. We have a nice large yard to play in; the "noble Delaware" at the back, and the down-town part of the city is within a block of us. We have two cows, a goat, dog, cat, a pair of chickens, and a canary. I have a nice doll-house, with seven little dolls in it; their names are Jennie, Annie, Helen, Virgie, Lynnford, Pearl, and Margaret. I have also two large dolls, whose names are John and Ethel. I go to school in the winter and study a good many lessons. I like Latin the most and arithmetic the least. I think I will try and write a letter to Eddie Smith, but I am afraid I can not make it very interesting. How old is he? I am just beginning with the whooping-cough; my brothers have almost stopped coughing; they had it sooner than I. I am obliged to practice an hour every day.

FANNY S. S.

Eddie's mamma did not tell his precise age, but I inferred that he was about twelve years old. He would doubtless be pleased to have you write to him. Do you want to be a Little Housekeeper, as you whisper in your postscript? Certainly you may. It must be some trouble to play little mother to so many dolls, and you are learning a part of housekeeping in caring for them. Too bad about the whooping-cough; but never mind: people seldom have it twice.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am fourteen years old, and have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE some time, or my sister has, and of course I read it, and like it very much. We had three little kittens and their mother, but we gave the gray kitten away and kept the two yellow ones, which we named Jim and Jack, but while mamma and my little sister and myself were away Jack strayed off, and soon after we came back Jim went too, so we have only the old cat left. Papa and mamma practice archery, and have taken some prizes, but I like croquet better. I liked "The Story of a Ring" and "The Accommodating Circumstance" very much. I am not going to attend school this year, but shall stay at home and study instead, and as I am to learn housekeeping, I should like to join the Little Housekeepers.

LAURA M. B.

NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much, especially the Post-office Box, although I have not written before. I was born in China, and so were my three brothers, and we lived there a long time. Afterward I went to England, and now I have come to Staten Island, which I like very much. My best friend is Watty, who has a carriage and a very nice pair of horses, in which he takes me out driving almost every day. My favorite pony is the Baker mare—a rather funny name, don't you think? I have some guinea-pigs, doves, and pigeons, and I had a canary, but the cat got it. I was so sorry. We buried it in the garden. I play lawn tennis nearly every day, and like it very much, and I am quite a good player for my age. I am ten years old, and wrote this all myself. Good-by, dear Postmistress. ROBBIE F.

CANTON, NEW YORK.

My father has been keeper of the County House of St. Lawrence County for six years, but don't expect to be here another year. I have a very nice pure coal-black dog, whose name is Gyp; he will be seven years old next March. I have a very nice canary, but I don't know what to name him. Will you please be so kind as to suggest a name for him? I have one cat, but it does not amount to much, because it was handed too much when it was young. I am very fond of animals, and want a horse very much. I have a side-saddle, and ride whenever I can take one of the farm horses. I can row a boat, and like to very much. I go to school, and love to study. Dear Postmistress, when you were little, or rather when you went to school, which did you like best, physiology or philosophy? I am going to study one or the other next year, but I don't know which. Last year I studied geography, grammar, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and spelling. I passed Regent's examination in geography and spelling, and am going to take Latin next year. I think I go to a boarding-school a long way from home, and have been having my vacation since the 12th of June, and

my school begins on the 15th of September. Don't I have a long vacation? My favorite stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are Mrs. Lillie's. I also like the "Mr. Thompson" stories, and "Ten Days a Newsboy" is very nice. May I join the Little Housekeepers? I have made a few things after your receipts, and they have been very good. GRACE D.

I do not remember which of the studies mentioned I preferred, but your teacher can best advise you about a choice. Physiology seems to me a very important study for every child.

OXFORD, INDIANA.

I have written two letters to the Post-office Box, but neither has been printed, so I thought I would try again. I have no brothers or sisters to tell about, and I have only one pet, and that is a nice cat. I take music lessons most of the time, and I like them very much; I practice two or three hours a day. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid; I have all the papers from the first one. I always enjoy the continued stories so much! I would like to see some more of Jimmy Brown's stories. Mamma and I were in Massachusetts last summer; we visited Boston, Plymouth, and other places, and saw many interesting things. RAY.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We thought we would write and tell you about the Exposition here, as we have not seen any letters this year that have said anything about it. The music is the best of all; it is now furnished by Cappa's Band; every one enjoys it so much! The last half of the Exposition Gilmore will be here. The displays are very fine, but not so numerous as they were last year. The attractive places in the Park are the Art Gallery and the Roller Coaster. Every Thursday evening there is a lovely display of fireworks, which are furnished by Palm & Co., of London. We wish, if you had time, you could come and see it, but of course you are too busy. EMMA and KATE G.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters, who are both younger than I am. This is a story I composed myself:

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

One day, not many years ago, a woman, Mrs. Dean, left her two children, Sarah and Robin, while she went to the store to get something for dinner. When their mother had gone, Robin got a match, when Sarah was busy, and lighted it. He was so pleased with the light that he lighted another and another, until he had lighted four. He dropped one, lighted, on a paper that was near by, and it caught fire, and set his frock on fire. Sarah, hearing his cry, ran to him, and seeing him on fire, rolled him in a rug which his mother had just finished. It saved him from death, but still he had a great many very bad burns; these all got well, but one left a scar which he had all his life. But he always remembered what he had done when he was small. His mother was very thankful to Sarah for saving his life. When he was old enough to know, he was very thankful. MABEL E. B.

A good story, my little Mabel, and very well told.

TORONTO, CANADA.

I have never written before, but my brother has once. I am writing this letter all by myself. We have three pets, two dogs and a pony. The pony runs all around the garden, and whenever we go out to him he pokes his nose into our hands, and tries to find our pockets to look for sugar, which he fully expects every time he sees us. I am learning to ride him, and it is such fun when the pony trots. I liked "Nan," "Our Little Dunce," "Left Behind," and "The Accommodating Circumstance" very much. I go back to school on the 8th of this month. Now, dear Postmistress, I have already said more than I intended. With best love, and hoping that this will be printed, I remain
Ever your little friend, AGNES S. V.

PARISH, NEW YORK.

I guess all the little children have written to you, and now I want to tell you how much I think of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which my aunt sends me. I like it ever so much. I go to school, and like my teacher very much; she boards at my house, and is trying to teach me to play on the new organ which papa bought for me this summer. I have one brother and one sister, and live on a farm. I have two little kittens and a big nice dog named Carlo. My age is eight years, and my name is EDITH MAY C.

MONGAUP VALLEY, NEW YORK.

I will write a letter to you, as I have often begun one, but never finished it. We live in a pleasant house opposite a small river called the Mongaup. It is very pleasant here, and is rather quiet in the winter, but in the summer quite a number of boarders ride by here to go to a place about ten miles distant, called Mongaup Falls, to

have picnics. I have never been there, but hope to go some time. I have no pets except a brother Harry and a sister May, younger than myself. I am only eleven. I have a sister Cora older than I am. We have a music teacher here in the summer from New York. Cora, May, and I take lessons. Cora and I play quite a number of duets. I will now close, as my letter is getting long. I wish some little girl would write to me, and I will answer. I expect to go down to New York in a few weeks, and if I can I will call in and see you. Good-by from your ever-constant reader,
NELLY K. S.

I shall expect you, Miss Nelly, and be glad to see you.

I have been wanting to write this good while, but now I will make sure of it. I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for years, and think it is a splendid paper. I like the stories of "Left Behind" and "Up Stratton Mountain" ever so much. I have all the numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE thus far, and I am going to have them bound. I will have to stop now, as it is getting late.
GEORGIE H.

We have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. We like the stories very much. We read "The Story of a King," written by Lucy C. Lillie, and liked it very much; we also like Jimmy Brown's stories, and we wish he would write again. If Effie H. would tell us more about how to make a "cabbage chicken" we would be very much obliged to her. We have thirty-five first cousins; don't you think that is a great many? We hope this letter will be published, for we want to see it in print. With much love from
MAT and FREDDIE G.

I am a little boy eleven years old. My uncle Rob has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since Christmas. I like it very much. I have three little sisters now, and one pet dog, which I got from my uncle in Ohio; he sent it to me on the cars. I call my dog Frank. My papa has two colts; one he calls Sam and the other one Fanny. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it in your paper with the letters from the other little boys.
EDDIE B.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. I have got a little black kitty with a white nose and white feet, and I have a pet sheep named Polly. I have four dolls, one big wax one named Queen Bess, and three china ones, Lottie, Kitty, and Susie; I have nice times with them. I am nine years old. I will send you some pressed flowers from my own garden. We have got done haying; I helped tread the loads of hay, and next to the last load, when I got off the hay-rack, I stuck a pitchfork into my leg quite a little way, and I had to hop on one foot almost all of one day. We live near the foot of Mount Blue; I have not been upon it, but my sister and mamma and papa have. We shall have a school this fall; we had one last spring. There are six scholars.
GRACIE C.

Thanks, dear, for the flowers.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—This is vacation, and I thought I would write you a letter. I have never written before to any one. I go to school, and am in the Third Grade. I have a very kind auntie who has given HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my sister from the first number; she also sends it to my cousins in London, England, and also to my cousins in the country. My auntie thinks that it is one of the best papers published, and we all agree with her. The children write about their pets. I have no pets except a doll and a little brother, and I love them both dearly. I have playmates, and I love to play. I also have a good many books, and I love to read them. My sister is eleven years old, and she is in the country. I do wish you would print this, so that she would see it before she comes home, as she does not know that I am writing to you.
From your loving little reader, MAY L. H.

Although I live up in the northern part of Wisconsin, we have two orange-trees, and each one has an orange on it. I am a girl eleven years old, and am the youngest of five children. My oldest brother, while nutting, fell from the tree and broke his collar-bone. My youngest brother, aged twelve, takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and works in the telegraph office. We have no pets except a little white dog and two birds. I have a beautiful wax doll that sings "Grandfather's Clock."
LOUISE R.

I have written to you before, but my letter has not been published. I have just been reading your paper. I know how to sympathize with Emma L. G., of Humboldt, Nebraska, for I have a

friend who moved away last winter, and whom I always played with. I am away in the country. I live in Brooklyn. Newburgh is a lovely place. I have been to Washington's Headquarters and sat in Washington's chair, and have seen Lady Washington's watch. There are many other old things there. I was making mud pies all Monday morning, and I had a good time. My papa brought me up a tricycle last Saturday, and I have lots of fun in it.
MABEL H. R. (eleven years old).

THE TREATMENT OF CANARIES.

A pair of canaries I give to your care—Don't blind them with sunshine, or starve them with air. Or leave them out late in the cold or the damp, And then be surprised if they suffer from cramp; Or open the window in all kinds of weather. Quite near to their cage, till they puff out their feathers. The birds that are free fly to bush and to grove If the wind be too cold or the sun be too hot; But these pretty captives depend on your aid. In winter for warmth and in summer for shade. When they chirrup and ceaselessly hop to and fro, Some want or discomfort they are trying to show: When they scrape their bills sharply on perch or at wire, They are asking for something they greatly desire; When they set every feather on end in a twinkling, With musical rustle like water a-sprinkling. In rain or in sunshine, with sharp call-like notes, They're begging for water to freshen their coats. Cage, perches, and vessels keep all very clean, For fear of small insects—you know what I mean: They breed in their feathers, and leave them no rest. In buying them seed, choose the cleanest and best. I feed my canaries (excuse me the hint) On hemp and canary, rape, millet, and lint. I try them with all, till I find out their taste—The food they don't care for they scatter and waste. About their bright cages I hang a gay flower. Of shepherd's-purse, chickweed, and groundsel in flower. At a root of ripe grass they will pick with much zest. For seeds and small pebbles their food to digest. But all should be ripe, and well seeded, and brown. Few leaves on the groundsel, but plenty of down. In summer I hang them out in the shade About our hall door by a portico made; In spring, autumn, winter, a window they share, Where the blind is drawn down to the afternoon glare: This window, if open, beneath them we close, Lest the cramp should seize hold of their poor little toes. A bath about noontide on every warm day Will keep your small favorites healthy and gay. In hot summer sunshine some calico green, As a roof to their cage, makes a very good screen. On winter nights cover from lamp-light and cold, And they'll sing in all weathers and live to be old.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, although I have not taken it long. I think the story of "Left Behind" is very nice. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. Our school will re-open the 1st of September. I have five pets, a lamb, a cat, a dog, and two canary-birds; my lamb's name is Nellie, my cat's name is Rubbiro, my dog's name is Guess, my canary-birds' names are Dicky and Susy. I am taking music lessons; my teacher's name is Mr. F. I have a swing and a hammock, but I like my swing best. I. D. L.

You see by my letter that I am a resident of Livermore, which is forty-nine miles northeast of San Francisco, and seeing other children write, I do the same. I have a horse, a raft, a dog, and a small aquarium, and also, above all, a little niece named Millie. She is four years old, and we teach her pieces of poetry from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like the story of "Left Behind" very much. I must now end my letter. Good-by.
JOSEPH G.

I have never written to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE before. I hope my letter will be published. I think I will tell you about an immense leaf we have in our back yard. It is about twice the size of a very large elephant's ear. We cut one off the other day and hung it over the door. Some one came down-stairs when it was quite dark and the lights were not lit; it scared her so she thought it was Jumbo. Wasn't that funny? I have been up on Jumbo's back. I wonder if any other reader of this paper has. I thought "The

Story of a Ring" was very nice. I hope this letter is not written too badly to be printed. I am nine years old. Good-by.
EDNA E.

My uncle sends me your paper; I think it is the best I ever read. I will tell you about my pets. My sister and I each have a pony; we have a nice time riding. I also have two cats, and a dog named Carlo, of which I am very fond.
LAURA D. (ten years old).

I have a pet kitten; his name is Taffy. I have three pet lambs; their names are Doctor, Beekle, and Pilot. And I have one doll, named Jennie. I am twelve years old. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers very much. I had a bossy, but he got hurt, and he had to be killed. I enjoyed reading "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind" very much. I should like to have Helen I. and Winnie J. write again.
FLORENCE H. C.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
1. A very strict officer. 2. One who apes. 3. A great orator. 4. The hardest material known. 5. The capital of Poland. 6. Boasting. 7. A nymph who pined away until only her voice was left. 8. A stick.
Primals read downward give the name of a celebrated character who was always waiting for something to turn up; finally, of an old lady with an aversion to donkeys. Both are found in one of Dickens's novels.
J. R. AYER.

No. 2.
TWO ENIGMAS.
1.—My first is in whale, but not in bass. My second in mirror, but not in glass. My third is in laugh and also in smile. My fourth is in Danube, but not in Nile. My fifth is in rable, but not in mob. My sixth is in float and also in bob. My seventh is in sport, but not in game. My eighth is in savage and also in tame. My whole is a very pretty flower, Which, if cut from the bush, fades in an hour.
FLORENCE MAY.

2.—First in chair, not in stool. Second in thread, not in spool. Third in dog, not in cat. Fourth in oil-cloth, not in mat. Fifth in rat, not in mouse. Whole is found in a church, but not in a house.
OTTO C. K.

No. 3.
TWO EASY SQUARES.
1.—1. To occupy an empty space. 2. Thought. 3. A fast. 4. Not early.
2.—1. To break. 2. A hub. 3. To affirm with emphasis. 4. Smart.
CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 4.
THREE EASY DIAMONDS.
1.—1. A letter. 2. A Chinese product. 3. Intended. 4. A very small insect. 5. A letter.
2.—1. A letter. 2. To speak. 3. A useful article, important in literature. 4. A reply. 5. A letter.
EDWARD W. MULLIKIN, JUN.
3.—1. A letter. 2. A period. 3. One of the eight gods of Thebes. 4. A fruit. 5. A letter.
EUREKA.

No. 5.
CHARADE.
My second clasped my first around; He bowed his head in burning shame, The man who never thought to wear My whole, or link me with his name.
A. B. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 253.

No. 1.— S O U T H G R A Y
O U T R E R A R E
U T T E R A R E A
T E A D Y E A R
H E R D S
No. 2.— B E R A M
B R U C E M I A M I
A C T A M Y
E I
No. 3.—

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma St. C. Whitney, Agnes and Emma Christine Y., Ella M., Edmund Burke, Horace L. Lunt, H. Norman Remsen, Ida Emma Hequem-bourg, Charlie Davis, Rose Tyler, Millie Duncan, Willie Jenkins, T. L. F., Mabel Keese, Ray P., and Louie Deacon.

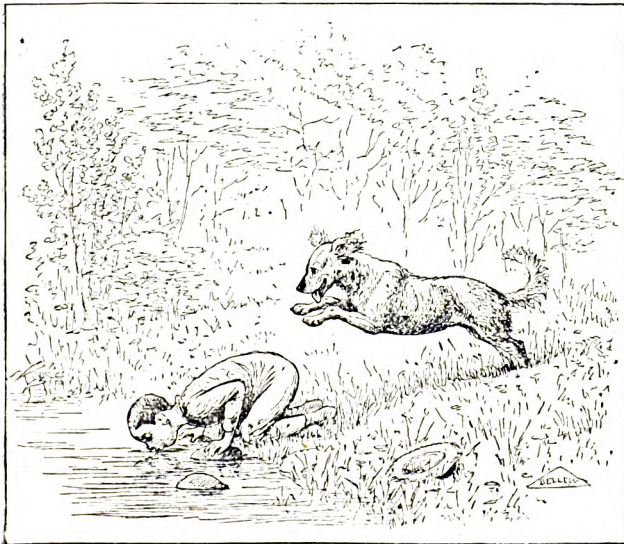


MABEL'S FIRST VISIT TO AN ORCHARD.

"Dood daycious! dese is pickled."

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.

TAKE a small bottle, the neck of which is not more than the sixth of an inch in diameter. With a funnel fill the bottle quite full of red wine, and place it in a glass vessel, similar to a show-glass, whose height exceeds that of the bottle about two inches. Fill this vessel with water. The wine will shortly come out of the bottle, and rise in the form of a small column to the surface of the water, while at the same time the water, entering the bottle, will supply the place of the wine. The reason of this is that as the water is heavier than wine, it must hold the lower place, while the other rises to the top. An effect equally pleasing will be produced if the bottle be filled with water and the vessel with wine.



"RAILWAY BOB."

DOGS are fond of having a hobby. There are dogs that can not resist following an omnibus, others that worship a stick or a stone, and there are well-known cases of dogs devoting themselves to a fire-engine or to a "life on the line."

Years ago there was a colly, known as "Bob," who lived on the railway. He lost his master at some fair, and hunted long in hopes of finding him. He found his way to the station, and lived there for days, scanning every passenger in hopes of seeing the well-known face. He was fed at the restaurant, and the guards spoke kindly to the sad-faced, miserable dog.

He looked near and far for his shepherd owner, travelling from town to town in search of him, and returning to the station anxious, dejected, and sad of mien.

Finally he gave up the hunt as hopeless, and became a railway dog. Guards vied with one another as to who should have Bob as travelling companion. He lived for many years on the line, growing sleek and contented; yet he occasionally eyed the passengers, evidently still longing for the master he had loved so well.

One night a doctor who travelled continually, and was consequently well known, was asked by a porter at a station where he was waiting to come into the lamp-room, where the fire was good.

He heard from the men all about Bob, who was expected up with the North Mail that evening. It thundered in, and the guard, in passing the lamp-room, called out, "Bad news." "An accident?" asked the group off duty. "How? What?"

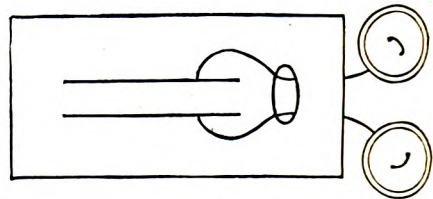
"Railway Bob," said the guard, curtly, not trusting himself to say more; then turning round, added, with a choke in his voice, "He leaped at the engine as the train moved, and missed it."

THE BUTTON PUZZLE.

CUT a piece of leather in the form of a rectangle, about twice as long as it is broad.

Cut two straight slits and a hole in it as shown in the diagram.

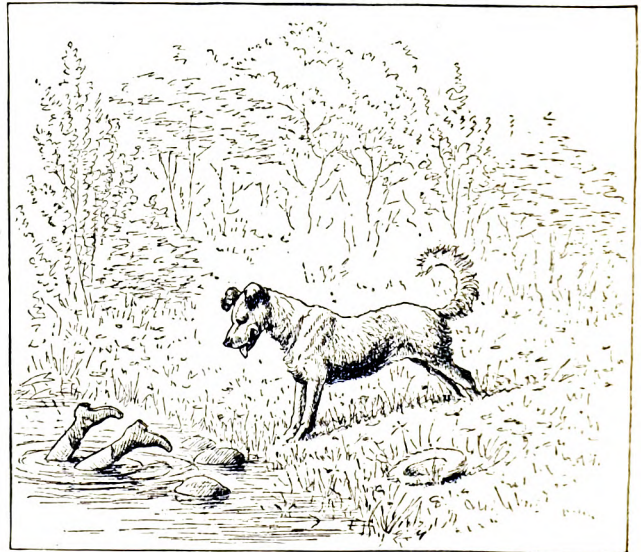
Pass one end of a piece of twine through the hole, and behind the tongue formed by the slits, and bring it down through the hole again, as in diagram:



Tie buttons to

the ends of the string. The buttons must be of such size that they will not go through the hole.

The puzzle is to remove the string from the leather without detaching the buttons.



"How sweet is the draught from the stream which in childhood
We quaff from the marge of the meadow's green slope," etc.

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"SOME FRESHLY CAUGHT FISH" SIZZLED AND BROWNED.—SEE STORY ON PAGE 754.

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WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER VI.

A QUEER CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WHEN the children told Mr. Elmer about these little unhappy-looking divers that night, he said, "That shows how what some persons regard as play may become hard and unpleasant work to those who are compelled to do it."

Several days after this Mr. Elmer engaged a carriage, and took his wife and the children for a long drive over the island. During this drive the most interesting things they saw were old Fort Taylor, which stands just outside the city, and commands the harbor, the abandoned salt-works about five miles from the city, and the Martello towers built along the southern coast of the island; these are small but very strong forts built by the government, but as yet never occupied by soldiers.

In one of them the Elmers were shown a large jagged hole broken through the brick floor of one of the upper stories. This the sergeant in charge told them had been made by a party of sailors who deserted from a man-of-war lying in the harbor, and hid themselves in this Martello tower. They made it so that through it they could point their muskets and shoot anybody sent to capture them as soon as he entered the lower rooms. They did not have a chance to use it for this purpose, however, for the officer sent after them just camped outside the tower, and waited patiently until hunger compelled the runaways to surrender, when he quietly marched them back to the ship.

In all the forts as well as in all the houses of Key West are great cisterns for storing rain-water, for there are no wells on the island, and the only fresh-water to be had is what can be caught and stored during the rainy season.

It was a week after the orange auction that Mr. Elmer came into the cabin of the schooner one afternoon and announced that the court had given its decision, and that they would sail the next day.

This decision of the court gave to the schooner *Nancy Bell* five thousand dollars, and this Captain Li said must, according to wrecker's law, be divided amongst all who were on board the schooner at the time of the wreck. Accordingly he insisted upon giving Mr. and Mrs. Elmer each two hundred dollars, and Mark, Ruth, and Jan each one hundred dollars. As neither of the children had ever before owned more than five dollars at one time, they now felt wealthy enough to buy the State of Florida, and regarded each other with vastly increased respect. While their father took charge of this money for them, he told them they might invest it as they saw fit, provided he and their mother thought the investment a good one.

At daylight next morning the *Nancy Bell* again spread her sails, and soon Key West was but a low-lying cloud left far behind. For three days they sailed northward, with light winds, over the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On the evening of the third day a bright light flashed across the waters ahead of them, and Captain Li said it was at the mouth of the St. Mark's River. As the tide was low, and no pilot was to be had that night, they had to stand off and on and wait for daylight before crossing the bar and sailing up the river beyond it.

All night long the *Nancy Bell* sailed back and forth within sight of the light that marked the mouth of the river. Soon after daylight a pilot-boat was seen approaching her in answer to the signal which was flying from the main rigging. As the boat ran alongside, a colored pilot clambered to the deck, and declared it did him good to see a big schooner waiting to come into the St. Mark's once more.

"Uster be a plenty of 'em," said he to Captain Li, "but dey's scarcer'n gale dollars nowadays, an' I's proud to see 'em comin' agin'."

By the time breakfast was over, and the Elmers came on deck, they found the schooner running rapidly up a broad river, between wide expanses of low salt-marshes, bounded by distant pine forests, and studded here and there with groups of cabbage-palms. The channel was a regular zigzag, and they ran now to one side and then far over to the other to escape the coral reefs and oyster bars with which it was filled. This occupied much time; but the breeze was fresh, and within an hour they had run eight miles up the river, and were passing the ruins of the old Spanish Fort of St. Mark's. A few minutes later sails were lowered, and the schooner was moored to one of the rotten old wharves that still remain to tell of St. Mark's former glory.

"And is this St. Mark's?" asked Mrs. Elmer, looking with a feeling of keen disappointment at the dozen or so tumble-down frame buildings that, perched on piles above the low wet land, looked like worn-out old men with shaky legs, and formed all that was to be seen of the town.

"Yes, miss," answered the colored pilot, who seemed to consider her question addressed to him. "Dis yere's St. Mark's, or what de gales has lef' of hit. 'Pears like dey's been mighty hard on de ole town, sence trade fell off, an' mos' of de folkse moved away. Uster be wharves all along yere, an' cotton-presses, an' big war-houses, an' plenty ships in de ribber; but now dey's all gone. Dem times we uster hab fo' trains of kyars a day; but now dere's only one train comes tree times in de week, an' hit's only got one kyar. Ole St. Mark's-a-seein' bad times now, for sho."

As soon as he could get ashore, Mr. Elmer, accompanied by Mark and the Captain, went up into the village to find out what he could regarding their destination and future movements. In about an hour he returned, bringing a package of letters from the post-office, and the information that Uncle Christopher Bangs's place was at Wakulla, some six miles further up the river. As the river above St. Mark's is quite crooked, and bordered on both sides by dense forests, and as no steam-tug could be had, the Captain did not care to attempt to carry the schooner any further up. Mr. Elmer had therefore chartered a large flat-bottomed lighter, or scow, to carry to Wakulla the cargo of household goods, tools, building material, etc., that they had brought with them.

As Captain Li was anxious to proceed on his voyage to Pensacola as quickly as possible, the lighter was at once brought alongside the schooner, and the work of discharging the Elmers' goods into her was begun.

"By-the-way, Mark," said Mr. Elmer, as the schooner's hatches were removed, "I am just reminded that this is Christmas-day, and that there is a present down in the hold for you from your uncle Christmas. It will be one of the first things taken out; so see if you can recognize it."

He had hardly spoken before the sailors, who had gone down into the hold, passed carefully up to those on deck a beautiful birch-bark canoe with the name *Ruth* painted on its bows.

"That's it, father; that's it; I'm sure it is. Oh! isn't she a beauty?" shouted Mark, wild with delight. "Oh, father, how did he know just exactly what I wanted most?" and the excited boy rushed down into the cabin to beg his mother and Ruth to come on deck and see his Christmas present.

The canoe was followed by two paddles painted a bright vermilion, and as they were placed in her, and she was laid to one side of the deck, she was indeed as pretty a little craft as can be imagined, and one that would delight any boy's heart.

"I knew we were going to live near a river, my dear," said Mr. Elmer, in answer to his wife's anxious expression

as she looked at the canoe, "and as Mark is a good swimmer, and very careful in boats, I thought a canoe would afford him great pleasure, and probably prove very useful to all of us. So when Uncle Christopher asked me what I thought the boy would like most for a Christmas present, I told him a canoe."

"Well, I hope it will prove safe," sighed Mrs. Elmer; "but I wish it were flat-bottomed, and built of thick boards instead of that thin bark."

"Oh, mother," said Mark, "you might as well wish it were a canal-boat at once."

"Yes, I believe canal-boats are generally considered safer than canoes," answered his mother, with a smile.

"By-the-way, Mark"—and she turned to her husband—"one of the letters you brought was from Uncle Christopher, and he says he thinks he forgot to tell us that there is a house on his place, which he hopes we will find in a fit condition to occupy."

Mr. Elmer had expected to have to build a house, and had accordingly brought with him sashes, doors, blinds, the necessary hardware, and in fact everything except lumber for that purpose. This material was now being transferred from the schooner to the lighter, and it seemed almost a pity to have brought it. Still, they were very glad to learn that they were likely to find a house all ready to move into.

It wanted but two hours of sunset when the last of the Elmers' goods were stowed in the lighter, and as there was nothing to detain him any longer, Captain Li said he should take advantage of the ebb tide that night to drop down the river and get started for Pensacola. As rowing and poling the heavy lighter up the river would at best prove but slow work, and as there was no hotel or place for them to stay in St. Mark's, Mr. Elmer thought they too would better make a start, and take advantage of the last of the flood tide and what daylight still remained.

So good-by's were exchanged, and feeling very much as though they were leaving home for the second time, the Elmers left the comfortable cabin that had sheltered them for nearly a month. Followed by Jan, they went on board their new craft, and the lines were cast off. The crew of four strong colored men bent over the long sweeps, and, followed by a hearty cheer from the crew of the schooner, the scow moved slowly up the river. In a few minutes a bend hid St. Mark's and the tall masts of the *Nancy Bell* from sight, and on either side of them appeared nothing but unbroken forest.

The river seemed narrow and dark after the open sea to which the Elmers had been so long accustomed; and from its banks the dense growth of oak, cedar, magnolia, palm, bay, cypress, elm, and sweet-gum trees, festooned with moss, and bound together with a net-work of vines, rose like walls shutting out the sunlight. Strange water-fowl, long-legged and long-billed, flew screaming away as they advanced, and quick splashes in the water ahead of them told of the presence of other animal life.

At sunset they were nearly two miles from St. Mark's, and opposite a cleared spot on the bank, where was piled a quantity of light wood or pitch-pine. Here the Captain and owner of the lighter, who was a young white man, named Oliver Johnson, proposed that they should tie up for the night.

To this Mr. Elmer consented, and as soon as the boat was made fast to the bank, active preparations were begun for cooking supper, and for making everything as snug and comfortable as possible.

A large sail was stretched across some poles in the form of a tent over the after-part of the lighter, and beneath this two comfortable beds were made up from the abundant supply of mattresses and blankets belonging to the Elmers. Jan Jansen and Captain Johnson, who, Mark said, must be related, as their names were the same, spread their blankets in the forward end of the boat. On shore

the negro crew built for themselves a thatched lean-to of poles and palm leaves beside the fire that was already throwing its cheerful light across the dark surface of the river.

While the men were busy arranging the shelters and bedding, Mrs. Elmer and Ruth, assisted by one of the negroes, were cooking supper over a bed of coals that had been raked from the fire. A huge pot of coffee sent forth clouds of fragrant steam, and in two frying-pans some freshly caught fish sizzled and browned in a most gratifying and appetizing manner. In a couple of kettles hung over the fire hominy and sweet-potatoes bubbled, boiled, and tried to outdo each other in getting done. Fresh-made bread and a good supply of butter had been brought from the schooner. When the supper was all ready, and spread out on a green table-cloth of palm leaves, Mark and Ruth declared that this picnic was even jollier than the one on the island of the Florida Reef, and that this was one of the very best Christmases they had ever known.

After supper, and when the dishes had all been washed and put away, the Elmers, Captain Johnson, and Jan sought the shelter of the canvas awning from the heavy night dew which had begun to fall as soon as the sun went down. They lifted the sides so that they could look out and see the fire, around which the crew were gathered. After a while one of these started a plaintive negro melody, which sounded very sweetly through the still air. The others took it up, and they sang for an hour or more, greatly to the delight of the children, to whom such music was new. Many of the words were composed as they sang, and Mark and Ruth could not help laughing at some of them, which, though sung very soberly, sounded funny. One song which they afterward remembered was:

"Oh, dey put John on de islan'
When de Bridegroom come;
Yes, dey put John on de islan'
When de Bridegroom come.
An' de ravens come an' fed him
When de Bridegroom come;
Yes, de ravens come an' fed him
When de Bridegroom come.
An' five of dem was wise
When de Bridegroom come;
Yes, five of dem was wise
When de Bridegroom come;
An' five of dem was foolish
When de Bridegroom come;
Yes, five of dem was foolish
When de Bridegroom come.
Oh, gib us of yo' ile
When de Bridegroom come;
Oh, gib us of yo' ile
When de Bridegroom come.
Fo' you'll neber get to heaven
When de Bridegroom come;
No, you'll neber get to heaven
When de Bridegroom come.
Aless youse ile a-plenty
When de Bridegroom come;
Aless youse ile a-plenty
When de Bridegroom come."

In the midst of the singing a voice called out from the tree-tops, "Who, who, who, who's there?" or at least so it sounded.

Immediately the singing stopped, and one of the negroes answered,

"Some folkses from de Norf, Massa Owl, an' Cap'n Johnsin, an' me, an' Homer, an' Virgil, an' Pete."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Mr. Elmer of the Captain.

"Oh," answered he, "it's one of their beliefs that they'll have bad luck if they don't answer an owl politely when he asks 'Who's there?' and give the names of all the party, if they know them."

Soon after this all hands sought their blankets, good-nights were said, the fire died down, and all was quiet in the camp, though several times some sleepy negro roused



"STRANGE WATER-FOWL."

himself sufficiently to answer the owl's repeated question of "Who's there?"

It must have been nearly midnight when the camp was startled by a crash, a series of smothered cries, and a loud splashing in the water. It was evident that something serious had happened, but what it was no one could tell in the darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BÉBÉ AND THE GRAND-DUKE.

A Story of the German War.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

WHAT is it that Fauvette sees?

The day is cold and bleak; Fauvette gathers the blanket more closely around her thinly clad form and over her head as she looks down the road, and discovers far away, in the direction of her own home, a cloud of dust. It is not the dust of the diligence, for that went by an hour ago: Fauvette noticed it particularly because it was going so fast. The horses were galloping, and Baptiste was urging them on as though something were

coming in pursuit. Had Baptiste been running away from that which made the cloud of dust? and was that which made the cloud the German army?

Fauvette's heart stood still as this thought came to her. She knew there was war in the country, but as yet it had not come anywhere near Champvillers, which was the village where Fauvette lived. Had it come near so soon? When she left home that morning with Bébé there had been no thought of the Germans: had they arrived already? She looked around at Bébé, who was trying almost vainly to get some pasturage out of the stubble of the field. Then she looked again at the cloud of dust. It had lifted a little by this time, and underneath Fauvette could see the glimmer of bayonets and the forms of horses and men. Yes, it was the German army—there could be no doubt of that.

At the first thought she started to run. But where should she go? The soldiers were between her and the village; she could not leave Bébé, and Bébé would not willingly go in the opposite direction from home. Even if Bébé consented, the soldiers would very soon overtake her. But if she staid, would they not take Bébé and herself too? or, if they let her go, would they not carry Bébé off? Fauvette's heart now beat quick and fast. The soldiers were coming rapidly nearer. Indeed, she could distinguish their faces. The man in front on horseback was old and ugly. Could that be the Count Bismarck, she wondered. Fauvette crept up to Bébé's side and laid her arm over the cow's neck. For the first time Bébé looked up, and seeing the soldiers, gazed at them with a look of gentle surprise.

Bébé was Fauvette's special care. Fauvette's elder sister, Lucie, looked after the children, and helped the mother at home, while Fauvette brought the cow to pasture, and in these troubled times staid with it all day. At this season it was cold work, and there was little in the field for Bébé to eat. Pretty soon her task would end, and the cow would live at home with the rest of the family, having better quarters, indeed, than they had themselves. Fauvette now wished that it had ended before to-day, so that she might not have met the soldiers in this exposed place. But there was no use in wishing that now. Perhaps all her own people had been killed in the village; but she could not think of that either. She must stand still, while her limbs shook and her heart trembled, and do her best to save her own and Bébé's life; though if that were the terrible Bismarck who rode at the head, she knew there would be little hope. Indeed, she expected to hear him call out every moment, *en avant*, or what meant the same thing in German, and see the whole army charge upon her and the cow. Nevertheless, she stood bravely enough, with her arm around Bébé's neck, awaiting their approach.

"Do not fear, Bébé," she murmured. "I will not let thee die. If they kill thee, they must kill me too."

The officer at the head, who, though Fauvette did not know it, was only a colonel, eyed the cow, as he rode up, with grim satisfaction.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, in his own tongue, "this will make fine steaks. Leave the cow, girl, and go back to your village. No one will hurt you."

Fauvette stood still. She did not understand German, though she guessed at what he said.

"Ach!" exclaimed the officer. "Who can speak this detestable tongue? Where is there a man who knows the French?"

The Colonel looked up and down the line. Several of the men appeared ready to answer, when the attention of all was attracted to a young aide-de-camp, who came galloping up the road, and demanded to know what was the matter.

The Colonel pointed to Fauvette and the cow.

"I am just about to tell the girl to go home to the

village and leave the cow," he said, "but unhappily I am not ready with foreign languages. When I have something to say in French, I require help."

The young man smiled. Then turning to Fauvette, he said to her, in her own tongue: "My poor child, the Colonel wishes me to tell you that you must leave the cow and go home. You live in the village we have just passed, do you not?"

Fauvette gazed at him calmly. She was terribly afraid, and her face was pale, but otherwise she did not show it.

"Oui, monsieur," she said; "I live in the village, and I should be glad to go back, but I can not leave Bébé."

The young aide-de-camp—he was little more than a boy—looked at her pityingly. "But you must," he said; "the Colonel says so."

Her eyes flashed. "What do I care for the Colonel?" she said. "If he kills Bébé, he must kill me too."

"Oh, he won't kill you," said the boy. "We don't fight children. But he wants the cow, don't you see?"

"What does he want it for?" asked Fauvette, gravely.

"Why, to eat, I suppose," he stammered, not wishing to hurt her more than was necessary, but yet telling the truth as from habit.

"To eat!" exclaimed Fauvette. "My beautiful Bébé! If she was yours, would you let anybody kill her?"

He looked admiringly at Bébé's mouse-colored velvety skin and large soft eyes. "Well, no, I wouldn't," he said, frankly.

"Well, I won't either," and she clasped her arms tightly around the creature's neck.

The young man walked helplessly over to the Colonel.

"I can't seem to persuade her, sir," he said.

The Colonel laughed. "Oh, well, then we'll use force," he said.

Turning to his men, he ordered two of them to take the girl away from the cow.

"Are you going to kill the cow?" the young aide-de-camp asked.

"Certainly," said the Colonel. "Pray explain to the Prince the cause of the delay, and say we shall be moving directly."

The young man, with another look at Fauvette, turned around and rode rapidly off, while the two men, at the Colonel's direction, stepped up to the child's side.

"Come!" one of them demanded in German.

Fauvette did not move. Her hold of Bébé tightened, and she looked up

at the rude soldiers with defiance flashing from her black eyes.

"So!" exclaimed the man; "then I must make you." And he proceeded, not very gently, to loosen the arms that were clinging to Bébé's neck.

Fauvette screamed loudly, while she tried to hold on, but her strength was small compared to the men's, and in a moment one of them had dragged her away, while the other was trying to pull the cow in an opposite direction.

But for once Bébé's stubbornness served her a good turn. Whether she understood their designs or not, the cow would not move one step; and when they tried to drag her, she planted her feet firmly on the ground, put down her head, and uttered a gentle but decided "Moo!"

The men looked helplessly at the Colonel, who was very angry. For the sake of a cow the whole detachment had been detained fifteen minutes. A less forbearing man than himself would have shot it at once. Presently the aide-de-camp would be coming up again to see why they had not moved.



"Shoot the cow!" he cried, passionately.

In order to raise his gun, Fauvette's captor had to let her go. Quick as thought the girl rushed back, and, while the guns were pointed at her, threw her arms once more around Bébé's neck.

"Now fire!" she cried, stamping her foot; "fire, and kill me too."

It was this tableau that the young man saw as he came dashing up again: the angry Colonel on horseback, the soldiers levelling their guns, and the patient cow protected by the child.

"Good heavens!" he cried, riding in between the soldiers and Fauvette, and making himself the target for their fire, "do you mean to kill the child?"

The men, who had no wish for the business, lowered their muskets, while the lad saluted the Colonel.

"Here is an order from the Prince," he said, producing a bit of paper, "permitting the child to take the cow back to the village. I am directed to see that it is executed."

The Colonel, with an angry frown upon his face, turned away and gave the order to advance. Presently the regiment was in motion. The dust had arisen, and, freed from her persecutors, Fauvette was left alone with the young man. The soldiers were marching by, but she did not mind them now. Bébé, too, was quite composed, and had resumed her feeding. Fauvette would never complain again that Bébé was stubborn. If Bébé had not been stubborn to-day, where might she not be now? But Fauvette had not yet thanked the young man who was waiting on horseback by her side.

"I thank you very much," she said, timidly, looking up into the boy's handsome face. "If they had killed Bébé, they would have killed me too."

"Oh, they wouldn't have done that," he said. "Only their guns might have gone off accidentally."

She hesitated a moment. "Yes," she said, "they might have gone off when you stood before them."

He colored a little. "I am a soldier," he said. "A soldier does not think about such things."

Fauvette looked at him admiringly. "You are very brave," she said.

The aide-de-camp smiled. "Oh no, I'm not," he hastened to say. "Why, the other day, when I went into battle for the first time, it was just as much as I could do to keep from running away. I expected that every bullet would hit me, and every time I heard one of them sing, I said good-by."

"That was the first time," said Fauvette, indulgently. "You wouldn't feel that way again. My grandfather fought with Napoleon, and he says that is the way he used to feel."

"Did your grandfather fight with Napoleon?" the boy asked. "How I should like to hear him tell about it!"

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Fauvette. "If you will come back to the village he will tell you anything you want to know. But I forgot," she added, hurriedly; "you are a German."

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm a German; but I'm going back to see you safe to the village all the same."

The soldiers had now mostly passed by, and a number of elegant persons on horseback were bringing up the rear. Riding up to one of these, the aide-de-camp held a brief conversation. Then wheeling around his horse, he came back to Fauvette.

"Yes," he said; "I may take you back to the village. There is another detachment of our men there, whom I am to order forward. Will the cow go?"

Happily Bébé had forgotten her stubbornness, or else she understood that home was the safest place for her. She made no objections when Fauvette told her to go on, and even allowed the young man, who had swung Fauvette up into the saddle, to urge her forward with his horse. The cow could not go very fast, however, and it took

some time to reach the village. Half a mile away they heard the sound of firing, and off to the right, where Fauvette told the boy another road ran, hung a cloud of dust such as she had seen before that morning. When they reached the village, how still it was! Not a soldier was to be seen. What had become of them? the aide-de-camp wondered.

There was no time, however, for him to be either frightened or surprised. Hardly had his horse's hoofs sounded on the street when out of every house rushed a troop of soldiers, half a dozen of whom grasped the lad's bridle. For an instant both he and Fauvette were too much astonished to speak. The girl, who recognized familiar faces, was the first to recover herself.

"Ah!" she cried, "let him go. He has saved my life and Bébé's."

At the same moment an officer came out of the inn door. "Your name and rank, monsieur," he demanded, briefly.

The lad drew himself up proudly until his slender figure seemed that of a man. His frank boyish face glowed, and his blue eyes flashed fire.

"Carl Ludwig von Schomberg," he said in French, "lieutenant in the German army, and Grand-duke of Hoenstauffen-Steinmetz."

The officer bowed. "Thanks, your Highness," he said. "It is unfortunate, but your soldiers, whom I presume you expected to find here, have evacuated the village, and you are the prisoner of the French."

Fauvette's lip trembled. She was still on horseback, protected by the young officer's arm. "But he came back to bring me," she cried. "If it had not been for him I would have been killed."

"That will be considered," said the officer; "but at present Lieutenant Von Schomberg is our prisoner. Will you please dismount, sir?"

The boy let one of the men whom Fauvette knew take her down and then dismounted himself.

"Now, sir," said the French officer, "if you will come into the cabaret you will find there some of your companions."

The lad turned to where Fauvette stood crying on Bébé's neck.

"Do not cry, my child," he said; "it is only the fortune of war."

"But it was for me," she sobbed. "If it had not been for me you would be with your Prince now."

He smiled kindly. "I should no doubt have come back anyhow," he said. "Don't vex yourself, little one; and *Adieu*."

Her face lighted up through her tears. "Ah, no," she whispered, looking hurriedly around to see if any one overheard—" *Au revoir*."

What did she mean? the Duke wondered as the officer led him off to the cabaret. He would hardly see her again, for the next day, if not earlier, they would surely take him off to Metz, or wherever else the French kept their prisoners. It was an inglorious ending to his military career, but he had served the little peasant maiden and saved a cow's life; and he was sure he would rather have done that than kill some one in battle. His rank enabled him to have a room to himself in the upper story of the cabaret, and left alone, with a sentinel outside the door and another beneath the window, he had time to reflect upon these things, and to wonder what the Prince would think when he did not re-appear, and whether they would send back for him. They would hardly do that, he concluded, since they were anxious to get ahead as fast as possible. He was unwilling to admit it, but there did not seem to be any very good prospect of his immediate release. All the afternoon he was left undisturbed, and when the darkness shut down there were no signs that he was to be removed that night.

At midnight, however, the key turned in the lock, the door opened, and some one stood in the room.

"Are you awake?" whispered a soft voice.

It was Fauvette's voice, and the boy's heart gave a thrill of hope.

"Oh yes," he answered. "I couldn't go to sleep, you know."

She came up to him, and laid her hand on his arm. "Listen," she said. "The soldiers are all asleep. My uncle, who keeps the inn, has drugged their wine, and my father holds your horse before the door. There is nothing between you and your army. You must go at once."

He hesitated a moment. "And you?" he said.

"Oh, I am all right," she answered. "This is my home; no one will harm me."

He could not see her face in the darkness, but he guessed that the black eyes were full of tears. "You are a good girl," he said. "Tell me your name. You know I did not learn that."

"My name is Fauvette," she said, simply—"Fauvette Marets."

"Ah," he said, "I shall always remember the brave little owner of that name. Then taking her hand he lingered a moment in the door.

"Adieu," she said, quietly.

"Nein," he exclaimed; "it shall not be *adieu*. I will surely see you again some day." He leaned over and kissed her forehead. "*Auf wiedersehen*, Fauvette," and clasping her hand, he passed swiftly out into the hall and down the dark stairs.

In a moment Fauvette heard the muffled clatter of his horse's hoofs on the hard road, and then, with the tears in her eyes, she crept down the stairs herself, and went to her own home.

MIMIR'S WELL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

COME, gather around me, children, and listen while I tell
How ages ago there bubbled up the wonderful Mimir's Well;

Close by the roots of the Tree of Life its crystal depths were found,
And all the people stepped softly there, for that was hallowed ground.

And a grim old watchman guarded the well so cold and deep.
You might creep along with stealthy tread, you'd never find him asleep;
For he knew the tunes of the zephyrs among the reeds at play;
He could hear the grasses growing at noon of the summer day.

He would nod and laugh when Mimir came thirsty for a draught;
And mighty was the chalice from which gray Mimir quaffed
The drops which gave him wisdom: for god of the learned was he,
And nature had never a secret which keen Mimir could not see.

Now when it happened, children, and how, I can not tell,
But ages ago the watchman was banished from Mimir's Well.
Mimir himself has vanished; he rules not peace nor strife.
But the Well of Wisdom still remains by the roots of the Tree of Life.

And all who wish may taste it; the water is clear and cold,
And the gift it has for the winner is better than gems and gold.
None but the meek and lowly, none but the good and kind,
The marvellous Well of Wisdom may truly seek and find.

Do your bright eyes shine, my darlings, your rosy lips exclaim,
"We will haste to the sacred wavelets; to loiter apace were shame?"
Eager and bold, my darlings, go forth with gladness rife,
And do not forget that Wisdom's Well is close to the Tree of Life.

THE TROUBLES OF BABY GUILLEMOT.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

OF course all babies have troubles. Anybody who has ever been a baby knows that; but without doubt the Baby Guillemot has more trouble and excitement than any other kind of a baby.

Its troubles begin away back in the time when it is only an egg. To understand about this and its other troubles, however, we should begin Baby Guillemot's story at the time when Father and Mother Guillemot begin house-keeping.

Although a bird with feathers and wings like any other bird, the guillemot, which is distantly related to the duck family, very much prefers the water to the air. Indeed, it is more at home in the water than the fish that belong there, and except when it is ready to go to housekeeping, it spends all its time floating on the bosom of the ocean, diving yards and yards down into the water's depths in pursuit of fish, or swimming miles and miles up and down the coast.

About the beginning of April is the time when all good guillemots set about housekeeping. They have certain lonely islands, all girt about with high steep cliffs, to which they always go, and there they flock by the thousand and tens of thousands, until every ledge is covered. As they are obliged to stand upright, like so many soldiers, they show only their pure white breasts, and the different ledges of rock look as if they were covered with snow.

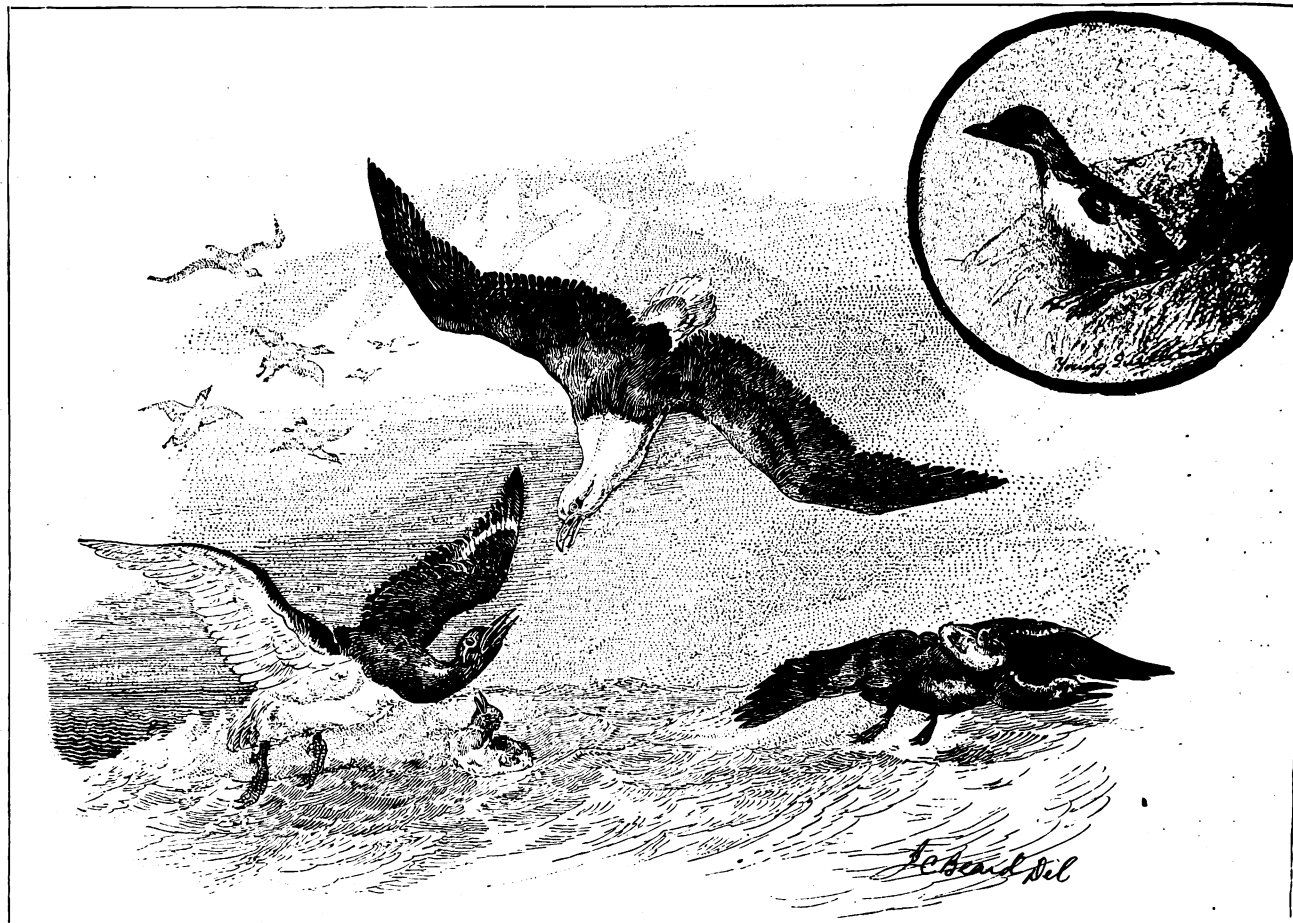
Almost any other bird would build some kind of a nest, but the guillemot is a very odd sort of bird, and lays its one solitary egg on the hard bare rock. The bare rock, of course, is anything but warm up in the northern regions where the guillemots go, and therefore the parent birds are obliged to invent a way of warming the egg on all sides. This is the way they do it: They pluck the feathers and down from off a narrow strip on the breast, and then sit down so that the egg touches the bared skin, and at the same time is covered on the sides by the warm down. The part that rests on the rock is still left out in the cold, however, and one might suppose that the down which had been plucked off would be placed under that spot. But it is not; it is thrown away, for the bird has a better plan. It turns the egg over with its bill every once in a while, and so keeps it warm on every side.

Now the guillemot is found everywhere in the Arctic seas of the Old and New worlds. In the winter they come southward in large parties along the coasts of Norway and England, Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Newfoundland. Audubon tells us that large numbers of American guillemots flock about the Bay of Fundy.

In addition to outside troubles, Baby Guillemot has its own silliness to contend with. No other bird is so lacking in wit. One species common in Great Britain is even given the title of "Foolish Guillemot." This is from the fact that it will suffer itself to be taken in the hand and killed rather than leave the cliff it has chosen for its abode.

But, as if to make up for its own silliness, if ever a baby had devoted parents, the guillemot has, for both father and mother continually watch over it, except at meal-times, when they take turns at sitting on the egg. But for all their care they can not keep trouble away; for man has been waiting for this very time, and at the risk of his life allows himself to be let down over the cliff by a rope in order that he may gather the guillemots' eggs for food. Thousands of eggs are stolen from the cliffs in this way.

This is the least of Baby's troubles, however, for being only an egg, it is not conscious of what is going on; but in about a month or a little more it breaks open the shell



"NOW THE GULL WITH FIERCE JOY SWOOPS UPON IT."

and steps out on the ledge of rock, the prettiest little ball of gray-black down that ever was seen. Ah! what a proud and happy moment for Papa and Mamma Guillemot! They caress the little fellow, offer him the daintiest morsels of fish they can find, and in fact pass all their time in trying to make life pleasant and comfortable for the new arrival.

But now is the time when the eagle and the hawk and the gull begin to circle about overhead, for in their estimation there is no daintier meal than a baby guillemot just born. For a month at least after it is hatched the poor little baby is every moment in danger of being caught by the cruel talons of some fierce and hungry bird, who will ruthlessly tear it from its happy home and loving parents and make but one mouthful of it.

And then after that long month of fear and agony comes the time when Baby's courage is put to the severest trial of all. It is fully fledged now, and able to swim, though it does not know it, and has no idea of what water is like even. However, Mamma knows that the time has arrived when Baby must for the first time venture from home. She coaxes the frightened little fellow to mount upon her back. He knows that something unusual is going to happen, and his heart beats fast. He has confidence in Mamma, however, and though full of fear, he crouches between her wings, and holds on to the feathers with both feet and his long bill.

Mamma, who is not a graceful walker, because her feet are so far back on her body and her legs are so short, waddles to the edge of the cliff, and anxiously looks about her. Alas! there in her very path, right at the spot where she will stop, a great hungry black-backed gull is poised, waiting for her and her precious freight. It is useless to try

another direction, or to wait another day, for it will always be the same. If not that gull, some other gull will be waiting for her and her little one.

Well, she will call all her courage, strength, and cunning to her aid, and at once brave the danger. She spreads her wings to their widest extent, launches herself into the air, and without a flutter darts like an arrow into space. Away she sails. Now the black rocks are under her. Now the billows, dashing in fury on the broken shore, send drops of spray to greet her. Now the open sea rises and falls beneath her. There lies safety for her little one; but between here and there lurks the danger already threatening the babe. Even now the gull, with greedy eye and snapping beak, is vaulting about her, ready almost to snatch the little one from its mother's back.

Too late to return, the quick resolve is taken. A sudden fling of the mother's body, and the startled baby, shaken from its seat, is thrown into the air, where with useless wings it falls like a stone toward the water. Now the gull with fierce joy swoops upon it, but already the loving mother has folded her wings, and is dropping by her baby's side, interposing her body between it and the gull, until the water is reached, when the baffled robber dashes into the waves only to see the rescued babe dart down with its happy parent into old ocean's bosom. For, strangely enough, the little bird that can not fly can dive like a frog, float like a duck, and swim like a fish in the water it has never before seen.

And now the worst of Baby Guillemot's troubles are over, and surely they ought to be, for it has had more than its share. The other troubles it has are no more than any other bird might have, and therefore need not be told about.



A TYROLESE CHILD.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER.

BERRY-PICKING WITH A BEAR

BY CHARLES H. SHINN.

MY cousin Tom was one of the most active of sixteen-year-old boys. He had a careless audacity that made him a prime favorite with his young friends and relatives, though older persons sometimes shook their heads, and murmured that he was heedless and reckless. But Tom went to California to spend the summer vacation, and when he returned any one could see he had received a severe lesson of some kind. Every one noticed how subdued his manners were, and how little he said of his own exploits. Naturally we teased him for the reason of all this.

"Boys," he said one day, in answer to the questions as to what had so changed him, "I've had a lesson that will last me the rest of my life." And then came the following story:

"The place where I was staying was near the beautiful Navarro River, and one of my chief pleasures was rowing along its banks. One morning I launched my favorite little boat, put my fishing-tackle and lunch in the bottom, and started for a day on the upper part of the river, where there was a logging camp.

"It was eight o'clock when I reached the salmonberry islands, four miles above the saw-mill. On the bank I saw berries ripe and handsome enough to make any one wish to stop for a hatful. Where I drew up the wild rose-colored fragrant azaleas grew, and though I was never very sentimental about flowers, I couldn't resist the temptation to break off five or six great branches, and stick them behind a most convenient brace that ran about the boat. I noticed the tips trailed a little in the water, but I thought nothing about it.

"I walked up a little path to the heart of the island. The bushes were loaded with fruit. I began on the largest I could find, and filled my hat. In about five minutes I heard a curious sniff coming from the other side of the bush. It reminded me of pigs. 'Some rancher's black hogs have found their way over here,' I thought. So I stepped around to see for myself.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. There, sitting on his haunches, and pulling the laden berry branches toward his mouth, was a large cinnamon bear, not quite as dangerous as a grizzly, but still abundantly able to kill and eat me up if he chose. He lolled out his red tongue, and winked his small beady eyes at me. Then he growled fiercely, and let go of the berries. It was not more than ten feet from my outstretched hand to his outstretched paw. I stood perfectly still.

"Well, after an age of suspense, the bear grunted again, pulled down another berry branch, and evidently felt peaceable. I set one foot back as far as I could reach, and drew myself out of sight. Then my nerves gave way, and I ran; but no evil resulted. I reached the boat safely, and pushed out in the stream. The azalea boughs weighted me down considerably. A few strokes up-stream brought me to a place from which I could see my friend Sir Bear still berrying.

"Now this is where the story ought to stop. But I was a reckless fellow, you know, and I paid for it dearly. There were some stones lying in the boat, and my evil spirit suggested stirring up that peaceful and generous-minded bear. I turned the boat in-shore. The bear was nearly sixty feet distant, and he faced about and growled at me. That was my time. I struck him in the side and face with two stones as large as a man's fist, and in less time than I take to tell it he was after me, roaring with rage. He jumped in the water before I had made any headway, and grabbed at the side of the boat. Fortunately he missed it, and I settled down to solid rowing, with about five feet start. The azalea boughs dragging in the water brought my speed down to just the rate of his swimming.

"Under any other circumstances I could have rowed right away from him, but it was a handicap and no mistake. I pulled my prettiest, and increased my lead to fifteen feet. Then I threw out the nearest azalea bough, and caught up the oars again. But that pause nearly ruined me, for my enemy grabbed for the boat again, and only a desperate stroke gave a moment's respite.

"It was four miles to the loggers' camp. I couldn't pull that far at race-horse rate; but then I hoped to tire out this stubborn Bruin. At the end of a mile he seemed fresher than ever. I remembered that one winter a large black bear had swum the strait from Marin County to San Francisco County, and that swims of three miles and more are on record for bears. I began to be horribly frightened.

"Just as I was in a state of despair a raft of logs came around a bend in the river, with four brawny woodmen upon it, armed with axes and crowbars. They saw the situation.

"'Row this way, lad,' they shouted, and I pulled with hearty good-will, running alongside of the great raft. When my tormentor saw his new foes, he rushed for the raft. There was the gleam of an axe, the dull sound of a deadly blow, and an hour later I was presented with 'the skin of the bar wot ye tried ter kill with a pebble.'

"I don't feel very proud of it," Cousin Tom concluded. "I am willing to acknowledge that I was a fool."

THE CREST OF THE WHITE HAT.*

A BOY'S STORY.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER, AUTHOR OF "DIALECT TALES," ETC.

III.

"ONE day," continued Monsieur Dupin, "I plucked up courage and went to her father, asking the hand of Justine."

"Ah! how he treated me—that stone image of a man! He had been poor like myself; that was forgotten. He had been young; that too had gone from his mind. The loud brassy music of the town had deafened his ears to the bird-songs of youth.

"Who was I? he demanded, roughly. A poor youth from Brittany, of no prospects, of no family, and he owed it to his own reputation that his daughter should wed the possessor of a high and honorable name.

"To this I retorted that my family was to the full as good as his own, though not so rich; that my father was sergeant under Napoleon, and still held a small office at Morlaix, where every citizen would bear witness to his uprightness and honor.

"'Enough! enough!' he cried. 'The truth is, you haven't any money, nor any chance of making any!'

"'I am in a good business,' said I.

"'Pooh! pooh! what's a small hattery nowadays, when the large ones absorb all the custom? Besides,' went on the cruel father-in-law of my desire, 'you have no head, young Dupin—absolutely no head!'

"'That I deny!' cried I, fiercely.

"'Fiddle-sticks!' cried the old gentleman. 'Instead of keeping on hand a large stock of tasteful goods, you are forever trying *experiments*. Did I not see in your window this very day a white felt *thing*—I suppose you call it a hat—of such a stiff, ridiculous shape that every passer-by got a laugh out of it?'

"This time I had to own up, for I had made the white hat in what it pleased me to call a freak of genius. But no one had noticed it save to laugh.

"We talked some time longer, but let it suffice to say that we parted bitter enemies. Not even a glimpse of Justine's dark eyes consoled me; all was gloom.

* Begun in the preceding number, September 21.

"I strove to wear off the freshness of my sorrow by hard work. Day and night, night and day, I worked away like a little machine on two legs. I looked for nothing to come of it; I only took to making hats instead of something worse.

"One day, as I stood by the counter in my fore-room, my apprentice came rushing in like a madman.

"The King!" he shouted. 'The King is coming in his chariot through the Rue Saint-Hilaire. He has been to the Military School, and drives home this way.'

"I hardly lifted my eyes. What was the King to me?

"The next instant I heard the rumbling of the King's coach, and, a little to my surprise, I discovered that curiosity could live even with a broken heart. So I hastened to the door to see how the former Duke of Orleans appeared as the Sovereign of France. A crowd had collected as if by magic, and as the coach came into sight, off went all the hats, and from every throat sounded a 'hurrah!' for King Louis Philippe.

"The horses seemed a little skittish, and to add to their discomfort a brass band struck up loudly at a little distance. That was enough for the timid beasts. They reared, pulled hard on the bits, and finally shied toward a deep gutter on one side of the street. One of the back wheels, striking hard against a post, was torn off, and the coach was in great danger of being entirely upset.

"It was almost exactly opposite my door that the accident occurred. I rushed out to render assistance. The horses were rearing wildly, and the King attempted to jump out—a dangerous thing, considering his great weight. I was both nimble and strong, and, thanks be to Heaven, my broken heart had not as yet affected my appetite nor reduced my strength. I took hold of his Majesty's sacred person, gave him a swing, and lifted him to the sidewalk without the slightest bruise or damage, except that his hat rolled from his head and fell into the gutter. Some one jumped to pick it up quick as a hawk swooping on a chicken; but of course it was so bespattered with mud as to be unfit for a king's use. He looked at it with a half-humorous expression.

"Allow me, your Majesty," said I, trembling, and bowing very low.

"I ran into the shop and gathered up a lot of hats such as I thought might fit the royal head. Among them was the great white felt with its bell-shaped crown that I had myself designed—to the amusement of the neighbors.

"Whether it was by design or chance I declare to you I can not tell to this day; but that very hat was the first one I offered to the notice of the King. He took it, looked at it with a critical yet surely an approving eye, put it on, moved it a little back, then nodded contentedly.

"It fits finely, hatter—finely. Is it your own make?"

"At your service, your Majesty."

"I am glad to hear it. It seems to be good, substantial work, also a nice shape and color. What's the price of such a hat?"

"Good Louis Philippe! Never was he too much a King to forget to count the cost.

"Twelve francs, your Majesty," said I, though scarcely able to utter a word from very joy.

"It is not too much. Until now I have always had to pay twenty francs for my hats. I will keep this." And so saying, he settled the pearl felt firmly on his head, and pursed up his lips in a manner highly expressive of satisfaction.

"At the moment of the accident, of course, another carriage had been ordered, and it now arrived. On its wide cushions the Citizen-King deposited his comfortable fat figure.

"My best thanks, my good hatter," said he, 'for your prompt assistance.'

"Then he gave the signal, and the coach started, his

Majesty smiling very graciously in return for the fine bows which came near to kissing my shoe-tips.

"As soon as the royal carriage had rolled out of sight, I walked with measured step to my little back room, where I shut and locked the door. Here, indeed, I let my feelings have their way, and I danced and capered like a boy over a holiday plum-cake.

"Trouble is over," cried I. 'A good day dawns. The sun peeps above the clouds. With the pearl felt hat I shall make my fortune. I shall be Justine's husband. Heaven's blessing on that lucky accident! Ill is the wind that blows no good.'

IV.

"I see that you are smiling, my young friend, so I won't tell you how many foolish and extravagant speeches I made in that moment of delight. But I was not deceived in what I had promised myself. That very afternoon the King's adjutant came into the shop and asked for Henri Dupin.

"Here, sir."

"Ah! very well. His Majesty begs you, Monsieur Dupin, to accept this little gift as a token of gratitude for the assistance rendered him this morning."

"And with that he handed me a sealed package. I tore it open; what do you think it held?"

"The diamond ring!" shouted Henri, clapping his hands together.

"Ah, little rogue, you know the story as well as I do myself! So much the better. When I am gone it will be at your tongue's end to tell your grandchildren in turn. Yes; it was a diamond ring; and as I gazed on it the adjutant went on to say that it was his Majesty's earnest desire to help industry and encourage trade by every possible means. Believing that he recognized in me an active and skilled worker, he appointed me from that time 'hatter to the King.' The order had now been given to settle his Majesty's first bill by paying for the hat bought in the forenoon.

"Be kind enough," said he, 'to write a receipt,' and with that he counted out twelve francs on the counter.

"For a moment I could not speak. Then I cried out:

"Did I not think so? Did I not say so? Oh! his Majesty shall be satisfied. I will serve him as none other has ever served him. I will make him such hats as he has never dreamed of—hats that fit so splendidly they will even keep cares away from his head."

"Such hats would be very desirable for kings of our time," said the adjutant, with a slight smile.

"As I raised my eyes, after writing the receipt and sprinkling sand over the paper, another surprise awaited me. Two fine gentlemen had quietly walked into the shop. And these elegant dandies called for hats in the new style, such as his Majesty had just purchased.

"Ah! you mean the gray-white felt, messieurs—the *Para-soucis* [relief from care], it is called—my own design. I am tremendously sorry, gentlemen; but my whole stock' (my stock of *one*, ha! ha!) 'is sold out. If you will be so kind as to return to-morrow, you shall have plenty to choose from.'

"This they promised to do, and I bowed them out, my heart swelling as though too big for my body.

"Then, presto! I flew at the work like a tiger! I shut the shop, engaged new hands, and all night long it was scratch and scrape, beat and brush, sew and shape, until we were all ready to drop.

"But the next day repaid us. By bedroom breakfast-time there was such a display of the *Para-soucis* in the window as if a bed of lilies had suddenly burst into bloom. The morning papers reported the King's little accident, and mentioned in a humorous way the purchase of the hat—with a neat compliment to the new style.

"That was enough. All Paris went mad over the *Para-soucis*. Other styles had become old-fashioned in a

single night. I was in despair! I could not make hats fast enough. Even when Paris was sufficiently provided for, there were the provinces with huge orders to be filled—and the foreigners, who must have, of course, the latest Parisian *mode*.

"It was a stormy time. But with the help of Providence I kept abreast of things, and did not allow myself to be swept off my feet. When at last I could catch my breath and look about me, I found myself a rich man—a very rich man, I can assure you, my dear boys. Why, the contemplation of my bank account almost frightened

"A few weeks later I married my dear Justine; and from that fortunate day I was hand in hand with Good Luck. Money flowed in like water, and flowed out again, enriching friends, neighbors, and kindred.

"In all this you may be sure the White Hat was not forgotten. As soon as we became a family of importance we adopted a crest; and what should it be but the beloved *Para-soucis*? I was proud to have every one know to what we owed our good fortune; and I take it that is a better sort of pride than one which would conceal our humble origin."



"'ALLOW ME, YOUR MAJESTY,' SAID I, TREMBLING."

me for a time. But I was always a bold fellow, and I vowed then and there that riches should never be to me a burden or a care—only a joy.

"Now was the time to visit again the father of my Justine. He might have changed his opinion as to the poor man from Brittany.

"I dressed myself in my best, put the diamond ring on my finger, and a shining new *Para-soucis* on my head, and went to call on my neighbor.

"What followed? Ah! that convenient forgetfulness of Monsieur Clermont had again come to his aid. He had no memory of the insults he had heaped on the poor Breton. On the contrary, he was full of compliments to the 'fine man of business' I had become; and when I let him know exactly how I stood with regard to money matters, the tears came to his eyes, and he pressed my hand with the affection of a father. When I applied again for the hand of Mademoiselle, there were not many words about it:

"Monsieur, you do us too much honor. Justine, my love, come and salute your future husband."

"And how did you come to this country?" cried I, as the dear old grandfather made a long pause.

"Ah! that is another story, and a sadder one. A dark day dawned on Paris, and we feared to stay in the doomed city; neither life nor property was safe. And my son had married a lovely girl from Louisiana—a French creole, whose parents had sent her to France to be educated. They persuaded us to come to this beautiful land; and here we planted ourselves many years ago, never to our regret. For we have prospered in all things, and flourished—flourished like the green bay-tree." And the old Frenchman laughed a loud mellow laugh that seemed to blend with the distant notes of a whip-poor-will sounding mournfully from the grove.

"Honor to the White Hat!" cried I, with all a boy's enthusiasm. "Long may it wave!"

"And long it shall wave!" exclaimed Henri, as promptly. "Never shall it be forgotten while a Dupin lives on earth to tell the tale of its glory."

The grandfather smiled as his eyes rested on the spirited boy, but he said no more. The moon shone through leaves and light clouds until its rays seemed to concentrate in liquid beauty against a dark background.

Was it a fancy? or did the silver beams not shape themselves with magic cunning about the venerable head of Monsieur Dupin, in the very semblance of a pearl-white hat?

A BLADDER BOAT.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

BOYS, as a rule, where they have a chance to take to the water, be it either fresh or salt, do so more to have fun than to learn how to swim. That was exactly my case when a youngster, and before I was aware of it I had learned the sustaining power of water, how to poise my body, and the effect of various motions of my legs, arms, and hands, so that I surprised myself one day by striking out and swimming six strokes. I had learned how to

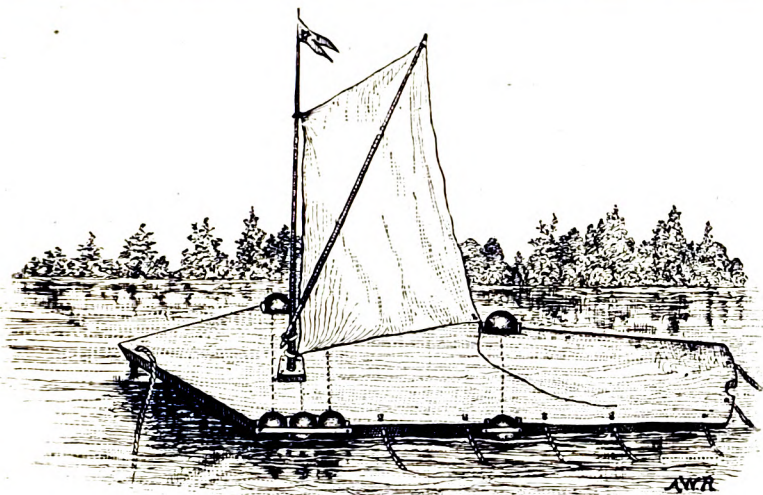


FIG. 1.

The spherical bodies that are attached to the sides of the boat are bladder floats, by means of which the floating capacity of the boat is so increased that it is impossible to sink her, and on account of her great breadth and flatness it is very difficult to upset her. Such being the case, she is capable of carrying a large sail. The bladders are secured to the sides of the boat by means of spaces which are sawn into the sides of the boat, as shown in Fig. 2. To hold the bladders in position a strip of wood (S W) is fastened to the side of the boat and in front of the bladders.

In the angles formed by the bladders and the sides of the spaces triangular wedges of wood (W, W, W) are crowded against the bladders. The bladders being very smooth, round, and buoyant, still another precaution is taken to retain them in position; this is a strong cord securely fastened to the neck of each bladder. This cord passes

under the bottom of the boat, as shown by the dotted lines.

The sail of the boat consists of unbleached muslin, and the mast and sprit of well-seasoned hickory saplings.

To the sides of the boat a number of pieces of stout cord are attached; these are for the bathers, who may wish to take a tow when the boat is under full sail. The steering is done with a long-handled paddle or oar, which is worked in a slot in the stern of the boat. For anchoring in deep water, where bathers may find an opportunity for diving, this craft is just the thing.

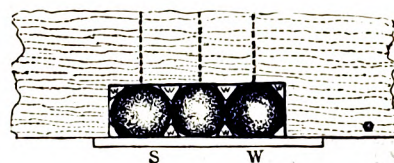
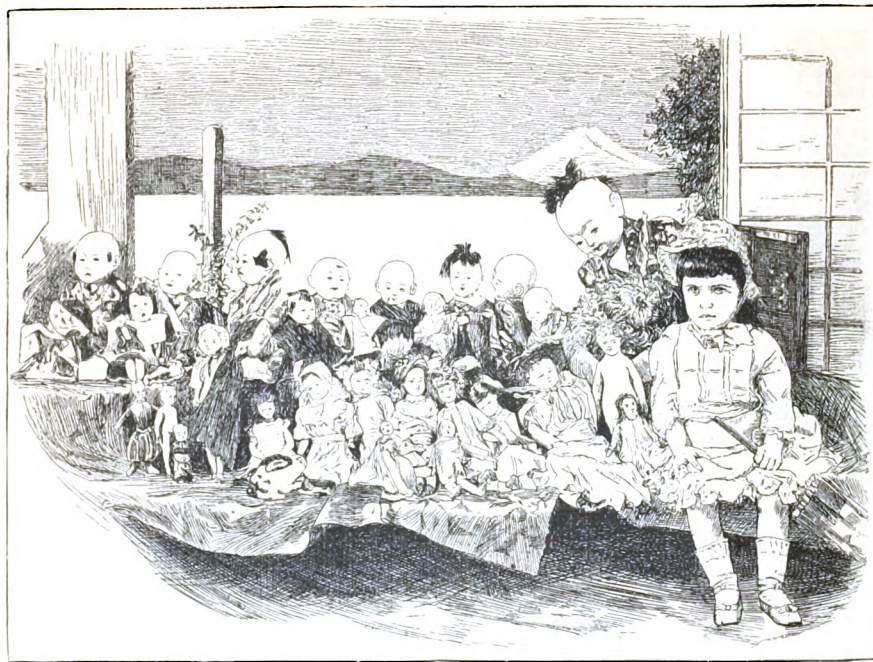


FIG. 2.

swim when playing and splashing about in the water and having a good time generally. Of the many devices that we boys got up for the purpose of having fun with in the water the bladder boat was the greatest success. The body of this curious-looking but very useful craft, the cost of which is very little and the construction very simple, consists of either two or three heavy planks cleated together on the under side. The number of planks used varies according to their width and the width determined upon for the boat. After the planks are fastened together, the boat is shaped as shown in the illustration, Fig. 1.

The deck is made perfectly smooth by planing it down. This is done to guard against getting splinters in the feet or hands. Both the upper and lower edges of the planks are smoothed off with sand-paper, so that in sliding from the boat into the water there will be no bruising or scraping of any part of the body.





OUR POST-OFFICE BOX. A DOLLS' KINDERGARTEN.

DO some of my wee tots go to Kindergarten? I hope so. I think every little child ought to go there first, and I think, too, that if all mammas would do as I have done—go themselves and watch the happy children at their pretty work and play, see them learning to use their eyes, ears, and fingers, and to move quickly and gracefully to music—they would feel just as I do about the matter. It is simply lovely to be a little pupil at a Kindergarten.

These dolls look contented, do they not? And Patty shall tell their story herself.

HONG-KONG, CHINA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You were very kind to print my first letter as soon as you got it. Mamma says you expect me to write again and answer your question; I know you do *myself*, because I saw the interrogation point. My brother is head and shoulders taller than Lily now. I am going to send you a picture of myself and my Kindergarten. This picture was taken in Yokohama about three and a half years ago; we lived there. Mamma says it is very good of the dolls, but poor of me, because my hair was braided in a pigtail and did not show; she says it was nearly down to my waist when I was three years old.

The big mountain is Fusi-yama. The largest boy is Kintaro; my grandmamma gave him to me Christmas, and he was as large as I. He is holding a woolly dog. The little one next is Suru, which means a stork, and next is Tomi; then Hana, a flower; then Kiku, which means chrysanthemum; the twins are Kaneko and Aye. There were thirty-three children, but I have forgotten some of them. I was dreadfully anxious about Fuku, the one near the end, because she had a fearful fall, and got a scar which she never outgrew. The children on the bench with me are all foreigners, of course. The first, with her toes out, is Miss Mehitabel; she was my brother Fritz's doll. I mean my dear little brother who went to heaven before I was born. He did not care much for dolls, mamma says; although he was only fifteen months old, he liked horses and drums and boats, like my other little brother. We have Miss Mehitabel now dressed up for a coachman. She has been a great traveller. First she was sent from England to Manila to my brother; then mamma took her to America and brought her back to Japan; then I took her to San Francisco and brought her back; then we brought her to Hong-Kong. The doll holding a rabbit is Florence Tokio, named after the steamer *City of Tokio*, because I got her one Christmas on that steamer. We did not get home to Japan till the day after Christmas, and papa had a tree all ready for me; that was when I was a baby, and Alfred was not born. One of the Japanese dolls came from the Exhibition in Tokio. In the Japanese language, exhibition is hakaranki. Crowds of Japanese used to look at us when we went there; I did not like it, so I said, "Baby not hakaranki," and they all laughed so much I was frightened. My mamma says she is afraid you will not be able to print such a very

long letter. I saw a picture of a little girl's dolls in *St. Nicholas*, a magazine for children which I take also, and I wish I could see my Kindergarten in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. PATTY.

With this beautiful letter of Patty's came one to the Postmistress from Patty's mamma. She will pardon a brief quotation:

I want to tell you how much we prize *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. It is a great delight to both my children, and is a great help to us in teaching them. I really do not know how we could give them any idea of the lives of American children without it. They have both been to America, but never have been in the country. They have a great many pleasures that children at home can not have, but they are denied many, many things that are delightful to young Americans.

Patty's letter will make many bright eyes sparkle with delight, and I hope she in turn will be pleased when she shall open this number of her favorite paper.

Another letter from Mrs. Richardson, children:

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

May I ask you all to read another letter from Woodside? I am afraid it will be dull, for all my letters are about the same thing, and Ole Bull himself could not have given a spirited tune with only one string on his instrument; still, I know you will not expect brilliant, gay, or charming letters from me when I have only one thing to tell you of—the little mission school that you all have built up here so far away from your own homes and friends. I need not apologize, for I am sure you care for the school and mission, and like now and then to read a letter about it. I wish so much, while the perfect weather lasts, that you could all come to Woodside and go with me to the little church.

We go there very often, for we have the lumber now, and the man is at work adding to its size, as an addition was greatly needed. We delight in seeing the new fresh pine lumber; it feels so smooth and smells so nice. Delightful to relate, the Bishop, in his annual visitation, is coming to our little church.

The Sunday-school goes on very well. They are not all we would like them to be, but improve enough to encourage us to go on.

The sewing classes are enthusiastic. They have come to sew, since the crops were "laid by," four afternoons in the week. We have cut the large scraps into large squares and bricks, then a size smaller, three-cornered, etc., etc., so that we have not wasted any of the precious calico. It is pleasant to hear them, when they get a piece they admire very much, wonder what kind of person had a dress of it. Sometimes they think it has been a bride's, then this has belonged to a pretty blue-eyed young lady, holding up a polka dot, and so on and on they talk, never getting tired of wondering. The little children get their thumbs on the right finger, but do not use them well yet. We have seven quilts done, and more on the way. We need seventeen to give one to each family as we hope to do.

There are several scholars who have not missed a Sunday this year. In August we had the great

pleasure of some delightful services from the clergyman who was our evangelist last year; he now lives in a distant city, but came to North Carolina for his holiday. The people were delighted to see him, but it seemed harder than ever to see him go away. They don't think the world holds his equal in anything.

There is another evangelist, but he is not strong, and has never yet found his way to the little Church of Our Saviour. I hope he will before I write to you at Christmas. Are you counting the Sundays to Christmas yet? Every one of the scholars here can tell you the number exactly.

I would like so to gather you all together around the church in the shade of the trees, have a lovely time together, and after all have a quiet solemn service. With our good, constant rector and our distant evangelist, we could all sing with one heart and one mind, and study together the best of all knowledge. We always sing "Jerusalem the Golden" at the end of the service; the congregation never will move until they have done so. We all love this hymn very dearly.

I hope you are all well and as happy as your efforts have made the poor people here. If I do not find time to write again, I hope you will think of this little isolated mission in your plans and preparations for Christmas. The weeks will fly away now, and Christmas will be here. Always gratefully and very truly your friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

For the information of new readers, let the Postmistress state that the little church at Woodside has been built largely by the gifts of the readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and that Mrs. Richardson, who began the mission work among the poor black and white people around her, carries it on with great self-denial simply for the love of Christ. Books, pictures, bits of calico, papers, and toys are valuable to Mrs. Richardson.

ORRISTON, OHIO.

As I have never written to you before, I thought I would do so now. I am a little boy eight years old, and am in the Fourth Reader at school. I have taken your paper a year and a half. My sister Maude took it for three years. In April, when my subscription was out, papa asked me if I did not want to change for the *Youth's Companion*. I told him I could not give up *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I can hardly wait for Wednesday to come, I am so anxious to get my paper. I have read "The Ice Queen" over two or three times. We live at a furnace, and are in the midst of very exciting times, owing to a strike among the miners. They have had two or three fights. The militia came yesterday to guard the property and protect the Italians working in the strikers' places. My pets are chickens, a dog called Dandy, and papa's horse Dan, who is very gentle. I ride him all about the grounds. I hope you will not think this letter too long to print. I want to surprise my papa.

LAWRENCE MCM.

I shall be glad to hear from Master Lawrence again.

LOCKPORT, NEW YORK.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for over two years, and the more I read it, the better I like it. Lockport, the place in which I live, is a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants, and is situated about twelve miles south of Lake Ontario. It derives its name from the fact that the canal is locked by ten locks at this place. I am fifteen years old, and a member of the Senior Department of the Union School. I do not go to school this term, but I expect to begin again in December. My studies last term were arithmetic, rhetoric, and book-keeping. Next term I expect to study Latin. I have taken music lessons, but I am not taking them now; I am going to begin again this fall. I love to read Mrs. Lillie's stories. I hope she will write another soon. I send you some puzzles. I must close now, or my letter will be too long; so with lots of love to the Postmistress, I will close my letter.

ADA M. F.

You succeeded so well in your puzzles that I shall put your name on the list of puzzle contributors, and expect to hear from you often.

BILLINGS, MONTANA.

The other day three of my cousins and myself went picnicking to the creek. We were sitting with our backs to the road, with umbrellas at our backs, when we heard some people talking, and one of my cousins jumped up to see what it was, and he said it was a whole lot of Indians. Then we all jumped up, and I had an umbrella up in my hand. And then the Indians got up close, and began to follow us around, and I ran at them and poked my umbrella in their horses' faces to make them buck; and one on a gray horse got afraid his horse would buck, and took out a scalping-knife and showed it to me. And I said I wouldn't touch them if they would go away. So they went down to our lunch and took it, and then they went away.

While we were going home we saw another Indian coming on horseback, and when he got up close I saw that he was far nicer than the others. Not long ago there was an Indian princess in our place, and she was very pretty. We have a horse and buggy, and we go for a drive every day, and we children have a pony that is quiet, and we can run under it; its name is Lorna Doone. There is a gypsy camp near the bluffs, and we can see them from our home. We are awfully glad when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE comes. TRUX M.

Well, Trix, you had an adventure, and lost your dinner besides. I think I should be a little bit afraid to join one of your picnic parties if they are often interrupted as yours was.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am staying here at my aunt Martha's for the summer. I should like to tell about what I did last Thursday. I, accompanied by my brother, mamma, and some friends, went in the cars to Siasconset, a little village not far from here. After reaching there we went to a friend's house, and sitting on the piazza, ate what lunch we carried. After we had eaten our lunch we went and hired a horse and wagon, and drove to a pond called Sesachacha. We found a man who took us out in a boat, and provided lines, and bait for our hooks, for we were going fishing. One of the ladies was "high hook," as catching the most fish is called here. I caught four, and it was the first time I ever went fishing. The catch of the others ranged from four to sixteen or seventeen. We drove back in time for the cars, and rode home, having had a very nice time. The fish we caught are called fresh-water perch, and we caught in all five dozen. We had fried fish for breakfast the next morning, and they were very nice. And now good-by. ALICE W. T.

LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I am one of your many readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think it is the dearest paper ever published. I am not a very great reader, but I like to read YOUNG PEOPLE. I have one sister, Kittie, four years older than myself; I have no brother. I used to live in Napa County, but my father bought a farm in Lake County, consisting of 160 acres. My sister and I have a good many pets. We have a saddle-horse; his name is Prince; he won't work in harness, but we can ride him. My sister and I each have a canary-bird; my bird's name is Danty; don't you think that is a pretty name for a bird? We have two dogs; they are both black and tan; one's name is Tip, and the other's Colie. I have been taking lessons about three years on the piano; I like music very much. I have been collecting advertising cards, and have 1600; I have one beautiful scrap-book full which my mother gave me for a Christmas present. Why don't Jimmy Brown write more stories? We are camping out under some white-oak-trees; when I lie in bed I can look up and see the stars. We live in a very healthy climate. Lake County is noted for its mineral waters, and hundreds of people come up here from the large cities for their health. My father's farm is only two miles from the celebrated Highland Springs; this summer there were 500 guests up there. We live seven miles from Lakeport, the county seat. There is a beautiful lake, eleven miles long and five miles wide, from which it takes its name. On this lake there are beautiful steamers, and many people go out sailing. A county fair will be held in September. I love you, dear Postmistress, because you put me in mind of a dear school-teacher I know. JENNIE F. E. (aged thirteen years).

I am very happy to remind you of one you admire.

WYOMING, OHIO.

I know how to sympathize with Betsy Bigsby, the boy who kept house for his father. Although I do not *have* to keep house, as we have no help, and as mamma is not very strong, I help her. I can get up as nice a dinner as any girl can. I can prepare coffee, tea, oatmeal, potatoes, eggplant, tomatoes, peas, beans, apples, corn, cabbage, meat, hash, eggs, corn-meal mush, and cornbread. The receipt for the latter I will give; it makes splendid bread. Take one cupful each of corn-meal, graham flour, and sour milk, one-third of a cupful of New Orleans molasses, half a teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt; mix well together and pour it into a buttered pail, and suspend in boiling water two hours and a half. It also makes nice dessert served with sweet sauce. I would like to have some girl or boy try it, and write to me how she or he succeeded. I am very fond of cooking, and I always read the receipts of the Little Housekeepers. The various dishes I have mentioned I can cook in several ways. A. W. F.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE now for about two months, and have become greatly interested in it. I particularly enjoy Our Post-office Box; some of the letters are so amusing. I write to know if you can tell me any way in which I can earn some money. I am fourteen years of age, and have always had a great desire to earn money with which to buy my own Christ-

mas presents. I always feel as if I were not giving my friends presents at Christmas if I go to papa for the money with which to buy them. You seem so lovely and kind to all your little correspondents, and I thought perhaps you could suggest something that I could make and sell to children. CARRIE F.

If you know how to make any of the pretty trimmings such as rick-rack or feather-edge, you can easily find ladies who will buy them for their children's clothing. Can you dress dolls nicely? Some little girls would be glad to find a doll's dressmaker. Perhaps your mother would be willing to pay you for relieving her regularly of some duty in the house. I think, however, that a daughter need not have any hesitation in considering the money given her by a dear father as her own, to spend as she pleases, just as really her own as money she earns.

NEW YORK CITY.

Please notify that boy who gave a description of the photographic outfit to also explain how the instrument is to be used. I made one, and I think it will work splendidly; but the trouble is, I don't know how to use it. I am very thankful for that boy's explanation, as it satisfied my greatest wish—if I only knew how to use it. Please don't forget the request.

Your constant reader, EDWARD F. J.

I am glad that you have been successful in making your "Photographic Outfit." If you will turn to YOUNG PEOPLE No. 135, Vol. III., you will find an article by Mr. Allan Forman, entitled "Photography and Work," which contains just the information you desire. There is also an article entitled "Fun and Pictures," by Mr. Charles Barnard, in No. 119, Vol. III., which may give you some valuable hints.

HAMBURG, IOWA.

I have been wanting to write for some time. I am a printer, and my father is editor of a paper here. I am fourteen years old. I have a few pets—a couple of canary-birds, two cats, and I had a couple of alligators that my father brought from New Orleans when he was down on the Iowa editorial excursion. I have travelled a good deal. We have a hill here which is about two hundred feet high, and we can ascend it and see into three States—Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. We can not see very far into Nebraska, because there is a large bluff on the other side of the Missouri River. This place has about three thousand inhabitants. It has a large implement factory, which is the first house north of us. I want some one to correspond with me. I wrote Carl Vance, but have not received an answer yet, although I hope to. I like to hunt, but have not much time to do that. WILLIAM T. HOLMER.

EAST OTTO, NEW YORK.

I inclose a subscription for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1884. I think it such a good paper I can't do without it. I am nine years old, and can read most of the stories myself. I think by another year I shall know how to read them all. My papa did not have to give me the money this year, as I earned it myself speaking at the New-Year's tree. My grandma gave it to me.

"Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education."

"I am sure I can't see at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two."

MORC. L. E.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I think I shall now begin to write my first letter to you. I have a little brother three years old, and a little sister eight, and I am nine years old myself. I was down at Sheephead Bay, which is opposite Coney Island, seven weeks. There is a bay right in front of the house, and we used to go bathing nearly every day. One day we went to Point Breeze on a picnic; we got some very beautiful shells there, and I brought them home with me. I learned to swim a little. My sister and I each received a paper doll on Christmas, and we have real fun making clothes for them. LILLIAN B.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would try another letter, as my other one was not published. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE nearly two years. I like "The Ice Queen" and "Left Behind" better than any other stories. I have been in the country all summer, and had a pleasant time. I had a lovely white rabbit, but it got out of the pen and ate the trees, so I had to give it away. I think I will stop now, as I am getting tired. Good-by. FRED M.

BRAINTREE, VERMONT.

I live away up among the mountains, and we have very good times—just as good as though we

lived in the city. We are now having our vacation, and my father is here to spend his vacation from Boston, and we are just enjoying ourselves finely. My sister wants to write you too. I have some pets in the way of two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw and a canary-bird, and he is a lovely singer; his name is Goldie.

THERESA R. H.

Little friends will please remember to write in ink, and not in pencil, to the Postmistress, who always frowns and looks quite vexed when she opens a pencilled letter.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

- 1.—I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is an article much used.
My 4, 5, 6, 7 is something fixed in the ground.
My 8, 9, 10, 11 is a vapor.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is a ringlet.
My whole is beloved by thousands of young people. EDNA E. PENNELL.
- 2.—I am composed of 10 letters, and am a city in the United States.
My 5, 6, 9, 10 is a nobleman.
My 7, 8, 2, 3 is an animal.
My 4, 2, 1 is a boy's name. CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

- 1.—1. A letter. 2. A bird. 3. A boy's name. 4. A kind of bat. 5. Juvenile. 6. To ask. 7. A letter.
- 2.—1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. A fruit. 4. A mineral substance. 5. Remiss. 6. An animal. 7. A letter. NAVAJO.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In aunt, not in cousin.
In mill, not in tower.
In ebb, not in flow.
In push, not in glide.
In lance, not in sword.
In attic, not in room.
In crown, not in hat.
In cricket, not in bat.
In hedge, not in rim.

The crowd makes way whenever I come;
It clears the track for my journey swift.
My errand is good; wherever I roam,
Distress I try to lift. TOM AMES.

No. 4.

TWO CHARADES.

- 1.—My first, when war's alarms are rung,
Veils tearful eyes and flees away.
No place for her have poets sung
In battle's dreadful day.
My second—ah! the soldier fought
With lifted lance and hope sublime.
Alas! his latest deeds are wrought,
And fades his name from lists of time.
My third, from many a gaping wound,
Its crimson flows and dyes the ground.
My whole, a fair and lovely flower,
By children's happy hands is found. BESSIE.
- 2.—My first took my second and chastised the naughty boy. My whole is something very beautiful. DICK DUNCAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 254.

No. 1.—Victoria. Adele.

No. 2.—
S T O N E
T U N E R
O N E G A
N E G U S
E R A S E

No. 3.—
L A T I N R O S I N
A B E T O V E N
T E N S E T
I T I N
N N

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mamie S. Brown, A. Munder, Charlie Davis, Myrtle Pardee, Hamilton E. Field, Jean B. G., Sadie Holmes, Eva M. Brophy, Celia Adams, Tiantia, Victoria N., Janie Pearson, Edwin Collier, Erskine Temple, Royal D. Cook, and Willie A. Hendrickson.

The answer to "The Sea-side Puzzle" on page 720 of No. 254 is,

"Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearyl shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day."

IT REALLY IS SO.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

HAVE you heard that the lobsters have names,
 And names very easy to tell?
 For its own each one carries, not marked on a card,
 But printed quite plain on its shell.
 I'll confess I myself never knew
 This fact till a short time ago,
 When a lobster I saw on a fisherman's stand,
 And its name, I assure you, was Joe;
 Oh, young people, it really was so;
 As sure as the rivulets flow,
 As sure as the roses in summer-time grow,
 The name of that lobster was Joe.

And if this queer truth for yourselves
 You ever are anxious to learn,
 Why, the very first chance that you get, on its back—
 Mind its nippers!—a big lobster turn;
 And close by its shortest brown legs,
 In letters of darkest brown ink,
 Its name you will find—maybe Tommy, or Jack,
 Or Sallie, or Molly, or Pink.
 Oh, young people, it really is so;
 As sure as the winter brings snow,
 As sure as a lobster I happened to know,
 And the name of that lobster was Joe.

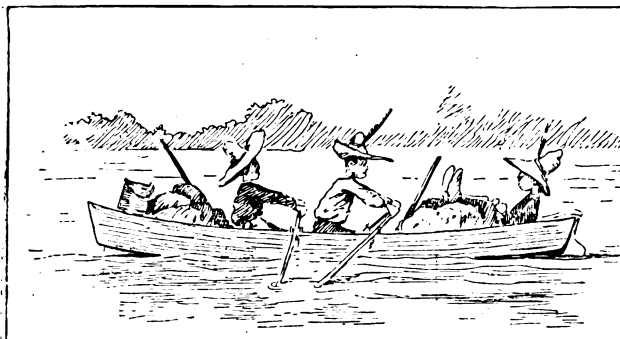
A PHOEBE-BIRD'S VICTORY.

SOME years ago a phoebe-bird had built her nest on a small projection under a piazza of an old farm-house, and occupied the place for several successive years unmolested. One spring a robin took possession of it before the arrival of the rightful owner, and would not give it up.

The quarrel between the birds was noticed by members of the family, but nothing more was thought about it until fall, when the peculiar shape of the nest attracted attention. Upon examination it proved to be a double nest, one built upon the other, and in the lower one was found the vandal robin dead. The phoebe-bird had built another nest, completely inclosing the robin, and reared her young upon the grave of her enemy.

TOUCH WOOD.

IN this form of the game of Touch an advantage is given to the players by their being permitted, when pursued by the enemy, to fly for refuge to any post, tree, or other *wooden* object in their way. While they are thus touching wood they can not be molested, and thus have certain harbors of refuge in which to recruit their scattered forces and take breath.



6 A.M.—THEY START OFF, INTENDING TO STAY A WEEK.



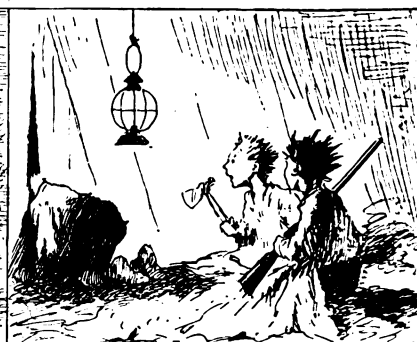
6 P.M.—"JOLLY, AIN'T IT?" "JUST SPLENDID! I GUESS THEY WON'T CATCH US COMING HOME FOR A MONTH."



9 P.M.—WHILE GETTING READY FOR BED, THEY HEAR SOME ONE AT THE BOAT.



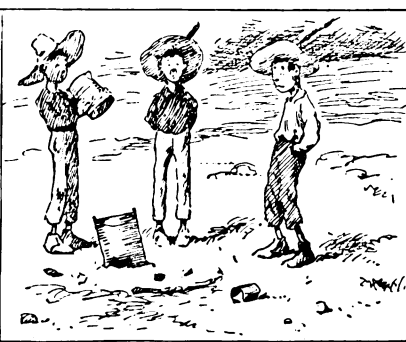
THEY GO DOWN, WELL ARMED, AND FIND NO ONE.



1 A.M.—THEY HEAR A BEAR AT THE PROVISIONS THAT THEY HAD FORGOTTEN TO COVER UP.



THE BEAR!!!



NEXT MORNING NOTHING TO EAT.



THEY RETURN HOME SADDER AND WISER.

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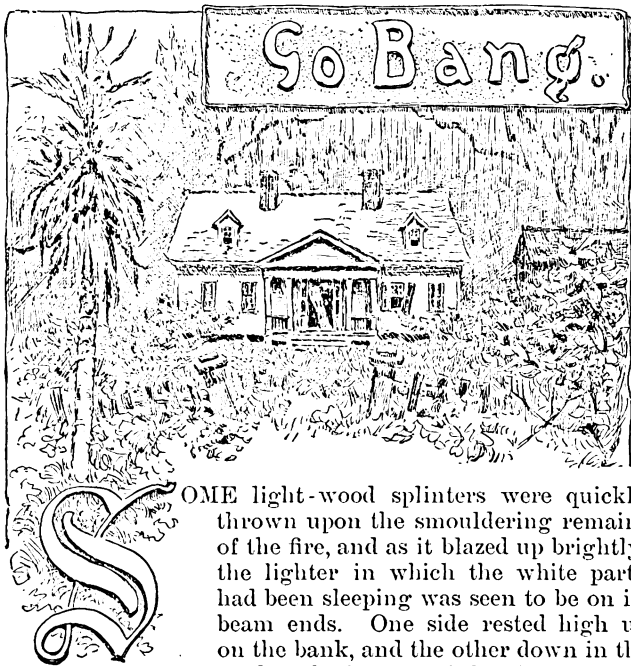
"I'VE GOT HIM," SHOUTED MARK."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 770.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVAL AT THE NEW HOME.



SOME light-wood splinters were quickly thrown upon the smouldering remains of the fire, and as it blazed up brightly, the lighter in which the white party had been sleeping was seen to be on its beam ends. One side rested high up on the bank, and the other down in the mud at the bottom of the river, just on the edge of the channel. Some little

distance down-stream a sorry-looking figure, which was hardly recognizable as that of Jan, was floundering through the mud and water toward the bank.

A glance showed that the canvas that had been spread like a tent over the after-part of the lighter had broken from its fastenings, and was now tossing and heaving in a most remarkable manner. From beneath it came the smothered cries of the Elmers, who had been suddenly awakened to find themselves mixed together in the most perplexing way, and entangled in their blankets and the loose folds of the canvas.

Captain Johnson seemed to be the only person who had his wits about him, and who was in a condition to render any assistance. As soon as he could pick himself up he made his way to the other end of the boat, and pulled the canvas from off the struggling family. First Mr. Elmer emerged from the confusion, then Mrs. Elmer and Ruth were helped out, and last of all poor Mark, who had been buried beneath the entire family, was dragged forth, nearly smothered and highly indignant.

"It's a mean trick, and I didn't think—" he began, as soon as he got his breath; but just then his eye fell upon the comical figure of Jan. He was walking toward the fire, dripping mud and water from every point, and Mark's wrath was turned into hearty laughter at the sight. In it he was joined by all the others as soon as they saw the cause of his mirth.

After the Elmers had been helped up the steep incline of the boat, and were comfortably fixed near the fire, Captain Johnson and Jan, who said he didn't mind mud now any more than an alligator would, took light-wood torches, and set out to discover what had happened. As Jan climbed down the bank into the mud, and held his torch beneath the boat, he saw in a moment the cause of the accident, and knew just how it had occurred.

As the tide ebbed, the lighter had been gradually lowered until it rested on the upright branches of an old water-

logged tree-top that was sunk in the mud at this place. The water falling lower and lower, the weight upon these branches became greater and greater, until they could support it no longer, and one side of the lighter went down with a crash, while the other rested against the bank. Jan, who had been sleeping on the upper side of the boat, was thrown out into the water when it fell, as some of the Elmers doubtless would have been had not their canvas shelter prevented such a catastrophe.

The rest of the night was spent around the fire, which was kept up to enable Jan to dry his clothes. By daylight the tide had risen so that the lighter again floated on an even keel. By sunrise a simple breakfast of bread and butter and coffee had been eaten, and our emigrants were once more afloat and moving slowly up the tropical-looking river.

About ten o'clock Captain Johnson pointed out a huge dead cypress-tree standing on the bank of the river some distance ahead, and told the Elmers that it marked one of the boundary lines of Wakulla. They gazed at it eagerly, as though expecting it to turn into something different from an ordinary cypress, and all felt more or less disappointed at not seeing any clearings or signs of human habitations. It was not until they were directly opposite the village that they saw its score or so of houses through the trees and undergrowth that fringed the bank.

As the Bangs place—to which the children gave the name of "Go Bang," a name that adhered to it ever afterward—was across the river from the village, the lighter was poled over to that side. There was no wharf, so she was made fast to a little grassy promontory that Captain Johnson said was once one of the abutments of a bridge. There was no bridge now, however, and already Mark saw that his canoe was likely to prove very useful.

The first thing to do after getting ashore, and seeing the precious canoe safely launched, was to find the house. As yet they had seen no trace of it, so heavy was the growth of trees everywhere, except at the abutment, which was built of stone, covered with earth and a thick sod. From here an old road led away from the river through the woods, along which Mr. and Mrs. Elmer and Captain Johnson now walked, Mark and Ruth having run on ahead. The elders had gone but a few steps when they heard a loud cry from Ruth, and hurried forward, fearing that the children were in trouble.

They met Ruth running back toward them screaming. "A snake! a snake! a horrid big snake!"

"I've got him," shouted Mark from behind some bushes, and, sure enough, there lay a black snake almost as long as Mark was tall, which he had just succeeded in killing with a stick.

Mrs. Elmer shuddered at the sight of the snake, though her husband assured her that it had been perfectly harmless even when alive.

Not far from where the snake had been killed they found a spring of water bubbling up, as clear as crystal, from a bed of white sand, but giving forth such a disagreeable odor that the children declared it was nasty. Mr. Elmer, however, regarded it with great satisfaction, and told them it was a sulphur spring, stronger than any he had ever seen, and that they would find it very valuable. They all drank some of the water out of magnolia-leaf cups; but the children made faces at the taste.

A path leading from the spring at right angles to the road from the river took them into a large clearing that had once been a cultivated field, and on the farther side of this field stood the house. As they approached it they saw that it was quite large, two stories in height, with dormer-windows in the roof, but that it bore many signs of age and long neglect. Some of the windows were broken, and others boarded up, while the front door hung disconsolately on one hinge.

The house stood in a grove of grand live-oaks, cedars,

and magnolias, and had evidently been surrounded by a beautiful garden, inclosed by a neat picket fence; but now the fence was broken down in many places. In the garden rose-bushes, myrtles, oleanders, and camellias grew with a rank and untrained luxuriance.

The front porch of the house was so rotten and broken that after forcing their way through the wild growth of the garden, the party had to cross it very carefully in order to enter the open door. The interior proved to be in a much better condition than they had dared to hope, judging from the outside appearance. It was filled with the close, musty odor common to deserted buildings, and they quickly threw wide open all the windows and doors that were not nailed up. On the first floor were four large rooms, each containing a fire-place and several closets, and upstairs were four more, lighted by the dormer-windows in the roof. A broad hall ran through the house from front to rear, opening upon a wide back porch, which was also much out of repair. Beneath this porch Mr. Elmer discovered a large brick cistern half full of dirty water, which he knew must be very foul, as the gutters along the roof were so rotten and broken that they could not have furnished a fresh supply in a long time.

Behind the main house, and surrounded by large fig-trees, they found another building, in a fair state of preservation, containing two large rooms, one of which had been the kitchen. In the huge fire-place of this kitchen they were surprised to see freshly burned sticks and a quantity of ashes, while about the floor were scattered feathers and bones, and in one corner was a pile of moss that looked as though it had been used for a bed. Beyond the kitchen were the ruins of several out-buildings that had fallen by reason of their age, or been blown down during a gale.

Having thus made a hasty exploration of their new home, the party returned to the landing, where their goods were being unloaded from the lighter by Jan and the crew. Leaving Mrs. Elmer and Ruth here, Mr. Elmer and Mark crossed the river to the village to see what they could procure in the way of teams and help.

Of the twenty houses in the village, many of which were in a most shabby condition, only two were occupied by white families, the rest of the population being colored. There were no stores or shops of any kind, the only building not used as a dwelling-house being a small church very much out of repair. The white men living in the village were away from home, but from among the colored people, who were much excited at the arrival of strangers, Mr. Elmer engaged two men and their wives to cross the river and go to work at once. He also engaged a man who owned a team of mules and a wagon, and who would go over as soon as the lighter was unloaded and could be used to ferry him across.

On its return to the other side, the canoe was followed by a skiff containing the newly engaged colored help, whose amazement at everything they saw, and especially at the canoe, was unbounded. One of the men expressed his wonder at the little craft by saying, "Dat ar trick's so light, I reckon it's gwine leab de water some fine day, an' fly in de yair, like a duck."

Mrs. Elmer provided the women with brooms, mops, and pails, and took them up to the house, where they proceeded to put the lower story in order for immediate occupation. Mr. Elmer armed the men with axes, and soon had them engaged in a struggle with the tangled growth in the front yard, through which they cut a broad path to the door. While they were doing this Mr. Elmer and Jan cut and placed in position some temporary supports under the rickety porches, and Mark was set to work at the windows. From these he knocked away all the boards, letting in floods of blessed sunlight, that drove from their snug retreats numbers of bats and several comical little owls.

One of the colored women—"Aunt Chloë Cato," as she

called herself, because she was Cato's wife—was sent into the kitchen to clean it, and to make a fire in the great fire-place. She could not explain the traces of recent occupation, but "'lowed 'twere de ghoses, kase dis yere ole Bangs place done bin hanted."

"Well, it 'll be 'hanted' now by the Elmer family," said Mark, who overheard her, "and they'll make it lively for any other 'ghoses' that come round."

"Don't ye, now, honey! don't ye go fo' to set up yo'se'f agin de ghoses, kase dey's powerful pernickety when dey's crassed," said the old woman, whom Mark, with his love for nicknames, had already called "Ole Clo."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT CLIVE DID.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"GIVE Clive his dinner and a donkey, and he'll be contented for all day."

This was what his father said when he and Mrs. Robbins were considering whether or not to accept an invitation to join a yachting party in a sail to Dieppe.

"We can come back by train, you know," added Mr. Robbins, "and be here in time for tea. And the boy will be much safer on shore. You see, it is much easier to fall overboard from a yacht than from the beach."

This last argument was a convincing one, and Clive's mother decided that it was best, after all, to leave him behind. They had been at the hotel two weeks now—it was the largest one in a pretty little town on the coast of France—so Clive had begun to feel quite at home there. Besides, was he not eight years old, or "going on nine," as he himself preferred to state it?

When the yachting party set off, early that bright summer morning, Clive stood quite still on the beach after he had said good-by, watching the white sails swell out as the breeze filled them, and noting the pretty mass of coloring made up of the parasols, dresses, and bonnets of the ladies on the deck. For at least ten minutes he stood there gazing silently; then, when he could no longer distinguish the purple feather that told him which his mother was, he turned and hurried off in the direction of a row of small cottages, or cabins rather, to get his donkey. You see, he had a particular one, that had been hired for him every clear day for the past week. Clive called it Frenchy, because the boy that owned it couldn't speak English.

Mr. Robbins had arranged in advance for the donkey's services on this occasion, and all the morning the young American and Frenchy were companions. Not that Clive was hard-hearted enough to ride the poor little beast unceasingly. No, indeed, for after taking a brisk run up and down the beach, he would slip down from the shaggy back, and amuse himself by throwing up with his hands tiny barricades of wet sand. And while waiting for a big wave to roll in and sweep them away, Clive would feast his eyes on his beloved donkey, which stood patiently beside him, and meekly sniffed the salty breeze. Then would follow another canter, and again a rest to dig and gaze.

At one o'clock came an interruption in the shape of dinner for "boy and beast," but all the afternoon the two were together, and I am inclined to believe that if it had not been for the fact that night was to bring his father and mother home again, Clive would have wished to delay the sun an hour in its journey down the western heavens, if such a thing were possible.

At six o'clock he rode Frenchy back to his stall beside the cabin, and then walked over to the station to meet the train. The ugly engine and the queer cars, so different from those in America, came in on time, and dropped quite a small throng of passengers. Clive kept his bright blue eyes roving rapidly from one face to another, but the two he was watching for did not seem to be among them.



"CLIVE SPRANG ON FRENCHY'S BACK AND GALLOPED OFF."

Still he waited. The baggage was taken away, the stages drove off, and presently there was nobody left on the platform but himself.

"Perhaps I missed them and they're over at the hotel," he thought all at once, and off he started on a run.

But the rooms were still empty; nor was the purple feather to be seen anywhere about the piazzas or in the parlors. It was already past the time for supper, and Clive went in to take his place at the table with a very grave face.

"Papa said they would be back on that train," he was reflecting, "and they always come when they say they will; so—so I'm sure that the boat has sunk and they are all drowned."

He did not make any outcry, but if he had been in America he might have confided his fears to somebody in the hotel, and asked for an opinion on the subject. But here everybody spoke French. As it was, he reasoned thus for himself: "Papa and mamma went out on the ocean in a boat almost ten times smaller than the steamer we came over to Liverpool in; they haven't come back; and I know they wouldn't leave me alone all night if they could help it, and they can't help it, because something dreadful's happened."

He scarcely tasted his supper, and in about ten minutes went up to his room and to bed. I shall not tell whether he cried or not, but before he fell asleep he made up his mind to do the thing this story is to describe, which was this: he would buy Frenchy, and hire him out for other children to ride.

You see, if he was to have no father and mother to take care of him any more, it would be necessary for him to do something besides grieve over the fact. Here he was, away off in Europe, with no grandmother or aunt to go and visit, and so he must not only support himself, but try and lay up money enough to pay his passage back to New York, and as a means of doing this the donkey business was the first to suggest itself to him. To be sure, he had not a centime of capital to start with—his father had promised to give him a franc, when he came back, for staying at home "like a good boy"—but Clive thought he knew of a way out of this difficulty.

He had more than once noticed the longing glances which Pierre, the donkey boy, had cast toward the sil-

ver watch chain that hung from the pocket of his jacket, and he had resolved to offer him both watch and chain in exchange for the donkey.

"I wonder if he'll understand what I want him to do," thought Clive. "I'll have to make signs."

He started for the cabin immediately after breakfast, and found Pierre just leading Frenchy out from his stall. Clive caught him by the sleeve, and proceeded to go through with the following pantomime. He first took out his empty purse and shook his head; then putting an arm around the donkey's neck, he pulled out his watch with the other hand, and held it toward the French boy. Pierre seemed to comprehend at once, and fairly grabbed at the watch in his eagerness to possess himself

of it. Clive was equally delighted, and was about to hurry off with his purchase, when a new idea in connection with his scheme struck him.

Turning back, he began another series of sign-making, and soon had the pleasure of beholding a broad grin of satisfaction spread itself over the brown face of the young Frenchman. He hitched the donkey to the fence, and then beckoned Clive to follow him into the cabin.

Ten minutes later they both came out again, but in a transformed condition, for Clive's neat little knickerbocker suit was stretched as tight as a drum-head in order that it might cover the taller and broader form of the French boy, while the latter's blouse shirt and loose trouser costume hung on Clive in much the same fashion as if he had been a peg in a closet.

"But if I'm to be a donkey boy at all," he had determined, "I want to be a regular one."

Now, leaving Pierre to stand and gaze down with no little pride at the snug fit of the knee-breeches to his stockingless legs, Clive sprang on Frenchy's back, and galloped off to the beach in search of a customer. But first he rode down to the very edge of the surf, and remained there a little while looking earnestly out to sea, with a last lingering hope that the yacht might come sailing in. He saw nothing, however, but the white breakers, the blue water beyond, and some screaming gulls flying in a circle.

So he presently slipped down from his donkey, and led him along by the bridle toward a group of ladies and children who were sitting on the sand a short distance away. As he had expected, the children all pointed to Frenchy, and set up a clamoring for a ride.

"Now if I'd had my own clothes on," reflected Clive, "they might have thought I'd hired it to ride myself."

He came to a halt beside the group, and when he judged by the tone of voice that one of the ladies was asking him a question, he mumbled the words, "*Franc, madame.*" That was all the French he dared trust himself to speak, and as soon as he had said it he remembered that a franc was rather a high price to ask for a ride. But the lady did not seem to think so; she only looked down in Clive's face for an instant, then lifted one of her little girls on to the donkey's back.

"I'll give her a good long one," Clive resolved, and

started off at a dog-trot with a hand on Frenchy's bridle. The other children kept up with them for a little time, but soon grew tired, and returned to their digging in the sand.

Farther and farther away from their starting-point on the beach the new donkey boy held his course, till the whistle of the locomotive warned him that he was nearing the railroad track. The little girl bent forward to cling around Frenchy's neck, in evident terror. Clive turned his head and tried to tell her by a smile that the train had gone, when he suddenly caught a glimpse of something that caused him to drop the bridle and dart away like the wind.

The "something" was a purple feather, and Clive forgot little girl, donkey, and all in his eagerness to put his arms about the mother he had feared he should never see again. For the purple feather *was* in her bonnet, and she and his father had just come in on the train. At first, however, neither of them, it must be confessed, recognized the blouse-shirted little boy who came so swiftly walking up to them.

Then, when they saw it was their own Clive, nobody thought to speak of the strange dress till after it had been explained, as they all three walked over to the hotel together, how the yacht had been caught in a ten-hour calm, which had made it impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Robbins to keep their promise.

"But what are you doing in these clothes, Clive, and where ever did you get them?" asked his mother when they had reached their rooms.

Then the boy began to tell *his* story, but suddenly broke off in the middle of it to rush out into the hall, down the stairs, and out on the beach like a frightened hare. And Clive *was* frightened, if he wasn't a hare, for there he beheld the French mamma, running frantically up and

down the sands, wringing her hands, and crying, "Marie! Marie!" at every other step. The other ladies and children were scattered over the beach doing the same thing, and the donkey was nowhere to be seen.

For one instant Clive stood still with an awful fear thumping at his heart; then, with trembling haste, he beckoned the excited mother to follow him, and set off on a run for Pierre's cabin.

Yes, there stood Frenchy, with the little girl still clinging to his neck, evidently afraid to get off without help. Mr. Robbins, who had lost no time in following his son, now appeared, and having lifted the frightened child to the ground, turned to Clive for an explanation.

When this had been given, the French lady was informed that no charge would be made for her daughter's ride, and the two departed smiling.

Then Pierre came up, strutting along as proud as a peacock in his tight knickerbockers; but as the result of a conversation with Mr. Robbins, he changed his clothes for the second time that morning. And when Clive walked back to the hotel with his father, the donkey was left behind, and the watch chain once more dangled from the pocket of his jacket.

CHARLES LINNÆUS.

BY MRS. C. D. ROBINSON.

HAD you happened to be travelling about a hundred years ago in the then far-off country of Sweden, you might have seen, perhaps, a certain gigantic old lindentree standing upon a little farm within the village of Råshult. This tree is famous for having given a name to the family who dwelt for many generations beneath its



LINNÆUS FALLEN ASLEEP OVER HIS WORK.

shade, and this family for giving to the world the greatest naturalist of the eighteenth century—Charles Linnæus.

He was born May 23, 1707. His father, Nils Linnæus, was the Lutheran pastor of Råshult. In the joy of his heart at having a son born to him, the good pastor dedicated his child to the service of God, and early began the training necessary to make a minister of him. This disposal of his future, however, gave the poor boy much trouble in his school-days.

When Charles was two years old he was made to learn the Swedish alphabet. Soon after he began the Latin grammar. Before he was ten he had been taught something of geology and theology, and I dare not say how much besides; but he liked roaming about the fields and woods, poking among leaves and flowers, or even working in the garden, a great deal better than learning lessons out of books. At last, in despair at the boy's idleness, his father determined to send him away to school.

The next seven years of his life, therefore, were spent at the famous Latin school of Wexiö. As schools go, this was not a disagreeable one; still Charles's preference for vegetable roots over Latin ones pursued him even here. His heart never was in the work given him to do. His exercises were generally bad. All proper knowledge seemed "to trickle through his head like water through a sieve." Instead of attending to his lessons, he was forever strewing the floor and walls of his simple room with fresh tree branches, or bits of some wonderful creeper he had just discovered. He was the butt and laughing-stock of his comrades, who nicknamed him "the little botanist." When the time came for his examination for admittance to a higher school, the effect of his idleness was of course but too apparent. He failed utterly. His disappointed father was advised to apprentice him to a tailor or shoemaker; but fortunately a learned man, Dr. Rothman, became acquainted with the lad, and found that he was a boy of great promise. He comforted the poor pastor by telling him that Charles would become a famous naturalist in time; and more than this, he begged to be allowed to take the youth into his own family, promising to teach him his own branch of science, medicine.

This was the beginning of the boy's upward career. From the time he was taken under Dr. Rothman's protection he went steadily on to fortune and fame, although encountering many drawbacks by the way. He won honors for himself at the University of Lund. At twenty-one he was able to enter the higher one of Upsala.

Here he was very poor—so poor that he was forced to mend and wear the cast-off shoes of his fellow-students, as well as to accept their help in a thousand other ways. But again in his greatest need he found a friend, this time in a certain learned professor of theology and Oriental languages—one Olaus Celsius—who henceforth made himself the teacher, father, and almoner of the struggling youth. To the last day of his life Linnæus never forgot his debt of gratitude to this great benefactor.

So he passed on from one honor to another. He spent many years in travel. He went to Lapland in order to describe the plants of that northern climate. For three years he studied and taught in Holland, at the same time collecting material for his many valuable works.

These works appeared with great rapidity, and made known the name and fame of Linnæus to the entire world. Having graduated as a physician, he received an appointment in the Swedish navy. At thirty-four he was offered the chair of Botanical Professor at his old University of Upsala. Here he was in his true element, and gave such zest to the studies of botany and zoology that students flocked to him from Denmark and Holland, from England, Germany, and Russia. These students he after a time organized into scientific parties. They travelled to the farthest corners of the earth in search of new plants and strange animals, scarcely sparing their lives even to ob-

tain knowledge of the habits of each. Do you wonder that this remarkable man felt proud and happy at his success in life after all?

That he did so was proved by a curious bit of writing found in his journal after his death. This is a part of it:

"Linnæus's Happiness, Reward, and Fame. God has given him the wife he most desired, who takes all household care from him, leaving him to study. God has granted him the greatest herbarium in the world, his joy. God has honored him with a title, with a star, and an escutcheon, and with a home in the world of letters."

Linnæus died in January of 1778, aged seventy years and seven months. His wife was Sara Eliza More, a Swedish lady, for whom he patiently waited five long years before her father would consent to their marriage. He left four daughters and two sons. The elder of the sons followed in the father's footsteps, and achieved some good work as a naturalist. His daughter Elizabeth also distinguished herself by her works upon botany.

Shortly after the naturalist's death, his whole collection of books and manuscripts, together with his richly stocked museum, was sold to an English gentleman, Dr. Smith, for a thousand guineas. This precious collection he subsequently bequeathed to the "Linnaean Society" of London, of which he had been president.

Studying the character of this great naturalist, we find that he had many noble qualities. He ever had a deep sense of religion and of God's mercy to himself. He was faithful to his friends, always showed the tenderest love for his family, was compassionate to the poor, moderate in his desires, and disposed to thrift. In all his habits he was regular and orderly. Moreover, he possessed a working energy that, once roused, seemed truly remarkable.

Linnæus had the power of making himself greatly beloved by his friends, and was known among them as their "North Star." They buried him in the Cathedral at Upsala, and heaped every possible honor upon his memory. The King himself wrote a funeral oration, which he caused to be publicly read.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "RAISING THE 'PEARL,'" "LEFT BEHIND," ETC.

"I'VE got to go up to Deacon Tommy's to get some yarn for mother, Mrs. Richards, an' she told me I might come over here an' ask if you'd let Charley go with me."

"Going for yarn, are you? But why does your mother send up there for it when she can get some beautiful double and twisted at Jim Haley's store?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But she told me that I'd got to go up to Deacon Tommy's for it; an' can Charley go, for it's awful dark, an' I'd a good deal rather have somebody with me."

"You tell your mother what I said about Haley's yarn; an' I'm ashamed of you, Billy Clark, for being such a coward as not to dare to be alone in the dark."

"But I ain't afraid of the dark, Mrs. Richards, only I don't kinder like to go over the 'Ridges' alone. Can't Charley go?"

"Yes, if you'll go there an' right back without stoppin' by the way, for I want Charley home early."

Neither of the boys would have confessed that he was any more afraid in the night than he was in the day time, and when they were together they were as brave as possible. But had either one of them been obliged to go alone over the "Ridges"—a waste strip of land half a mile wide—to Deacon Johnston's house, he would have confessed to himself, if to no one else, that he was afraid. No person in Monroe could say that he had ever known of any one who had been injured in any way

on the "Ridges," and yet every one spoke of it as "a poky kind of a place, especially in the night."

In common with the other boys of the town, Bill and Charley looked with wholesome awe upon this piece of waste land; and to be thus obliged to cross it, and together, was quite an exciting adventure.

When, therefore, they arrived at Deacon Tommy's house without having seen or heard anything which could be magnified into even the semblance of an adventure, they were sadly disappointed, and began to consider the "Ridges" as a place that enjoyed a reputation it did not deserve.

The yarn was procured after a short delay, and as they started to return home, Billy said, boldly:

"There ain't nothin' more about the 'Ridges' than there is about any other part of the village. If I'd known this was all there was to 'em in the night, I wouldn't 'a stopped to come over after you."

"I never did think they 'mounted to much. You see, there are so many fellers that are afraid of everything, that they've got up all the stories about its being so bad here at night."

"That's all there is to—"

Billy did not finish the sentence. He stopped, grasped Charley by the arm, and stood in a listening attitude, frightening his companion more by his silence than he could have done by words.

"What is it?" whispered Charley, and his voice trembled quite as much as Billy's hands did.

"I don't know; but I heard somebody walking along close 'side of us. There, don't you hear that?"

There was no mistake about the sound which they heard then. Some person or some animal was stealing cautiously along, as if trying to make as little noise as possible, and but a few feet away.

"What 'll we do?" asked Charley, in the lowest of low whispers.

"Scoot for home jest as quick as we can."

"But if we run they'll chase us, an' jest as likely as not they'd kill us before we could take ten steps."

The suggestion appeared to deepen the horror of the situation, and it seemed as if the very hair on their heads was rising, as they stood there undecided as to how they should act.

For nearly a minute not a sound was heard, and then Charley, with a nervous clutch of his friend's arm, motioned him to look around.

That which he saw was by no means calculated to allay his fears. Two small fiery objects, evidently the eyes of some ferocious animal, glared at them from out of the darkness a short distance away, and it was not difficult for them to believe that the beast was about to spring upon them.

Billy did not trust himself to speak, lest at the sound of his voice the animal should make the threatened leap, but grasping Charley's hand, he started at a rapid walk in the direction of home.

Never before had the boys realized how slowly they got over the ground, even when they were walking at full speed. It seemed to them that they barely moved, and as they glanced nervously and fearfully behind them, the fiery eyes were no further away.

"Shall we run?" whispered Charley.

"No. It would jump right on us if we did."

"What is it?"

"It must be a tiger or a terrible big bear."

The stealthiness with which the animal followed them, and the way in which it remained always at the same distance in the rear, made the situation all the more horrible. Even if it had been possible for them to alarm the village by their cries, they could hardly have spoken loud enough to have been heard fifty feet away, they were so frightened.

"When we get to Winn Curtis's house, run right into the yard an' holler," whispered Billy; and they continued the walk which it seemed would never end.

Now and then they could hear the soft footsteps of the animal among the dry leaves, but there was no other sign of life from it, save the glowing eyes, which seemed to increase in size each moment.

The relief they felt when they saw the lights in the first house beyond the "Ridges" may be imagined, and in five minutes more they were dashing at full speed up the yard of Winn Curtis's house, still closely pursued by the animal.

The sight of the house had given them courage enough to call out, and they made such a din that Mrs. Curtis was speedily at the door, holding a lamp high above her head to enable her to see the cause of such a commotion.

"Look out! it 'll jump right at you!" cried Charley, as he rushed into the house, at great danger of throwing Mrs. Curtis down, and Billy was about to follow his example, when the animal walked past him.

"Why, where did you find Elsie Maria?" asked the lady of the house, as she bent down to stroke her favorite cat, that had been away from home two days.

"Oh!" replied Billy. Then, after a pause, he added, sheepishly, "We brought her down from Deacon Tommy's;" and then the two boys walked quickly away, leaving Mrs. Curtis in a profound state of wonderment as to why those boys should have made such a fuss simply because they had found her Elsie Maria.

THE FISHER-BOY.

BY MARY A. BARR.

I AM the fisherman's eldest boy—
Winds and waves, you may shout for me!
I never would follow the drum's loud beat,
I could not live in the crowded street,
I envy no boy in the hay field sweet;
My home is down by the open sea:
Winds and waves, you may shout for me.

Under the midnight moon and stars
The winds and waves call out for me.
Oh, what a happy crew are we
When we sail away to the open sea,
Where the cod and haddock and herring be,
And we fling our nets out wide and free,
While the winds and waves chime merrily!

I follow no plough, I sow no corn—
The winds and waves do all for me;
I build no barn my harvest to keep,
For my store-house is the mighty deep;
And whether I wake or whether I sleep,
The fish come into the landward sea,
And the winds and waves call out for me.

The city is busy and rich and gay;
The winds and waves are enough for me.
I'd rather lie dreaming upon the wave,
Or face the storm when the wild winds rave,
Than buy and sell and spend and save.
It is better to cast my line, and be
A fisher-boy on the open sea.

Oh yes, I have been in the summer woods,
And the winds and waves kept calling me.
I could not breathe in their still, warm shade;
I felt that a spell was on me laid.
I thought of my boat where the surges swayed,
And was sick and sad, till I saw once more
The tossing sea and the sandy shore.

Some day a master fisher I'll be;
Then winds and waves you may shout for me.
By a breezy bay I will build my cot;
I'll ask little Fanny to share my lot;
Good, if she's willing—good, if she's not;
It is pleasure enough with my nets to be
Where the winds and waves can shout for me.

Come, boys, from city and camp and farm,
And hear how the winds and waves can shout.
Come out in my boat when the moon is bright,
Come out when the morn is fresh and light,
Come out with the winds and waves to fight,
And you will say that "the open sea
Is the only place for a boy to be."



"A BUSY DAY."

THE DOG-SHEARER.

THE business of relieving Doggie of his long coat, and clipping him in accordance with the rules of fashion, is not by any means a simple one. Only those who have had practice can do it artistically. Thus it is that in all large cities there are dog-fanciers who attend specially to this work, and any lady or gentleman who has a pet dog can take Ponto, or Gyp, or Dandy where his appearance can be altered, and his toilet made in accordance with the latest caprice of *la mode*.

It is a busy day with the people in our picture—so many candidates, and only one instructed pair of hands to do the work. They must wait their turn. The clipping done, however, an assistant can be trusted to give them their bath, after which they will be delivered to master or mistress, fashionable dogs, clipped, curled, bathed and scented, cultivated and accomplished inhabitants of the fashionable dog world.

But aside from Doggie's toilet, which is a matter of taste, and not important to his welfare, the little folk who have dog pets should be careful how they treat them, especially those which are confined in the house, and thus deprived of the free, unconstrained life which is natural to all animals.

Small house dogs should have a kennel to sleep in, and instead of straw, a piece of carpet or matting, provided it be kept free of insects, etc. They should not be allowed to lie before the fire, for directly they go out they take a chill and catch cold. It is well to teach them to lie beneath the table, or in some special corner of the room, which will keep them out of the way, especially at meal-times, when there is the temptation to feed them, and so destroy their appetite for their regular meal.

It is the best plan to feed one's dog one's self. This not only insures its being properly done but also greatly endears him to his master, as dogs always think very highly of the one who feeds them, and readily obey him.

The number of meals a day depends upon the age of the dog. If over a year, one good solid meal is sufficient, given either in the evening or at noon. For puppies, however, under three months, four times a day is not too often; over three months, three times is quite often enough, and after six months, twice a day. It is best to give as much as will be eaten each time, though the appetite must not be forced.

A great authority on dogs says that a pup requires one-twelfth of its weight of food per day on an average. Be careful not to feed him immediately before exercise, as it impedes digestion. Another point with regard to diet is variety. This is needed by dogs quite as much as by human beings. The following foods serve as an excellent change: Oatmeal porridge, soaked biscuits or stale bread,

boiled potatoes and other vegetables, rice, barley, and gravy. Raw meat is best avoided. Plenty of bones may be given, as they help the teeth and strengthen the jaw.

Always provide your dog with sufficient clean water, and see that he can not upset it. This is particularly important during hot weather. Plenty of exercise is necessary to the proper growth of a puppy, and is often the means of checking distemper and other ailments to which it is subject. Running behind a carriage or bicycle is capital exercise if kept within moderation. In hot weather, however, this is too severe.

Most dogs take pretty readily to the water. If, however, your dog raises an objection, give him a few lessons. Select, therefore, a hot summer's day, when the water is warm and refreshing, and if possible have with you another dog fond of the water, which will encourage the learner. A pond is preferable to the sea, as the dog may be afraid of the waves. A good deal of coaxing may be necessary to get him to go in, but on no account throw him in: this is the very thing to be avoided. A dog's head should never go under the water. A dog should have a good run after a bath.

In order to keep his coat glossy, it is a good plan to brush it regularly every day.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A PHANTOM OF FEAR.

BY MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

I.

HENRY VAN BENTHUYSEN sat in his room, with the twenty-dollar gold prize before him, musing on the events of the day. He had beaten his best friend, Theodore Maynard, in a competitive examination that morning in school, and the sad face of Theodore's father, who had risen from among the board of visitors and left the school-room, casting an angry glance at Mr. Pomeroy, the teacher, still haunted him.

How gladly would Henry have had Theodore win! The prize was nothing to him. To Theodore it meant everything, for an appointment to West Point hung on this day's success.

Mr. Pomeroy had read for the morning's lesson the Commandments, and had dwelt on that forcible one, "Thou shalt not kill." He had made a little sermon on the vice of anger—how it led to every crime, even murder; and Theodore, hoping for victory in his coming examination, had listened with half an ear, wondering what he was talking about. It seemed to him so idle to think of anything but that prize which Theodore felt sure to win. He was a good scholar, had worked hard, and he saw himself in fancy in a gray jacket, standing so straight that his back was almost semicircular, bending inward, a cadet at West Point. If only old Pomeroy should not be partial! The boys thought he did err in that way toward Henry Van Benthuyesen. But the shocking moment of disappointment and failure came, and Theodore had blushed, sickened, turned pale, and left the room. Out on the campus all the boys joined Theodore, and the indignation was universal. "Old Pomeroy's" injustice received all or more than the condemnation it deserved.

Theodore and Henry, the two rivals and best scholars, roomed together at the end of the college building. It was nine o'clock in the evening before Theodore, his heart full of rage and envy, reached the room where his cot stood against one side of the wall. He hoped Henry would not be there; that he might go to bed without speaking to him.

But Henry was sitting there, as we have seen. He was a pale, delicate boy, and as he rose his figure swayed to and fro. The twenty-dollar gold piece lay on the table before him.

"Theodore," said he, "don't feel angry with me; but will you accept this money? Believe me I do not need it, and nobody can feel worse than I do that I took the prize away from you. God knows I wish you had taken it!"

"So, Mr. Hypocrite, you are going to do the canting generous, are you?" said Theodore, wild with passion—"you and our precious master, hey? And you want to insult my poverty, do you? Take that—and that—and that."

And throwing the money at his face, Theodore gave Henry two dreadful blows, which threw him flat on the floor. He stood over him expecting him to rise, as most boys would have risen, to return the compliment. But Henry did not rise. He lay there with a strange purple tint on his face, and a froth gathering round his lips.

Theodore looked at him a long time. And then came back the morning text: he knew its meaning now.

II.

He never could remember why he took off his school uniform, and how he happened to put on an old suit which he had brought to the school a year before. He only had one idea—*flight*—to run away from that disappointed father whose vexed face, as he heard that his boy had *not* won the prize, was ever present to him, and from that dreadful thing on the floor.

To clamber down the outside from his window was no difficult thing to him, and to run a half-mile across the fields to catch a train was not impossible. He did the best

thing to baffle pursuit; he struck for a large city, from which he could go, he knew not whither, to lose himself, to be lost; that was all he cared for.

When he reached New York, which he did in a few hours, he saw in the depot an emigrant train which was going South, and with the cunning which seems born of guilt he joined this company, and was borne away with a lot of Norwegians and Swedes who were going South to cultivate orange groves for a gentleman who had bought large tracts of land in Florida.

The men about him spoke but little English and the man next to him had lost his ticket. This gave Theodore an idea. He would pretend to speak no English and to have lost his ticket. The conductor grumbled, but accepted the apology, particularly as the agent came along; and not having noticed his cargo, man by man, explained that they were always committing blunders, but that he would make it all right later.

Thus, in five hours from the time he left his school, Theodore, with his guilt thick upon him, was being carried in a dirty, comfortless emigrant car, off he knew not where, with a set of laboring men who could not speak a word of his own language.

III.

Great was the consternation at Mr. Pomeroy's school the next morning. Henry, who was not dead, but had fallen in a fit (a disease to which he was liable, and of which fact Mr. Pomeroy was alone aware), had regained his consciousness at a late hour of the night to find the fresh air blowing in from an open window. As he slowly recalled the facts of the quarrel, he looked around for his chum. Where was he? There lay his school clothes and his watch, but Theodore was gone.

Henry looked out of the window. The silence told him nothing, and his malady still causing him to feel weak and faint, he crept to bed. Mr. Pomeroy, who of course had intended to do right in the matter, determined to take no notice of Theodore's escapade, and presuming that it was a mere boyish freak, did not send word to Mr. Maynard for two days.

Then he began to be frightened, and allowed the father to know that Theodore had disappeared. No one knew, of course, what Theodore was running away from; no one knew of the phantom of fear which pursued him. Mr. Maynard advertised, alarmed the police, put out placards, and spent money in vain. Nothing could be found out, nothing heard of the lost boy. The earth seemed to have swallowed him.

From a dislike to speak of his malady, Henry had not told Mr. Pomeroy of the events of the night. But as Theodore's absence became prolonged, he did tell him of it, and a light burst in upon the teacher's mind.

"Henry," said he, "he thought he had murdered you."

This dreadful thought pursued Henry until it undermined his already failing health, and he became so ill that he was obliged to leave school.

IV.

"I think, my dear madame," said spruce Dr. Johnston to Mrs. Van Benthuyesen, as he felt of Henry's pulse and sounded his thin chest—"I think we shall have to send this boy South. Let him go to the Sandford House in Florida, at the end of the St. John's River, or go to the picturesque old town of St. Augustine, where you perhaps will see a tame gazelle wander into the old Catholic cathedral. St. Augustine is a quaint Southern Newport, my dear madame, and very charming, but a little too much sea-breeze there perhaps for this boy. Yes, go to Sandford, Henry."

In a few days Henry was floating on that picturesque St. John's River, which is alternately a lake and again a narrow river, with tangled trees and vines, flowers and

moccasin snakes, hanging over the steamboat deck. The warm air, so calm, so serene, wrapped the invalid as in a warm bath.

They found the Sandford House very pleasant, and Enterprise Bay, which lay stretching out before it, beautiful. Never was there such reach of serene water. Oranges and orange blossoms seemed to fill the air; and the Swedish settlement at the orange grove struck them all as being very picturesque.

There was rather a dearth of amusement, however, and the boating having been exhausted, Henry thought he would go down and see the Swedes, and perhaps study the language if it was not too hard.

The head man had learned a little English, and was a very intelligent and agreeable companion. He took Henry to his house and introduced him to his wife, who was sighing for her Northern home.

"She has had the fever," said the Swede, apologizing for her paleness.

The pretty chubby children came in in their Swedish caps, and held up to their mother the golden oranges of which their aprons were full.

"Hush, Christine! you will make Thomassen's head ache," said the mother, pointing to an inner door.

"One of our men down with the fever," said the Swede, in an explanatory way.

"Not one of our men," said his wife, correcting him.

"No," said Petersen, the Swede; "a boy who worked well, though, worked day and night, and whom we like and pity. He joined us at New York a year ago—a runaway, we think. He had done some bad thing, some crime, perhaps. He has not eaten or slept like a well man yet, and now he lies very sick with the fever in there. We don't know his name. He called himself Thomassen to us, but he never answers quick to that name, so we know that it is not his."

"Poor fellow," said Henry, "I pity him. I know what it is to not sleep well and to have a mind full of care. Has he every comfort—a doctor—all he needs?"

"As well as we can do. The boss is very kind. We have a doctor and medicine," said the Swede.

Henry put his hand in his pocket and took out his purse; he wanted to help this poor fellow. Strange coincidence! his hand fell on the twenty-dollar gold piece which had been given to him for the mathematical prize.

At this moment a shriek came from the inner room. The sick man was delirious.

"Henry! Henry! say that you forgive me!—say that you are not dead!"

"That is the way he goes on all night," said Petersen.

Henry had sunk into a chair, faint and sick. Whose voice was that? whence came it?

"Open the door and let me see him," said Henry, hastily.

Petersen hesitated. "You might catch the fever, sir," said he, respectfully.

"Open the door!" shouted Henry, as if in answer to the wild, delirious cries from within.

Mrs. Petersen, with a woman's sympathy, threw open the door.

There lay Theodore, wasted and spent with fever, his head shaved, and his eyes large and ghastly. An old Swedish woman was trying to calm him, and waving a fan over him. And thus the chums met again.

"Theodore, I am here," said Henry; "I am not dead. I am come to save you, to carry you home to your father."

"Go away! go away!" cried the delirious fever patient.

"Go! go! go!"

But Henry, an invalid himself, had a sympathy and an instinct in this case which stood him in stead. He told Petersen in a few words that he knew Thomassen, and would now take charge of him. He pencilled a note to his mother, and sent for his own doctor from the hotel. Then he approached the bed. "Nonsense, Theodore!"

said he, assuming all the old school familiarity; "what will Goodwin and Butler think to hear you talking so? and I'll call old Pomeroy. There's Folsome's step now in the hall. Keep still, or you'll catch it. Lie down, old fellow, and I'll bathe your head; you got a knock on the campus last night, and you're queer, that's all—lie down, I say."

The troubled brain, taking again these new-old images of school life, began to straighten itself; the wild delirium passed; the boys resumed their old position. Henry was again the friend and helper, not the rival.

The honest Swedes looked on and wiped their eyes as Theodore sank into a heavy sleep. The doctor and Mrs. Van Benthuyzen arrived, and the mother strove to drag Henry away from the sick-bed. But the doctor took her aside. "It will cure your son, and not kill him," said he, gently. "He must be cured through his mind. The other is a desperate case; a few hours and all will be over. Let them alone, I beg of you." And from that time Henry nursed him carefully. Nothing but his persistent care, the rubbings, the wonderful inventions to give him cool air, the patient, ceaseless, and most tender nursing, could have brought the poor patient back to life. But Henry did it, and Theodore lived.

It was long before they could explain, but the day came when Theodore was strong enough to realize that Henry, the real Henry, stood before him.

"You must get well," said Henry to Theodore one day, as, sitting on the piazza of the Sandford House, Theodore began to put on color and flesh, "for I have got your appointment to West Point in my pocket."

A NEW IDEA FOR BOYS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

THERE is hardly a boy who does not enjoy working with tools, and "building things," as the expression is. Of course there are some boys who are naturally ingenious and handy in various kinds of mechanical work, and there are others who do not even know how to drive a nail—an operation by no means so simple as it seems—yet they all want to learn.

Occasionally a boy will have the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of some obliging carpenter who is willing to allow him the use of the shop bench, and perhaps even some of the tools. But this is always the clever boy who obtains these privileges. The clumsy boy must go on driving his nails sideways, and cutting his fingers with his chisel, until he becomes thoroughly disgusted with mechanical work.

There have been several schools for mechanics established in different parts of the country, but none quite on the principle of the Gramercy Park Tool-house Association, which will begin operations in New York this autumn. This is really an association of boys in the form of a stock company, governed by mutual agreement, as any similar organization, and joined together for the purpose of maintaining a well-stocked tool-house and providing suitable instruction in the use of the tools.

Carpenter's tools of the best quality and most approved patterns will be provided from the fund, and the boys will not only be taught how to use them, but, what is even more important, how to keep them in order. While the pupils will be allowed to follow their own choice in the kind of work they do, they will be advised by the Superintendent, and the products of their industry and genius are to be disposed of at auction at the end of each term for the benefit of some charitable institution.

The shares in the association are, of course, really paid for by the parents of the boys, but the theory of self-government is carried out as if they were the *bona fide* owners of the stock. This principle of self-government in itself



AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

is an excellent thing, for it teaches the idea of individual submission to laws, which are perhaps distasteful, for the public good.

As to the main object of the association, the idea can not be too highly commended. There is nothing which is so useful to a man in after-years as some knowledge of mechanics, which can be easily acquired in boyhood. How many a man envies his neighbor his ability to tinker a broken lock, or to arrange without apparent trouble those thousand and one little conveniences that a "handy" man enjoys making for the benefit of his household!

The use of tools teaches a boy any number of other things which are useful to him all through life. He learns much of the great principles which underlie the science of mechanics. It teaches him to be accurate in his measurements, to be careful and neat in his work, and it fosters a taste for the higher mechanical pursuits; and—an argument which always appeals strongly to parents—it gives the boy a place where he is enjoying himself, yet at the same time he is learning something which will be of advantage to him in future.

When the autumn comes the place of the showy, fragrant flowers is taken by a large pod, which contains a mass of silken fibres, to which are attached the little seeds. Attempts have been made to spin these beautiful masses of silk, but unless they are mixed with cotton the fine hairs are too weak and brittle. They are sometimes employed for stuffing pillows.

But aside from any useful purpose to which they can be put, they are very pretty as trophies of summer rambles in the fields, and can be so arranged that they are very effective for winter decoration.

But the Tool Association is not confined to carpentry alone. Moulding and casting in plaster and clay, elementary chemistry, geology, and microscopic investigations, will form a part of the interesting work they have laid out for the coming season. The tool-house and laboratory are thoroughly stocked with tools and instruments. Practical mechanics have been engaged to overlook the work of the boys, and the whole will be under the direction of Mr. G. Von Taube, the originator of the scheme, who will advise with the young stockholders, and see that the rules are carried out.

A boy who could not pass many happy hours in the association's pleasant work-room must be hard to suit. The only pity is that such schools are not started in all the large cities. There can be no doubt that they would become popular.

MILKWEED BALLS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

MOST young people who spend any time roaming about the fields in summer are familiar with the plant called milkweed. It is easy to see how it came by its name; for if you only prick the stem there will be an outflow of white juice that, if it does not taste like milk, at least looks exactly like it.



Digitized by Google A MILKWEED BALL



MILKWEED SHOWING THE PODS.

The pods should be gathered before they are quite ripe, and while yet unopened, so that the seeds may be removed in as compact a condition as possible, and before each has spread its airy wings for flight. For however beautiful these unfolded wings may be (and you must not fail to study their beauty), there is no poetry at all in the effort to

hold their feathery fibres in any sort of shape. This the writer learned in an attempt to follow certain published directions, according to which they are to be managed only by passing each particular tuft

done, your work will present somewhat the appearance of a brush; but hung in the sun a few hours, each tuft will become fluffy and light, and the whole expand into a sphere of delicate texture, similar to that represented in the engraving.

"IF."

BY CHARA BROUGHTON.

IF I were a robin-redbreast,
I know where my nest should be—
'Mid the fragrant apple blossoms
On yon leafy tree.

If I were a little fairy,
Rising, falling, on the swell
Of that emerald bay, I'd slumber
In a tiny shell.

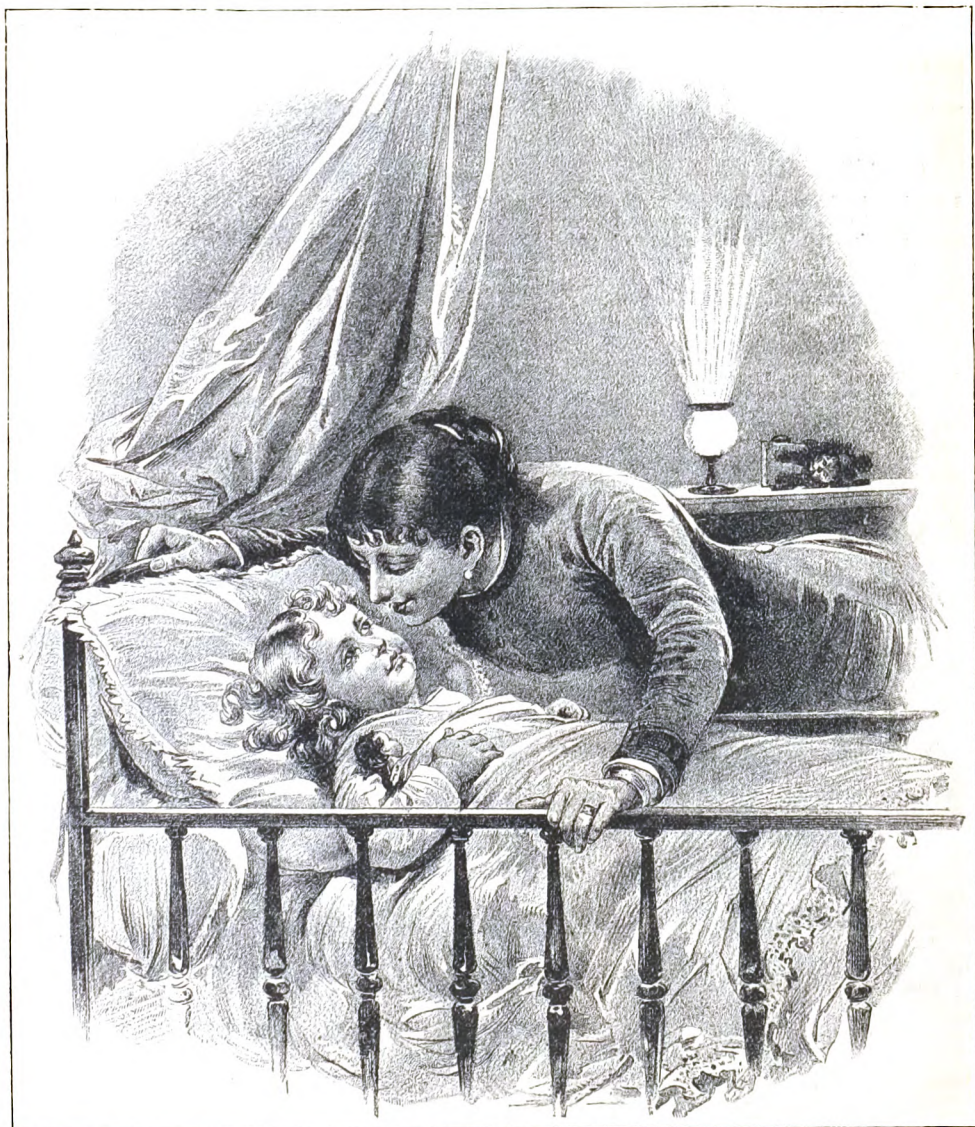
If I were a fragrant blossom,
I would choose my place of rest
Just where the daisies slumber
On the earth's warm breast.

But if I were a baby,
When the Sand Man comes in sight,
I'd curl up warm in my little crib,
With Mamma to kiss "Good-night."

through the lips. You may try such a method if you choose, but unless you are more successful than I was, you will make sorry work of it, and emerge from your undertaking with rather more milkweed silk about your person than is agreeable or becoming.

No such difficulty will be met if the following course is pursued: Open the pod in the seam which you will find on the rounded side, and having removed the contents with the seeds clinging in regular order to their centre, lay them in this condition in a basin of water. Then take from the water, one by one, the seeds, and with a thread fasten the moistened tufts (at the end opposite to that from which the seed has been removed) upon the end of a short wire.

You will find the result more satisfactory if you first arrange the tufts neatly in piles on a paper, then take up each pile and tie firmly upon the stem. Care should be taken that the ends are smooth and even, and the thread wound over and over rather than extended up the wire. When



"GOOD-NIGHT."

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GOSSIP.

SHALL we call this the game of Gossip, chicks? Or do you prefer Consequences? which it might be called. One little girl whispers to her neighbor, who repeats what she says to the next, who passes the word along. By the time it gets back to the first speaker it is something quite different from what it was when it began, and that is often the way with gossip.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I can imagine how delighted my darling little readers will be when they turn to the Post-office Box this week. How wide and bright their eyes will be, and how they will say "O-o-oh!" catching their breath with pleasure. Why, I can see them and hear them, and so I will stop talking, and let them read without delay this charming letter from somebody they all love:

CATSKILL, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I have been commissioned by some of your little readers—May, Maud, and Alice L., Isabel and Nellie H., and Florence and Mary Emily C.—to send you twenty dollars for the Children's Aid Society to use for the benefit of little sick children. The money, you must know, is the proceeds of a fair they must have. As this may seem a peculiar statement, let me explain it. The children planned a pretty little garden fête for some beautiful charity, and hoped to realize seventy-five dollars at least. They were to have had a gypsy camp with a fortune teller, a "sawdust pie," into which any one who paid ten cents could dive for a present, a curiosity tent, and various "side shows," while in the beautiful old-fashioned garden, where they live, they were to set out tables on which their little wares, the work of anxiously busy fingers, could be displayed. But the dear old friend who has so long been mistress and hostess at the Cedars died just as the preparations were fairly under way, and so yesterday we improvised a sale of the articles on hand, realizing the twenty dollars I inclose. Another year the children at the Cedars mean to do something much more extensive for poor little children.

At first we thought we must give up all idea of any disposition of the things; but one evening somebody said, "Let us try and get a little, since every dollar helps to send poor children to the country, or brightens life for them in some way," and so yesterday morning we put out all the little things that were collected, on a table in the parlor, and priced everything, and the children themselves and a few grown-up people bought them in.

As Jimmy Brown might say, grown-up people are useful sometimes. Perhaps you would like to know what sold the best. Well, odds and ends of calico; some were a penny, some two cents, some three, four, and five, and some bundles of pieces fifteen and twenty cents. The elders looked them over, choosing the large pieces, and the children bought the others. One piece had a white ground with dogs' heads on it; a little girl bought it for three cents, and later in the day sold it to a lady for five cents; this lady says she can sell it in strips of heads, for the benefit of her sewing society, and make twenty-five cents out of it. I mention this, as the idea may prove

useful. Marble-bags made of calico, with a cretonne decoration, did well at eight cents, and little needle-books of Christmas cards tied together with a bit of pretty ribbon, or the same filled with slips of memoranda papers, were very successful at ten and fifteen cents.

As I am writing this for the seven, every one of whom feels an individual sense of proprietorship in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially in the Post-office Box, I must introduce them to you. May is fourteen, Maud twelve, Isabel eleven, Florence ten, Alice eight, Nellie six, and Mary Emily five; and there are two "babies"—Bertha, three, and little Tom, not a year old. Bertha thought it was all for the "fresh-air fun," and was very gleeful over it accordingly. They spend their summers just as I wish all children could, living out-of-doors all day long.

There are beautiful pine and cedar groves about the house, and under the trees a family of dolls reside, very well cared for, I think, every time I pass them by. Sometimes on the back stoop I have come upon small trunks strapped, and labelled with the dolls' names, and then I know that they are going travelling or visiting. There are several tree houses dotted about the grounds, and I suppose the dolls like variety. On washing days the children have a fine time doing up all their clothes, and they nearly fill one line, for you know how dolls soil their aprons and white dresses in summer! It is almost impossible to keep them clean. Alice said the other day it just *wore her out*.

Two dolls had to be made ready to go to school, and for two weeks past, every evening, fingers have been flying in the back parlor at the children's special table: a dark maroon cachemire travelling dress for the principal doll, school aprons, and a fall hat; a gray dress for the other, warm flannels, new under-wear, several Mother Hubbard calicoes. It seemed to me, as I passed in and out, I saw every variety of costume in hand, the dolls sitting up properly against the wall, ready to be "tried on" whenever it was necessary. May and Maud went off to school in Canada yesterday afternoon, and it was for Maud's dolls the busiest preparations were made, but early in the day everything was in readiness. Miss Margaretta was quite dazzling in her new gown and straw hat—if *only* she would not look so conscious! She is to study hard this year, and come home for another summer under the trees much improved.

I am afraid I can't tell you much about the children's pets. Don, the big dog, is the only live one; but they have a canoe which their elder brother built this summer, and which skims the water like a bird; and then with so many children and so many dolls, and so much sunshine and "holiday" sort of feeling in the air, pets are not needed so much as in winter-time. Last summer they had an invalid kitten and a most mischievous, merry crow, and, I believe, a squirrel or two in a cage.

The children all send their dear love to the Postmistress, and wish me to say how they enjoy the Post-office Box and the paper itself. They find it hard to decide which stories they like best. Yesterday I saw the school party going away, with "The Ice Queen" and dear old "Toby Tyler" and "Talking Leaves" for reading on the train, and I heard floating opinions about many other stories, which were very enthusiastic. "The Cruise of the Ghost" and "Raising the Pearl," etc., etc., have been in hand lately, and pronounced "just splendid," and as for Jimmy Brown, I dare not encourage that lawless youth by mentioning the things I've heard said of him. A little boy asked me lately if I knew *where* he lived, as he wanted so much to go and see him. Suppose Jimmy were to give a party! Can you *imagine* what a scene it would be? I wish he would, and tell us all about it, only I know he would be sure to do something "dreadful," as the children say, than ever. Well, good-by, dear Postmistress, with love to all your readers from their and your friend,

LUCY C. LILLIE.

P. S.—I have half a dozen letters waiting answers making inquiries for my young friend "Nan," and perhaps you can mention for me that when last I heard from her she was *very well*, and hoped to renew her acquaintance with old friends some day.

Now you will all love Mrs. Lillie more than ever, will you not? and pounce upon her stories with the greatest eagerness whenever they appear? Well, I confess that I love her, and that I laughed and cried over Nan just as you did, and am much relieved to hear that Nan is well.

When the children's twenty dollars was sent to Mr. Calder, the good Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society, he acknowledged it in the following satisfactory letter:

SICK CHILDREN'S MISSION OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY. HEAD-QUARTERS: EAST BROADWAY, GOVERNOR, AND HENRY STREETS, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Your kind favor, enclosing a check for twenty dollars, sent by seven little girls, through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, to aid little sick children, and also a one-dollar note from "A Friend of the Little Ones" for the same purpose, is received.

I beg leave to thank you most sincerely for the interest you have taken in the work of the Sick Children's Mission. I regret very much that the twenty dollars comes too late to be used as the kind little girls would no doubt prefer, as the Health Home at Coney Island was closed last week, but I can use the money most advantageously in providing medical attendance and medicine for poor sick children at their homes in the tenement-houses, if that would be agreeable to the generous donors.

In response to Mrs. Sangster's article describing the Health Home in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 252, I have received a considerable amount of money from various parts of the country, and also contributions of clothing, pictures, books, slates, shoes, dolls, baby-carriages, and many other useful articles, which have been a great benefit to many poor people, and for which, in their behalf, I return hearty thanks.

I am very respectfully yours,
GEORGE CALDER, Superintendent.

A word from the Postmistress now to kind grandmas, mamas, aunties, and elder sisters who read the Post-office Box and like to help make the little ones happy. If you know of anything very pretty or new in the way of Christmas gifts, not too costly nor too difficult for little fingers to make and little purses to buy, will you write to the Postmistress and give her some suggestions? She wants to aid the dear children, who are already beginning to wonder *what they can make themselves* for pretty Christmas presents to please Papa, Brother Jack, Uncle Ned, Aunt Emily, Cousin Lu, and the precious Mamma.

Next week I shall have some important things to say to the Little Housekeepers, so they will please make haste, get all their work out of the way, and be ready to listen to me. Cool weather is coming, dears; you are all as rosy as ripe apples and as sweet as sweet flowers, and you don't want to be idle, do you? I am thinking of the boys as well as of the girls, for some of them, bless their manly faces! are among my very best Little Housekeepers. You will all be concerned in my talk when next week shall come round.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I have been in the country five weeks this summer, and now I am about to tell my story. I rode out in my father's carriage; we started the 27th day of June. It is sixty-six miles to where we went; Powers Lake is the name of the place where we staid. We caught black bass, pickerel, and pike. We went riding almost every day; our horse would run up one hill and down another just as fast as he could go. We found several birds' nests; one nest had three little birds in it. Three weeks after I got home I went out there again with the choir boys for five days. Now I think I must stop. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it printed.

A. D. M.

Of course you did not disturb the birdies; only peeped at them.

GRAND MEADOW, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have four sisters and one brother. I had three pets, but they all died; they were two cats and one hen. I am going to have another hen.

THEORA S.

TABERG, NEW YORK.

I thought perhaps some of the little boys or girls who take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE might like to hear about a little dog that belongs to my uncle. Her name is Cricket. She is a small-sky terrier, and has long silvery hair tinted with blue, and brown eyes. One day my uncle and aunt were at our house. My uncle said to Cricket, "Now, Cricket, take this note and give it to your mistress; don't let any one else touch it." She did so, and when any one else tried to touch it she would growl and show her teeth. Then he said, "Cricket, stand up and sing." She stood up on her hind-feet and kept growling until he said, "That will do." He said to her, "Cricket, give us a dance." She immediately began to

jump around on her hind-feet. When he said, "Roll over and over until I tell you to stop," she curled up into a little ball and *did* "roll over and over," and hit her head against table and chair legs. Once when two gentlemen that he knew were passing his house, when he lived in New York city, one of them wheeling a little baby in its carriage, my uncle wanted to see them in the house a minute on business; but they were afraid to leave the baby alone, when my uncle said, "Cricket, get in there with that baby, and don't let any one touch it." One of the gentlemen pooled at the idea of so small a dog taking care of a baby. My uncle said, "If you don't believe it, touch the baby, and see what she will do." He did so, and the dog bit his wrist badly. This is true; and if the boys and girls like it, I will tell them about a little bird I had once. I am in my fourteenth year, and like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. MAMIE H. P.

I am a little boy five years old, and I live in New York. I have a big rocking-horse and an express wagon. I have four sisters, and I am the only boy. We have a big yard by the side of our house, and we have flowers in it; we each have a bed of them. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the Post-office Box. I will have to stop now. K. V. R.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little boy, and will be ten years old to-morrow. I have two brothers and three sisters. Dode and I have nine rabbits and a pair of wild pigeons and a little Japanese dog. I have a calf named Speedwell. Dode has a pair of pigeons; they have a nest and two eggs in it. A. E. H.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

(A LITTLE GIRL'S POEM.)

On a lonely moorland cottage
The moon shone down one night,
Throwing in the open doorway
A broad beam of silvery light.
Within that door the moonbeams saw
An aged couple gray and bent;
Sitting at a table small.
Reading God's word they were intent.
On a stately old-time castle,
From whose window shone bright light,
And from which the silvery music
Floated out into the night,
There too the moon shone down,
And in a decorated hall
Saw the forms of many dancers
Who that night were at the ball.
Again that night the moon did shine
Upon a mother who with love so deep
Rocked in her arms her infant dear,
Whose eyes were closed in downy sleep.
In an old and dusty attic
The moonbeams found their way,
Looking on a scene of sorrow,
Where poverty had sway.
The moon shone on half the world that night,
On scenes of sadness and mirth;
Casting abroad her peaceful light
To cheer the weary earth. G. B. D.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I thought last night that I would write a story, and perhaps you will like it well enough to print in the Post-office Box:

TWO BRAVE GIRLS.

It was a bitter cold night; the snow was several feet deep on the ground, except where a few paths had been dug here and there. But inside the Clifford cottage the fire burned brightly, and two little girls sat before it. Although their eyes were fixed upon the dancing flames, they saw them not. They were thinking of their little brother lying pale and still in the room above them, where he had lain for two hours without hearing or seeing anything. They thought how, only a little while ago, he had stood kissing his hand good-night to them from the landing above, when he made a step backward, and fell the whole length of the staircase, and had been picked up insensible.

Helen, the elder of the two, was the first to speak. "You know, Cassie," she said, "that the doctor should see Aubrey, and I have made up my mind to go for him."

"Oh, Helen, how can you? Dr. Howe is the nearest one, and he lives three miles away; and anyway mamma never would let you go, it is so cold and dark out-doors," cried Cassie, going over to the window, drawing aside the curtain, and gazing out into the darkness.

Helen followed her sister, and putting her arm around her, said: "I heard mamma say that if she only had some one to go for the doctor, Aubrey would not die. And you know how papa told us to take good care of mamma and Aubrey until he came back. I know how to harness Dobbin, and I will get the doctor and surprise mamma. And oh! we may be able to save Aubrey after all."

"You shall not go alone, Helen," said Cassie, putting away her own fears, and resolving to be

brave like her sister. The look on Helen's face thanked her better than words.

They put on their warm coats and hoods, and while Cassie held the lantern Helen untied Dobbin and brought him up near a bench, so that she might better reach to harness him. She then backed him between the shafts of the sleigh; she had seen her father do it often, and he had let her try once, and praised her for doing it so well.

When all was ready, she threw open the barn doors, and drove steadily out into the yard and through the gate, and was soon trotting fast toward town. The snow had drifted a good deal, but Dobbin, well knowing who was driving him, though he wondered at being taken out at such a time of night, went bravely on. Suddenly he stopped; the sleigh was caught in a drift, and no exertions on the part of the girls or of Dobbin could make any impression. Cassie and Helen gazed at each other with horror-stricken faces.

"Oh, Helen, have we got to stay here all night?" cried Cassie, trying to keep back her tears. "What are you doing?" she added, as Helen jumped from the sleigh, and struggled through the snow up to Dobbin, and began tugging at the horse.

"Unharnessing Dobbin," answered Helen. "We shall have to ride the rest of the way on his back."

Cassie waited, and wondered how they ever could keep on, while Helen brought Dobbin to the side of the sleigh, climbed up on his back, and then helped Cassie up after her, and telling her to keep firm hold of her, she guided Dobbin gently through the drifts until they came upon the main road, and then urged him into a trot.

Dr. Howe was sitting reading by the fire, having just returned from a visit to a sick patient, and wishing to warm himself before retiring. He was startled by hearing the bell pulled two or three times sharply, and on going to the door was still more surprised on seeing two little girls, and hearing the elder exclaim, "Oh, Dr. Howe, please come at once to see Aubrey; he is hurt very much by a fall." And then down she sank on the door-step.

He took them in, and, after Cassie had explained, ordered his sleigh, and had Dobbin put into his stable; and taking the two girls, whom he had tried to persuade to remain at his house overnight, but who had begged so hard to go back with him that he could not resist, they all drove over to the Clifford cottage.

To make a long story short, I will say that it was not too late to save Aubrey, and that mamma was surprised, and hugged her little girls tight, and also that when papa came home and the story was told to him, he said that he could not have left mamma and Aubrey in better hands. CLARA L. B.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

It is still very warm here. We have roses and other flowers in abundance. Our summer amusement is horseback riding; a party of girls and boys, my brother Charlie and myself among them, go every evening. My pony is a fast pacer; I have named her Dolly Varden. I envy the Northern boys and girls their fun skating and coasting. We had a snow here about three years ago. It was such a rare thing, all the schools gave a holiday. I tell you we took advantage of it, and had a fine time snowballing, but it melted too soon for much sport. I was glad to see a letter from a girl I know, Winnie May J. She lived here once. I hope she will write again. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a splendid paper; I enjoy reading the Post-office Box so much.

ANNIE D.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I like your paper so much that I thought I would write to you and tell you some of my occupations. You know this is my vacation, and I amuse myself very much. Every Sunday I go and see my two little friends; their names are Adele and Elise. They are charming little girls. So that I may not lose too much time, mamma teaches me how to sew, and I made a dress all by myself for my little brother. This summer there has been a theatre at the lake, and we have gone to the matinees, and enjoyed the plays very much, especially *The Chimes of Normandy*, *Olivette*, *Madame Angot*, and *La Perichole*; the theatre has no walls, so while we listened to the music we enjoyed the breeze from the lake and we could see the waves. We catch splendid croakers at Lake Pontchartrain; they are very nice fried, if you squeeze some lemon juice over them. The Exposition will open here in December. I want to see the buildings, which are immense, and it will be very interesting. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

INEZ C.

What clever fingers, to be able to make little brother's dress all by themselves! I must have you for one of the Little Housekeepers, dear.

Charles H. M.: Living as you do where they manufacture quantities of bricks, you have a chance to become quite an expert in the matter.

—Josie W.: I think camp-meeting rather too exciting for such little girls as Bessie, nor do I

think it quite right for little people to play at church or prayer-meetings, unless they confine their proceedings to singing. Your plums and prunes must be very fine.—**Alaine Belle D.:** Write with ink next time, please. I'm glad you had so pleasant a vacation.—**Paul P. D.:** You make a good use of your HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in sending it to poor children after you have read it.—**Frank W.** among his pets numbers a horse, a bird, two dogs, and ever so many chicks.—**Gussie S.:** Perhaps I may find room for your friend's poem one of these days, though I can not promise certainly.—**Robert Edwards, Jun.:** If you will mail your full address to the editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE you will receive a copy of the paper containing an article on the subject about which you desire information.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters, and am an uncompleted building.

My 1, 12, 11, 15, 3 is usual at a feast.

My 6, 2, 7, 12, 4 makes bread.

My 10, 15, 9, 6, 14, 8 grows in the garden.

My 13, 8, 5, 4, 2, 14, 8 is my mother's son.

K. M. S.

No. 2.

A HIDDEN PROVERB.

A word in each sentence. 1. But how, Henry? 2. Who is there? 3. Scat! sleepy pussy, you can't come in. 4. I saw a young kitten. 5. There she goes now. 6. We gave them ice-cream. 7. Do not show ill feeling. 8. Philip, lay that knife down. CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 3.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. I am lazy—behead me, and I am cheap. 2. I am little and love cheese—behead me, and I am cold and clear. 3. I am a mineral—behead me, and I am an accent; behead me again, and I am a number. 4. I am part of a book—behead me, and I am old. 5. I am a belt—behead me, and I am a conjunction; curtail me, and I am an article. 6. I am a stiff piece of paper—curtail me, and I am a conveyance. 7. I am a stick—curtail me, and I am a vessel. CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 4.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A point of the compass. 2. An inclosed space. 3. A marine animal. 4. A story.
2.—1. To move with the feet. 2. Gentle. 3. A girl's name. 4. A fruit. TITANIA.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is in crow, but not in hawk.
My second is in sing, but not in talk.
My third is in cat, but not in dog.
My fourth is in tree, but not in log.
My whole is an article of food.

CELIA ADAMS.

No. 6.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. To strike with a quick blow. 3. A tree. 4. To keep busy. 5. A vowel.
2.—1. A consonant. 2. A large cistern. 3. What an angry bear does. 4. A number. 5. A consonant. ADA M. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 255

No. 1.—*Scientific American*. Church. Goldenrod.

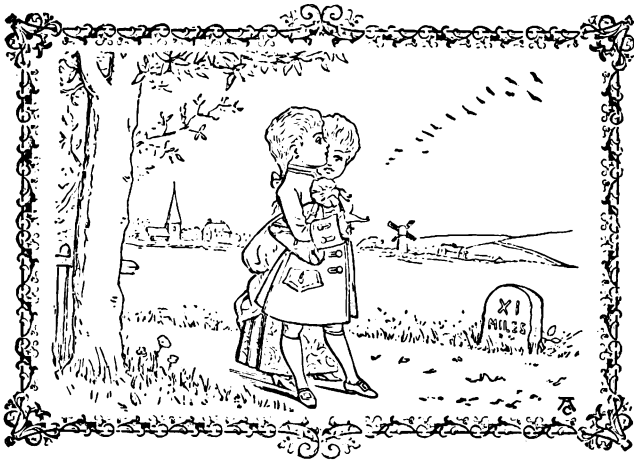
No. 2.—

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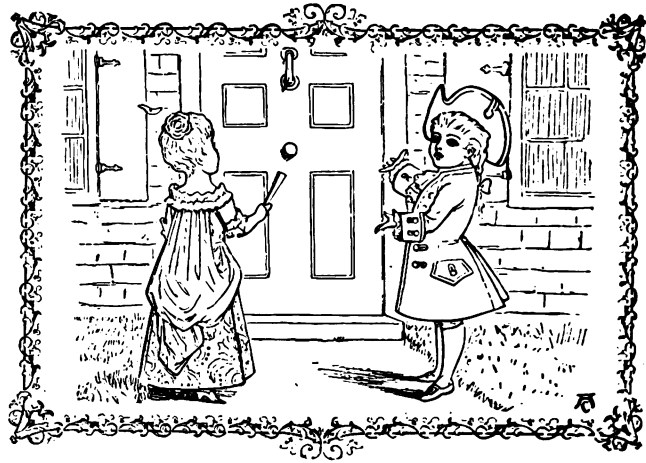
R A T E
A G E D
T E N D
E D D Y

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sophie Brandis, J. D. Brown, Myrtle Pardee, George A. Lowe, Harry J. Desnick, Howard F. Cunningham, Marguerite, William B. Stokes, Lily and Violet, Charity Dana, Agnes M. C. Dora Fowler, Emily Ahlsie, John Smith, Jerome Barker, and David Kemp.

TOM OF ISLINGTON.



MARRIED A WIFE ON SUNDAY.



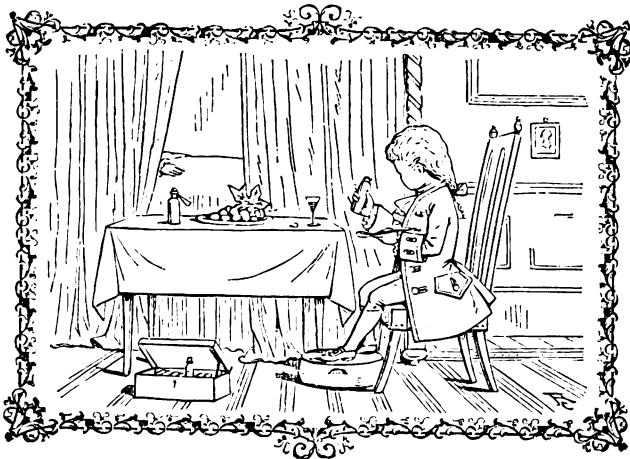
TOOK A HOUSE ON MONDAY.



TOOK HER HOME ON TUESDAY.



FED HER WELL ON WEDNESDAY.



SHE FELL ILL ON THURSDAY.
SHE WAS DEAD ON FRIDAY.



TOM WAS SAD ON SATURDAY.
BURIED HIS WIFE ON SUNDAY.

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WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOUSE-CLEANING, AND MORE MYSTERIES.

AT noon all hands stopped work for a hasty lunch, and soon afterward the lighter, being unloaded, was poled across the river for the team. With the help of Captain Johnson and his crew, who had agreed to remain over that night, most of the household goods were moved up to the house during the afternoon, and placed under shelter.

While this work was going on, one of the white men from the village came over to see his new neighbors. He brought with him a wild-turkey, half a dozen ducks, and a string of freshly caught fish as cards of introduction. His name was Bevil. He welcomed the Elmers most heartily, and said that he considered their coming a sign of better times for that section of the country. He told Mr. Elmer that the Bangs place used to be considered one of the finest plantations in the county, and that its lands were as rich now as ever.

Before night the lower story of the old house looked quite comfortable, and almost home-like; and when the family sat down to dinner, it was with the keen appetites resulting from hard work. The dinner was a bountiful meal, largely composed of Mr. Bevil's game and fish; and before they ate it Mr. Elmer offered up a heart-felt thanksgiving for the mercies that had been granted them thus far, and prayed for a blessing on their new home.

That evening he arranged with Captain Johnson to start at daylight and go with his lighter to the nearest saw-mill, sixty miles away, for a load of lumber and shingles. He also commissioned him to buy and bring back a large skiff, such as were used on the river.

The tired household went early to bed that first night in their new home, and though their beds were made down on the floor, they all slept soundly.

All but Mark, who, after sleeping for some hours, woke suddenly to find himself sitting bolt-upright in bed and staring at the broken window in front of him, through which a flood of moonlight was pouring. He was as certain as he could be of anything that he had seen a face at that window as he started up—a wild, haggard face, framed by long straggling hair. He sprang from his bed and looked out, but could see nobody, and heard no unusual sound except the distant “who-who-who” of an owl.

It must be confessed that before getting to sleep again Mark thought of what Aunt Chloe had said about the “ghoses”; but having been taught to disbelieve in such things, and always to seek for some natural explanation of whatever appeared supernatural or unreal, he made up his mind to wait and make the attempt to unravel this mystery by himself before saying anything about it.

The four days that remained of the week were very busy days for the Elmers and those whom they had employed to help them. During this time the interior of the old house was thoroughly cleansed and sweetened by the energetic use of soap and water, and straw matting was laid on the floors of the rooms down-stairs. The broken windows were all repaired by Mark, who found several boxes of glass and a bladder of putty among the building material they had brought from Bangor, and after a few trials he became quite a skillful glazier. The cistern was emptied of its stagnant water and thoroughly cleansed, and the gutters were repaired as well as they could be before the arrival of Captain Johnson and the lumber.

It was not until the windows and gutters were repaired that Mrs. Elmer would allow any of the furniture not ab-

solutely needed to be unpacked, for fear it might be injured by the dampness. Among the packages that thus remained boxed up or wrapped in burlaps was one which none of them could remember having seen before. It was large and square, and different in shape from anything that had stood in their house in Norton. What could it be? Mark and Ruth asked each other this question a dozen times a day, and but for their mother's refusal to allow them to do so, would have long since solved the riddle by opening the package.

On Friday night the house was pronounced to be practically water-tight, and at breakfast-time the following morning Mrs. Elmer said they would unpack and arrange the furniture that day.

“And the mystery?” cried Mark. “May we open that first?”

“Certainly,” replied his mother; “you may, if you wish, open that the moment you have finished breakfast.”

“That's this very minute; ain't it, Ruth? Come along. We'll soon find out what's inside those burlaps,” exclaimed the boy, pushing back his chair and rising from the table as he spoke.

He brought a hammer with which to knock off the rough frame of boards that almost formed a box around the package, and Ruth ran for the shears to cut the stitches of the burlaps.

The frame quickly fell to pieces under Mark's vigorous blows, and then his penknife assisted Ruth's shears. Beneath the burlaps was a thick layer of straw; then came heavy wrapping-paper, and under this layers and wads of newspaper, until the children began to think the whole package was nothing but wrappings.

At last the papers were all pulled away, and there stood revealed, in all its beauty of structure and finish, a little gem of a cabinet organ. To one of its handles was tied a card, on which was printed in big letters:

“A Christmas Present, with wishes for a very merry Christmas, from Uncle ‘Christmas’ to his grandniece Ruth Elmer.”

“Oh! oh! oh! ain't it lovely?” cried Ruth. “Dear old Uncle Christmas! And I thought he had forgotten me, and only remembered Mark, too.”

The organ was placed in the parlor, and from that day forth was a source of great pleasure, not only to Ruth and the Elmer family, but to their neighbors across the river, who frequently came over in the evening to hear Ruth play.

Among the events of that week were two that impressed Mark deeply, as they seemed to be connected in some way with the face he had seen at the window. One of these was the mysterious disappearance on that same night of a loaf of bread and a cold roast duck from the kitchen. The other was the appearance, two days later, at the kitchen door of a poor wounded dog, who dragged himself out from the woods, back of the house, and lay down on the step, evidently in great pain.

Ruth saw him as he lay there panting and moaning, and ran to tell Mark and her father and mother of their visitor and his wretched plight. They all went to see him, and after a careful examination of the suffering animal Mr. Elmer said he had been cruelly treated and badly wounded, but that with proper treatment and care he could be cured.

“He is a cross between a pointer and a hound,” continued Mr. Elmer, “and looks like a valuable dog. The wounds from which he is suffering are those caused by a charge of small shot that must have been fired into him quite recently. I will do what I can for him, and then I shall turn him over to you and Ruth, Mark, and if he recovers he shall belong to you both. His present owner has forfeited all claim to him by cruel treatment, for without our care now the poor beast would certainly die.

The first thing to do is to give him water, for he is very feverish."

The dog seemed to know as well as his human friends that the pain he suffered while most of the shot were extracted on the point of a penknife was for his good, for while he moaned and whined during the operation, he lay perfectly still, and did not offer the slightest resistance. After his wounds had been dressed, he was carefully removed to a bed of soft moss on the back porch, and here he lay quietly, only feebly wagging his tail whenever any of his new friends came to see him.

"Who could have shot this dog?" and, "Why did the animal drag himself to our kitchen door?" were questions that puzzled Mark considerably.

During the week Jan Jansen and the two negroes had worked hard at cutting away the undergrowth immediately around the house, and by Saturday night they had wonderfully improved the general appearance of things. The garden in front of the house had been cleared of everything except the ornamental shrubs properly belonging there. The fence had been freed from its crushing weight of vines, and its broken panels repaired, so that it now only needed a coat of paint to make it look as good as new. Back of the house they had cleared an acre of what had formerly been the kitchen-garden, and had opened a broad avenue down to the river, so that the back windows of the house now looked out upon it and the village beyond.

Late on Saturday evening Captain Johnson returned to Wakulla with a lighter-load of shingles, window-blinds, fence pickets, and assorted lumber. He also brought the skiff that Mr. Elmer had commissioned him to buy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACK HORNER'S TRUE HISTORY.

I BELIEVE it is pretty generally supposed that the story of Jack Horner began and ended in the nursery. It may, indeed, have ended there, but it began long, long ago, and in a kitchen. It is some time since I heard the story, but I think I can remember it sufficiently to tell it to you as it was told to me.

You know how the old rhyme speaks of him?

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Little boys, and big boys too, are very apt to be deceived in their estimate of themselves. There is much good sense in the old proverb which says, "Self-praise is no recommendation." I hope you will all agree with me in thinking Jack Horner anything but a good boy when you hear his story.

It began in the ancient town of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. This town is so old that its history can be traced back to the days of the Romans. There is a legend which tells how Joseph of Arimathea landed here and converted the ancient Britons from the false religion of the Druids to the religion of Christ. Glastonbury stood by the sea then, although now there is land between the sea and it. For a long time Glastonbury possessed a very beautiful abbey, inhabited by generations of monks, who spent their days and years in ceaseless prayer and praise.

This abbey was afterward destroyed by the ruthless hand of Henry VIII., but when Jack Horner was a boy it was in all its glory. The abbot was a great man, tremendously rich, and the head of a great many monks. Jack Horner was neither abbot nor monk, but only scullery lad in the great abbey kitchen. You might have seen him any day turning the spit, or running here and there at the beck and call of the abbey cooks; a red-head-

ed, freckle-faced boy, with small cunning-looking light gray eyes, and a big head.

Those were troublesome times for the abbey, for Henry VIII. had sent to the abbot to demand that all the wealth which belonged to the abbey, together with the title deeds, should be delivered over to him on pain of death. This put the poor abbot in a terrible plight; at first he determined to resist the unjust exaction of the great monarch, but finding such resistance useless, he had decided to send the deeds to London, in compliance with the King's request. But who was there to take them? If it became known that the title deeds of the rich Abbey of Glastonbury were on their way to London, there was every probability of them being stolen.

It was a perilous journey in those days from Glastonbury to London. Railways had not been invented, you know, and there were no policemen. At length one of the monks, Brother Ambrose by name, hit upon a scheme. He proposed that a large pie should be baked in the great oven of the kitchen as a present for the King, and that the deeds should be put inside it. This plan recommended itself to the abbot. But another difficulty arose: how was it to be conveyed to the King? Brother Ambrose's great mind was equal to the solution even of this.

"There is in the kitchen," said he, "an honest country lad, by name Jack Horner. Let us send him. He is not able to read a single letter, and is not likely to suspect the contents of the pie."

Jack was called in from the kitchen to the great hall, where abbot and monks were assembled. The abbot took a ring from his finger and hung it round the boy's neck, so that upon showing it he might gain admittance to the royal presence. The pie was placed in his charge, and he started upon his journey.

For a long time he jogged along comfortably enough; then the wolf in his inside began to make its presence known, and Jack felt those cravings for food which were never long absent from his hungry stomach. Then it occurred to him that a pie baked in the abbey kitchen expressly for the King must be good. First of all he put his nose to the pie, then he peeped through the hole in the crust; but neither sight nor smell satisfying his cunning curiosity, he inserted his finger and thumb through the hole. The plum that he pulled out was a piece of parchment covered with writing—a wonderful mystery to Jack.

"Did ever anybody see the loikes o' this?" he said, turning it over, and staring at it with all his eyes. "It's a puzzle to I where the man's to be found as can eat this."

With a shrewd wink he buttoned up the parchment inside his jacket, and continued his journey. In due course he reached London, and was admitted to the presence of the King. There he broke the crust of the pie, and delivered over the remaining parchments to his Majesty, but of the one abstracted he said nothing. Years afterward he labored to understand it, and finding that it entitled the possessor to certain lands near Glastonbury, he claimed them, and they are held by his descendants to this day.

Now this is why I question his right to be called a good boy. Some people justify him by saying that the King had no more right to them than he. Well, even supposing that he had not, two wrongs can never make one right. This brings me to the end of my story, which proves Jack Horner's plum to have been a stolen one.

I hope you will all agree with me in thinking it a very hard thing that a man long since dead and gone should be robbed of the honor of a great discovery, or good deed attributed to him by a would-be wise generation, who like to get for themselves the credit of spreading new ideas. Yes, I feel angry, because I saw the question mooted the other day—Did Columbus discover America? A cruel question, I call it. Of course he did, or what is to become of all the dear old tales we love so well about the wisdom and patience of the brave old mariner?



AUTUMN LEAVES.

A STORY OF TWO CATS.

BY DAVID KER.

I.—THE RUSSIAN CAT.

"SOMETHING like a charge of light infantry, Mr. K—," says Captain D—, of the —th Foot, as I come across the fore-deck of the outward-bound packet, with a whole procession of the steerage children trotting at my heels.

"Rather heavy infantry, I think," answer I, as a sturdy little four-year-old nearly knocks me down in trying to scramble on to my back. "But they have at least *one* advantage over our friends in the saloon—they know how to amuse themselves. Suppose you tell them a story, now that they've done playing. Shall this gentleman tell you a story, chicks?"

There is an uproarious shout of assent; and the Captain, with the same jolly smile with which he faced General Todleben's batteries in the Crimea twenty-three years ago, begins as follows:

"In the end of August, 1855, when we were closing in upon Sevastopol for the last assault, we had a pretty hot time of it in the trenches, for the Russians knew well

enough what was getting ready for them, and never lost a chance of disturbing us at our work. What with being cannonaded all day, and stirred up by their sallying out upon us every night, we had quite enough to do, I can promise you.

"Now, in every skirmish where there was light enough to see at all, I noticed *one* Russian who, though he seemed to be nothing more than a common soldier, was well worth any three of the others. He was a big, powerful fellow, quite half a head taller than I, with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw; and the way he fought was a sight worth seeing.

"He seemed to throw his soul into every blow he struck, just as a man would who fully believed that (as the Russian war-song says) he was fighting 'for God and for the Czar.' But although he was always in the thickest of the fight, he never seemed to get hurt. I once came hand to hand with him myself, and got a crack from the butt of his musket, which, but for my thick cap, would have made short work of me.

"As he turned away, I noticed that he put his hand to his breast as if he were hurt. That puzzled me, for I knew I hadn't struck him. But when I thought it over afterward, it seemed to me that his action was rather like that of a man making sure that he hadn't dropped something which he was carrying; and I was right, too, as you'll see presently.

"A few days later the Russians attacked us again, just before daybreak one morning, and a hard fight we had to beat them off; but we managed it at last, and when the smoke cleared, the only living thing to be seen in our front was a solitary Russian, about twenty paces off, stooping over the bodies. My fellows were going to shoot him, taking him for some rascal plundering the dead; but I stopped them, and went forward myself, seeing that the man was the same tall fellow to whom I owed my broken head, and that he was trying to carry off one of his wounded comrades. When he saw me coming, he faced round upon me at once, with the grimmest look I ever saw; but I lowered my sword to show that I meant him no harm, and taking the feet of the dying man, helped him up on to his comrade's shoulders. The sudden brightening of the brave fellow's face thanked me better than any words could have done; but all he said was, 'Eto moi edinstvenni brat' (it's my only brother). And the tone in which he said it haunted me for many a day.

"A week after that came the assault of the 8th of September. Well do I remember that morning—how we all stood silent in our ranks just within the edge of the Vorontzoff Ravine, listening to the roar of the French attack on

Malakoff Tower, and longing for the signal to advance in our turn. I think that last five minutes was the longest I ever had in my life; and when the word was given to advance, it was just as if some one had rolled a stone off my heart.

"It seemed but a moment till the first sheet of fire flashed in our faces from the parapet of the Redan; and after that, it all comes back to me like an ugly dream—one whirl of fire and thunder, and pelting shot, and men falling to right and left—our heads reeling as if with strong wine, and our throats parched and dry, and our eyes blood-shot, and the longing to tear and kill tingling to our very finger-ends. The first thing I recollect distinctly, after all this chaos, is finding myself standing in the corner of a battery, with the ground all around me like a ripe poppy field with the scarlet coats of our dead, and a wounded Russian lying beside me with his head propped face upward against a gun-carriage, gasping painfully for breath.

"Then at that sight all the fury of the battle fever seemed to die out of me in a moment. I raised the poor fellow's head gently on my arm, and moistened his lips with my flask. He opened his heavy eyes, dull with the film of approaching death, and I recognized my tall Russian!

"Well, my lad," said I, "how goes it?"

At the sound of his own language, the poor fellow's eyes brightened, and he answered, faintly,

"It's all over with me, father; but I'll show you that I'm not ungrateful for your kindness to my brother and me."

"And with that he put his hand into the breast of his gray coat, and brought out a little white kitten, all smeared with his blood, but quite unhurt itself, and fast asleep after all the roar of the battle.

"That's the only thing I've got left," said he, "now that my brother's gone. I took her with me into the bat-

tle, that we might die together, and be friends *there* as we have been here; but God willed it otherwise. Will you be kind to my little pet after I'm gone?"

"I nodded my head. I couldn't have *spoken* to save my life, but the grasp I gave his hand was answer enough. The poor weak fingers closed upon mine for one moment, and then his head fell back, and all was over.

"As to the kitten, I brought it back with me to England; and if ever a cat got petted yet, that was the one; and in memory of the place where I found it, I christened it 'Redan.'"

II.—THE ENGLISH CAT.

"Well, sir, that's a good yarn," said a brawny sailor who stood near, listening attentively; "and, cur'ous enough, it just puts *me* in mind of a queer adventure as I had 'bout a year ago, not far from where we are now. I'd been aboard of a Welsh coaster for two or three years, and was just a-thinkin' of shifting my berth, and shipping on one o' the ocean steamers; but when I said as much to my mate, Tom Hawkins, he up and axed me just to hold on for *one* more v'y'ge, and then *he'd* be free to jine me, and we'd just go together. So as him and me had been like brothers ever sin' we fust met, I said, 'Done,' at once—and you'll see presently what come of it.

"Now, just afore we started on our last coastin' trip, we was a-walking about the Liverpool docks, was me and Tom, and there we comes upon a great hulkin' feller a-towing a poor little beggar of a cat by a rope-lashing round its neck, and tormentin' it by lettin' it go and then jerkin' it back agin, and a lot o' heartless wretches standin' round laughin'. I seed Tom's face flush up all in a minute, and I know'd what was comin'.

"Bill," says he, 'I can't stand this'; and with that he shoves the crowd to right and left, and goes straight up to the big feller, and looks him full in the face.



WATCHING THE BABIES PLAY.

"Says he, 'What are you up to with that cat?'"

"Says the feller, 'What's that to you?'"

"Says Tom, 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, or I'll thrash you.'"

"Says t'other, 'I'd like to see yer try it!'"

"'Would you?' says Tom. 'Well, then, you *shall* enjoy that 'ere pleasure, my chap, this very minute'; and with that he give him one betwixt the eyes as sent him down like a shot."

"Tom would have let him off at that, for he was always a soft-hearted feller, if he had only behaved himself. But the minute the scamp got breath he began again, and then Tom sarved him out another o' the same sort. Down he went agin, and that time he looked as if he'd had just about enough."

"Then all the chaps as stood round burst out a cheerin', and Tom catches hold o' the cat, and says to 'em, says he, 'This 'ere cat's my lawful prize, captered in fair fight, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it'; and he carries it aboard our craft, where all hands was precious glad to see it, for we'd been pretty nigh ate up with rats."

"Well, sir, we made the down trip all right, and were as far as the north coast o' Hanglesea on our way back, when all to once there come on sitch a fog as I never seed afore or since. 'Twas just as if the whole air had bin turned into pea-soup, and our old man [Captain] doubled the lookouts, and never budged from the deck that whole day. But 'twas all no use."

"'Bout ten o'clock at night we heerd a loud alarm whistle close on our starb'd quarter, and then a man's voice singin' out some'at, but afore you could say Jack Robinson, there comed a thump as knocked us all off our legs, and a crash that 'ud have deafened a dead man a'most, and up come the cold sea all round us like anything, and the vessel settled down right under our feet. One of the out'ard-bound Liverpool packets had run right into us, stem on, and reg'lar stove us in."

"I flew up the fore-riggin' like a cat the minute I saw how things were, but she foundered so quick that I'd just time to sing out for Tom, and to feel queer at his not answering, when the yards dipped, and we was all strugglin' in the water together. But the steamer let down her boats as quick as winkin' (trust a blue-jacket for doing things smart whar there's anybody in distress), and presently I feels myself hauled in. They were just a-goin' to pull back to the steamer, when all to once we hears the cry of a cat."

"'Mates,' says I, 'for the love of God pull right for that cry; never mind about *me*. That's Tom's cat, or I'm a Dutchman, and Tom himself won't be far off, I'll take my davy.'"

"They pulled with a will, and sure enough there was poor old Tom washin' about as hunconscious as a babby (for he'd bin stunned by a lick from one o' the floatin' spars), and there was the cat a-sittin' on his breast, singin' out for help like any Christian. [A fact.]"

"So it saved *him* just as he'd saved *it*; and so, you see, a kind deed ain't never thrown away, even if it's only done to a cat."

ROBIN AND WREN.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE robin came to the wren's nest—
The nest in the hawthorn spray.

"Hey, Gossip," the little wren said,
"Where have you been to-day?"

"Through the trees, and over the trees,
Between the green and blue;
Lean out of your nest, Gossip dear—
I've something to say to you."

"I don't forget how you fed me once,
And gave me a mother's care.
Listen, Gossip! Lie close awhile;
The sparrow-hawk's in the air."

THE WORK OF THE BLACK FROST.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

I.

THERE was the sharp click, click of wooden sabots on the hard ground, and the sound of young high-pitched voices on the quiet air, as down a country road leading into the little village of Villers came three young girls in the picturesque costume of the Norman peasants.

"Yes, Madame De Lestrelle has offered a grand prize," said one, whom her companions called Marcelle, "to all the lace-makers under eighteen years of age for three miles around. The prize lace is to be worn by our young lady on her wedding day."

"Four yards, did you say, Marcelle? And the prize to be five thousand francs! It will be a fortune to one of us. But here comes Babette, the silly mouse."

"Good-evening, Babette," cried Marcelle. "What makes you so gay? You look as if you had won the grand prize already."

The little brown maiden who came almost dancing across the market-place nodded gently as she said, "I almost feel as if I had. Such luck has befallen me!"

"Tell us about it!" exclaimed the girls.

"Well, I just ran up to see old Mother Quaver, and tell her of the charming offer of Madame. She was so pleased, and cried right away, 'Now, my child, the time has come to give thee the bequest of thy good mother,' and hobbling to her chest, she took out a pattern carefully pricked upon parchment. Oh, it is more beautiful than any I have ever seen, and was designed by my own mother. But, alas! she died just as she had begun it, leaving the pattern with Mother Quaver to be given to me when I became skillful enough to carry out her great work. I am sure nothing finer will be designed."

"But what shall we do with the money if we get it?"

"Who knows?" said Marcelle. "If I win I shall go for a year to the good Sisters' school at Caen."

"What! would you be a demoiselle, Marcelle?" asked Lisette. "Now, should I get the five thousand francs, I shall buy the prettiest silk gown and kerchief in Bayeux, and be the best dressed as well as the best dancer at the wedding festival."

"Vain little peacock!" cried Jeanne. "All I care for is to get away from this humdrum Villers, and see a little of the world."

"Oh, you, none of you, love your work as I do," cried Babette. "It is joy to me just to see the beautiful lace growing beneath my fingers; but I would win for André—my poor André! only for him. Mother Quaver says the great docteur at Paris could help him, could I but take him there."

"A poor cripple, of no use to any one," said Jeanne. "He would be better off beneath the ivy in the old grave-yard."

"Oh, Jeanne, for shame!" cried Marcelle and Lisette; but Babette's eyes flashed fire, and then filled with tears, as she exclaimed, with a sob:

"You are cruel, Jeanne! He is all I have, and my father bade me care for him until he returned from beyond the seas to take us to the new home he is making for us in America. If André dies, how can I ever meet him? Ah! Heaven grant I may win the *grand prix*," and she laid her hand on her kerchief, beneath which was concealed the precious parchment.

"Well, good-night, my friends," said Marcelle, turning away; "we will all do our best."

"But only one can win," thought Jeanne, as she trudged homeward in the wake of Babette and Lisette, who parted at the cross-roads. "And Babette Brenn seems to think she is sure with her heirloom design." Jeanne stamped her foot angrily, muttering jealously as she caught a glimpse through the twilight of a little red skirt far down the road. "What wouldn't I give to win the

prize from her as well as the others! But, ah me! where am I to find a wonderful design?"

Even as the words passed her lips, the young moon, which was rising over the hill, shed its first silvery beams across her path, resting lightly upon something that looked like a folded paper lying at one side of the road.

Stooping, she picked it up, and, in spite of the bitter cold, lingered to examine it in the moonlight. At the first glance she gave a little cry of delighted astonishment, for it was not paper, but a strip of parchment grown yellow with age, on which was pricked, in the way usual with makers of pillow lace, an elaborate design that she saw in an instant was far more beautiful than anything generally made in Villers.

"It is Babette's heirloom, that must have slipped from beneath her kerchief," was Jeanne's rapid conclusion. "She will be wild indeed when she misses it, unless I leave it as I pass the house."

At that moment something seemed to whisper to her. She stood perfectly still in the moonlight for a long time. Then finally she exclaimed, "I will do it," and hid the parchment deep in her pocket.

II.

Babette was hastening toward the wee stone cottage she called home, with her thoughts intent on the sweet-faced lad who lay so pale and fair in the dark little bed built in the wall near the chimney-corner.

"So, Babette, thou hast come at last," he said, with a smile, as she entered. "I have missed thee so much."

"But I could not help it, André, and I have brought such good news. First let me see about your supper, and then I will tell you all the news."

"It is very cold, is it not, Babette?"

"Oh, so cold! and we shall have a hard frost to-night. The cold is cruel to us poor lace-makers; it makes my fingers so stiff I can hardly twist the threads. I wish it was always summer."

"So did I when I was well, but since I fell over the cliff and hurt my back all seasons are alike."

"Poor little one!" sighed Babette; "but cheer up; I may win the prize, and then away to Paris and Monsieur le docteur. Look what Mother Quaver has given me!" and she thrust her hand beneath her kerchief.

The boy, gazing upon her face, saw a look of terror flit over it; and then with a low cry Babette darted from the house and down the hedge-bordered path leading to the village.

The moonlight lay pure and white on the frost-bound earth, but the little girl paused not to admire the beauty of the night. Shivering with cold and nervousness, she walked rapidly on, glancing eagerly right and left.

For ten minutes the sick boy listened for every sound, and then his sister returned, white and trembling, and dropping on her knees by the couch, buried her face in the pillow, sobbing, "Oh, André, André, it is gone! the beautiful design of our lost mother, that was to have made you well and strong once more." And then starting to her feet, she cried, in a sudden whirlwind of passion: "It is that spiteful Jeanne who has it. I am sure it is. She came right behind me, and must have found it, or it would be there, for I had it when I left Lisette. No one else has passed, I am sure. Oh, the hateful little cat!"

"Hush, Babette, hush!" sobbed André. "You frighten me, and we can not tell. I don't think Jeanne would keep anything left you like that, even if she found it."

"It would be just like her."

"You must not say so. The good curé would tell you not to judge, and the wind may have blown it away."

"But it is so hard, and I was so happy and sure. It seemed like a gift straight from heaven"; and throwing her blue woollen apron over her head, Babette wept until she could weep no more.

III.

The coldest night that had been known in Villers for years—the night of the black frost, as it was called—was over. Morning had come, and the sunlight twinkled gayly through the windows of the picturesque cottages, awakening the peasants to a new day of toil. Babette started up with the sense of a weight on her spirits, but before she could clearly recall what it was, the "Ah me!" was changed to an "Oh!" of delight. Her eyes had fallen upon the attic window. There, drawn in delicate white frost-work, appeared the most exquisite lace design she had ever beheld—so fine and intricate she was sure only fairy fingers could have woven it.

"It is the work of the good angels, I am sure!" cried Babette, "and is more beautiful even than that of my mother."

Almost breathless, she donned her gown and cap, brought her round green lace pillow and parchment, and set busily to work, finding that, with a little help from her imagination, she could transfer the filmy frost sprays to something more substantial, and that, too, before the delicate tracery had faded beneath the ruthless touch of day.

Then, for days and weeks after, nothing but André could tempt the little lace-maker from her pillow; and though her eyes and back often ached, a little bird sang in her heart, and her cheeks grew pink as apple-buds as the exquisite fabric appeared beneath her dainty touch, for Babette came of a long line of lace-makers, and had inherited much of her mother's skill. And then, was it not for André—her beloved André?"

The closing days of Lent waxed and waned, the lilies in the old church proclaimed that the great spring festival was at hand, and just as the girls began to feel they could not wait a day longer, the desired Monday dawned bright and clear.

Up the hill trooped the young peasants in holiday attire, forming a "charming spectacle," thought the grave middle-aged man in eyeglasses who stood by the side of Madame De Lestrelle on the lawn.

"How picturesque! how vividly antique!" he exclaimed. "Truly, Madame la Comtesse, you are giving me a treat to-day."

"Do you wonder, Monsieur, that I love my native Normandy?" cried the lady, her eyes beaming. "These girls are only a few of the fifty thousand lace-makers in the vicinity of Caen and Bayeux, who earn their bread by the 'woven wind.' No wonder we prize the airy fabric, for 'tis not wrought of flax alone, but of many a romance and human life. A lace-maker rarely lives to be over forty years of age. But see, all are assembled, and we must not keep them in suspense."

"Where is Jeanne?" asked Marcelle, as they drew up in line to await the decision of the kind lady whom they all loved.

"She is ill," whispered Lisette. But at that moment a trumpet sounded, and Madame came forward, carrying a packet in her hand.

"It is the prize gold," passed from mouth to mouth.

"Good-morning, my daughters," she said, pleasantly. "You have all done most beautiful work, which I shall take pains to dispose of for you, so no labor will be lost. But two far excel the others in beauty and originality of design. On opening that of Jeanne Reynard I thought nothing could be more beautiful until I saw that of little Babette Brenn. But hers is a marvel—like a dream of the finest frost-work. Such lace has rarely been seen in Cabrados; and to her I must award the five thousand francs."

Hardly daring to believe her senses, and half dazed, Babette was pushed to the front by her friends, and courtied mechanically as Madame placed the packet in her hand, saying: "The mantle of your mother has fallen upon you, Babette. But what will you do with so much money?"



VIOLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. M. GORDON.

"Oh, Madame, it is for André. The doctor here does him no good. He will die if he stays. I shall go with him to Paris to the great Dr. Le Perine."

"Is it so, indeed?" said the lady, with a kind smile. "Then I am glad you have won. But you need not travel so far, little one. Monsieur le docteur is with us to-day."

"Here, Madame, in Villers?"

"Yes; he is the uncle of my daughter's fiancé," and she beckoned to the grave man in eyeglasses. But he was not grave long, and his face lightened with animation as he listened with interest to the little girl as she told him how her brother seemed pining away, and she

was sure no one but he could save him. And André thought him the kindest gentleman in the world when, an hour later, he bent over the little bed in the wall, and tenderly lifted him into a position where he was more comfortable than he had been in months.

"He is very ill," said the great doctor to Babette; "but do not despair; you and I together will bring him through."

"Then I shall not have won the prize in vain," cried Babette, joyfully.

The words had scarcely left her lips when Lisette came in, saying, "Jeanne is sick, and wishes to see you, Babette."

She went immediately to the Reynards' cottage, and found her former friend lying on a settee, her head pillowed on her arms.

"I congratulate you, Jeanne," she said, "on having won the praise of Madame; it was a pity you could not have heard it."

Jeanne burst into tears. "I did not care to. I am so glad you have won, Babette; but I have something to tell you, though my head aches so I can hardly think."

"Never mind; I know all about it."

"You know I found the beautiful design left you by your mother, and used it."

Babette nodded.

"And never said a word. Ah, Babette, how kind of you!"

"The frost angels repaid me, and I forgave you long ago." And she told of the lace drawn upon her window.

"It was sent by the good God to stop my wicked plan," sobbed Jeanne, "and I am so glad you have the prize, Babette. I have not known a happy moment since the night of the black frost. But I will sell the lace and give the money all to André."

"There is no need," said Babette. "He has enough. The good doctor has promised to cure him. We will keep our secret and be friends forever." And the girls exchanged a kiss of real friendship.



"HIS ONLY FRIEND."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 794.

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LONG miles the two comrades have wandered together,
 From hot city streets, over meadow and moor,
 Till, wearied, one pillows his head on the heather,
 God pity him! hungry and homeless and poor.

Forgetting his troubles, the worn feet extended,
 The aching limbs resting, his sleep is profound;
 But he is not alone as he sits there—befriended
 By Waif, who is ready to spring at a sound.

No peril shall menace the form of the sleeper
 Unchallenged by one who is boldly awake—
 A dear little sentinel, proud to be keeper
 Of him whose last meal it was his to partake.

The clumsy paw touches the hard hand, caressing
 Its brown knotted palm; and the shaggy head, pressed
 Within the arm's circlet, lies soft as a blessing
 Against the true heart in the thin faded vest.

They've been famished and chilly and tired together;
 Companions, have shared the sharp word and the blow,
 Have faced a harsh world in the wildest of weather,
 And they know not to-day by what pathway to go.

Poor comrades, so faithful! perhaps just before you
 Is shelter, a home that will open its gate.
 All hardships have endings; kind Heaven is o'er you;
 The brave and the honest may conquer their fate.

MAX RANDER IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

WE had come to Baden-Baden for mother to drink the waters. That's the place in Germany where there used to be so much gambling, and I don't wonder bad men went there. You see, you have to say the name over twice before you can say it once, and that always reminded me of Sing Sing and the State's-prison.

And I might almost as well have been in prison, for all the fun I had there the first few days. That had been left behind in England with an aunt of ours who had come to live in London, so I had nobody to play with.

If there had only been some American boys around, I could soon have got acquainted and gone about with them, but for some time I didn't see any boys at all.

But one afternoon, as I was wandering dismally along the main street, almost wishing there would be an earthquake to make an excitement, I caught sight of a boy about my size walking on ahead of me.

"If he's only English or American!" I thought, and watched anxiously to see which hotel he would go to, for they were all named after the different countries.

We were stopping at the *Englischer Hof*, and I saw the boy go in at the gate of the *Hôtel de Russie*. "A Russian!" I exclaimed, feeling awfully disappointed. "He may be a young Nihilist, and carry dynamite marbles in his pockets."

I had a copy of the *Arabian Nights* under my arm, and I thought I would walk out to the famous Black Forest (which I had just remembered came up to the edge of the town), and read some fairy stories in that hobgoblinish sort of place. It would make them seem more likely to be true. When I had got myself fixed comfortably under a big tree, I opened my book, and began the story of "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves."

I had just got to the place where he says "Open, sesame!" when "b-r-r! bang!" came a terrific clap of thunder.

I jumped up quick, I tell you, and looked around me as if I expected to see all the forty robbers in flesh and blood. They weren't there, but that Russian boy was. He was standing about ten feet from me, had a little satchel in his hand, and was staring about him in a wild sort of way.

"I wonder what he—" And then I shuddered as I decided what must be the matter with him. "He's got dynamite in that bag," I said to myself. "They always carry it about in satchels, so people won't suspect. Some

of the other Nihilists at the hotel have sent him out here to bury it till they get ready to blow up the Grand-duke's palace. And now he's afraid it will be struck by lightning and go off."

You may be sure that after this I didn't waste any time in preparing to take *myself* off. I stopped to put up the umbrella, and had just got it opened, when to my horror I saw that Russian boy come rushing straight for me with his bag.

Before I could make up my mind which way to run, he had ducked his head under the umbrella, and actually stood there *holding that satchel against my leg*. I almost imagined I could feel the electric thrills running up inside my knickerbockers.

Every instant I expected to see a flash of lightning, so I motioned for the Russian boy to hold the umbrella himself, and then sprang out in the rain. A drenching was a good deal pleasanter to take, and easier to get over, than a blowing up. But the fellow didn't seem to understand things that way, and at once started after me.

"If he would only drop that bag!" I thought; "then I wouldn't mind standing next to him."

After we had dodged about there in the rain like the figures in a Punch and Judy show, I stopped suddenly, and held up one hand in a way that I wanted him to know meant, "Keep your distance."

He stopped short, and watched me as I pointed to his bag. Then he gave me the umbrella to hold, and stooping down, began to open that bag. But he had no more than got it unlatched than he gave one wild spring.

"It's on fire already!" was my awful thought, and at that very instant a sheet of flame danced before my eyes, while a noise like a thousand Fourth-of-July salutes all being fired off at once rang in my ears.

With a dreadful cry I fell over, taking the Russian boy with me, for he had somehow or other got in my way.

My next sensation was that of rolling about on the damp ground, and seeming to have two or three dozen pairs of arms and legs.

"I s'pose that's because I've been blown into so many pieces," I thought, with a shiver.

Then I slowly began to realize that I was still whole, but all tangled up with the Russian boy. His mouth was close by my ear, and all of a sudden he opened it and said, "What's the matter with the fellow, anyway?"

"Hello! do you speak English?" I cried out, giving a mighty wriggle that at last got us clear of each other.

"Well, I wish I'd known *you* did," he answered, as we both got up and began to brush the dirt from our clothes.

"Then you aren't a young Russian Nihilist, and haven't got any dynamite in that bag?" I exclaimed, joyfully picking up the umbrella and holding it over us both.

"No, indeed!" he cried. "Have you lost your mind? I'm a Boston boy."

Then I explained why I had believed him to be a Russian, and my reasons for not wanting to stand under the same umbrella with him as long as he held that bag.

"And all I've got in it is mosses and bark I'd been gathering for my sister."

"But what did you open it that time for, and then jump away as if you were scared to death?"

"I opened it because I thought you wanted to see what I had in it, and I gave that sudden spring because I had just discovered a splendid bit of moss only a few feet away from me. But the idea of your thinking the dynamite had exploded when that thunder-clap came! That's almost as funny as your taking me to be Russian because I happened to be staying at the *Russischen Hof*."

But I didn't mind his teasing, it was so nice to have a boy to talk to again, and during the rest of our two weeks at Baden-Baden, Fred Broadbent and I were great chums.

To this day, though, he declares that I must be English. "For weren't you stopping at the English hotel?"

HOW TO MAKE A TABLE.

BY A. CABE.

LAST week, boys, we called your attention to a school for young amateur mechanics that has just been established in New York city. Here we give you an opportunity to exercise your skill, whether you have had any instruction with regard to mechanical work or not. How many of you will undertake the task, and how many of you will succeed? The directions are full and plain, and if you are only attentive and careful, you will soon have a good table for your books or work, all of your own manufacture.

The table is shown in Figs. 1 and 2. The size is three feet ten inches in length by one foot ten inches in width.

For the four legs get either a piece of first-rate clean yellow pine thirty inches long, eight inches broad, and two inches thick, or a rod that will make four legs thirty inches long and two inches square. If the former, line it out with a straight-edge and pencil as shown in Fig. 3, where you will observe each piece has a taper; this is what is called cutting the one out of the other. The proper method to line the wood out is this: Draw a line down the middle, which will give two halves, each four inches broad; from the edge of each half mark two and a quarter inches at A and one and three-quarter inches at B. Draw lines to these marks two inches thick, and saw up; you thus have four pieces, each tapering from two and a quarter inches to one and three-quarter inches.

Plane up the two best adjacent faces of each piece, and square them. When planed, mark their faces with pencil. Set marking gauge to bare two inches, and gauge from the dressed faces for about six inches in length at the broad end or top of each piece. This is the part of the leg that comes opposite the rails, and has no taper. Plane and square the four pieces to their gauge marks, and this done, place them together on the bench, even at the bottom. Mark from the bottom twenty-four inches, which will be six inches from the top, and square across with square and pencil; continue this line round the remaining side, opposite the dressed one, and this is the line the tapering commences from. Set the marking gauge to one and a half inches, and gauge the bottom end of each piece from the dressed side. Now taper from the pencil lines mentioned above, stopping at the gauge marks on the end. Now the legs will be two inches square for six inches of their length, and the remainder tapered to one and a half inches square at the bottom.

Now for the rest of the stuff. Plane one back rail thirty-five inches long, five inches broad, and one inch thick; two end rails nineteen inches long, five inches broad, and one inch thick; one front rail over the drawer, thirty-five inches by two inches by three-quarters of an inch; one ditto under the drawer, thirty-five inches by two inches by one inch; two end stretchers (A, Fig. 2), nineteen inches by two inches by one inch; and two long ditto, thirty-five inches by two inches by one inch. These are to be planed and squared with bench square. These pieces prepared, we have to draw in the legs for mortising. Place them on the bench in two pairs, each pair having a taper side up, and the remaining taper sides opposite each other, as in Fig. 4. Here we have the parallel portions of all four lying close, and the bottoms of each pair about an inch apart. There are to be two mortises made in each leg to receive the five-inch rail. First draw a line across all four at the beginning of the taper A, Fig. 4; set a pair of compasses to one and a half inches, and mark from A to B. Mark one inch from B to C, then one and a half inches with the compasses to D. Now you have two mortises, each one and a half inches long, with an inch space between. This portion between is called a bridge. During this operation the legs should be clipped by their ends in a hand-screw to prevent them shifting. Now draw in the mortises for stretchers by making the line E six inches from the bottom, and F one and seven-eighths inches from it. Now set the mortise gauge to three-eighths of an inch mortise line, and set the head three-eighths of an inch from the inner spike. Gauge with this all the mortises, both for rails and stretchers, from the marked faces of the legs. Now square over one pair of the legs for the five-inch long or back rail, which will be on the remaining taper sides, as in Fig. 5, and the other pair square across for a rail beneath the drawer, one inch thick, the mortise being one-sixteenth of an inch less than the thickness of rail (see Fig. 6). Gauge for mortises as before from the marked faces, as in the case of Fig. 6, from both faces, as there are two mortises in the breadth.

Now place the legs for mortising on the bench, as in Fig. 4. Mortise for the rails one and a half inches deep. Mark lightly the back of mortise-iron with a saw-file one and a half inches up; this will be a guide for the depth. Mortise for the stretchers one and a quarter inches deep. When mortised, clean out blaze with a five-sixteenth-inch chisel, taking care not to bruise the edge of the mortises. The mortises should be smoothed on the sides a little with a chisel, but not pared wider, or they will be too wide for tenons. A mortise should always be filled for its whole depth, otherwise the glue will not take hold.

Now we have to draw in the rails and stretchers—first of all for the two ends, as they are cramped together first. Draw in the two end rails sixteen inches long between the shoulders; this will give two tenons

one and a half inches long. Draw in the back rail and the two front rails over and under the drawers, thirty-two inches long. This drawing-in means marking them across with square and cutting-knife for shouldering. Place the two end rails, edges up, on the bench, mark off sixteen inches, and square both across; then from these lines square and mark both sides of each rail. The cutting-knife is best for this marking, making a good deep cut, which serves as a channel or guide for the dovetail saw.

Though the shoulders of the five-inch rails are square across, it will be evident that the shoulders of the stretchers (A, Fig. 2) are bevelled, arising from the taper on the feet or legs, and the stretcher is also somewhat longer than the rail. Now to find this length and this bevel, proceed as follows: To find the length, place a pair of the legs together, with a hand-screw at top, mortises together; at the stretcher mortise they will be apart about three-quarters of an inch, and this is the extra length over the rails. To find the bevel, square across any part of the taper of a leg from the outer face with bench square and pencil, and with a bevel square or bevel stock set the blade to this line. The stock being on the inner or taper side of the leg, the bevel thus found is that for stretcher shoulders, the bevel stock being worked from the upper edge of the stretcher. The shoulders being marked, shift the head of mortise gauge one-eighth inch nearer the spikes, and gauge rails and stretchers from the outer face. Thus they will be one-eighth inch within the surface of the legs when cramped together.

For the rail under the drawer, this is flush with the legs, and must be gauged same as the mortises, then shifted to fit the second or inner mortise (see Fig. 6). For this reason the rails and legs should be gauged together, as it saves time and shifting of the gauge. The shoulders are cut in with dovetail saw, and the tenons are ripped with a tenon saw. Then the rails have a piece cut out for the bridge in the mortises, and a rebate of one inch at the upper edge, which will leave two tenons a little over one and a half inches broad. They should be a little less in length than the depth of mortises; this will be easily ascertained with the foot-rule. The tenoning being finished, the two stretchers (A, Fig. 2) are to be mortised for long stretchers (B, Fig. 1). These mortises are shown at A, Fig. 2, where the tenons come through and are wedged. The long stretchers are six inches apart, and the mortising is exactly as that for the rail below the drawers where let into legs, and also at the division between the drawers. This being done, the inside of the legs is to be hand-planed and sand-papered, as also the face of five-inch rails and stretchers all round. Now the ends are ready to cramp together. Cut a little off the corner of each tenon, and see that they enter their respective mortises before gluing.

All being ready, the glue should be somewhat thin, and while one heats the tenons at a fire, another puts glue in the mortises with a bit of lath. A very little glue will do on the tenons. The object of heating is to prevent the glue getting chilled. In cramping up, protect the work with bits of wood under the jaws of the cramps. When cramped, see that it is square by gauging with a rod from corner to corner diagonally between stretcher and rail. Also see that it is out of twist. Place a straight-edge across the two legs; the straight-edge should touch the legs on the whole of their breadth—then they will not be in winding.

We have now got the two ends of the kitchen table framed together. Our next operation is to fill in the two ends for drawer guides. This consists of a piece of wood two inches broad, and thick enough to flush the table feet, or legs more properly, fitted in between the legs and glued to the rails, being kept flush with the bottom edge of rail. These should be fixed down with hand-screws, and laid aside for an hour or so, after which they are planed straight and flush with the legs, testing them with the straight-edge. The tops of the two front legs are now to be cut off flush with the edge of the rails and planed; then the three-quarter-inch rail over the drawers is drawn in same length as that under, and a dovetail made on each end about one and a quarter inches long. These dovetails are drawn on the tops of the legs, and then cut out to the depth required, namely, three-quarters of an inch. The space from this to the two mortises under the drawer is the length to make the short upright division, or fore-edge between the drawers. This has a double tenon each end, same as for the stretchers, the two rails being mortised to receive it (see Fig. 7), which is the frame without drawers or top. Now the rail below the drawers is to be mortised to receive the cross rail, A (see Fig. 7), which is a rest for both drawers. It is three inches broad, and the same thickness as front rail. The one end is tenoned to enter the front rail, while the opposite or back end has a dovetail, and is let in flush into the under edge of the back rail; its position is, of course, from front to back, and in the centre of the frame.

The mortise and tenon being prepared, the proper length of this rail will be found when the frame is cramped up and stood on its legs. Now we have to find the length of the long stretchers. For this purpose place the two ends together, with the mortises toward each other; catch them in a hand-screw at top, when you can measure the gap between the end stretchers, and this is the length that the long stretchers are to be in excess of the rails at back and front. Tenon the long stretchers to fit the mortises in cross ones; and all mortising and tenoning being done, hand-plane all the parts that can not afterward be reached before gluing up. Being now ready to glue the frame up, set a cramp to about three feet two inches, which will allow of two pieces of wood to protect the job. The back rail, front rail below drawer, and two long stretchers are all to receive glue, and be fitted in

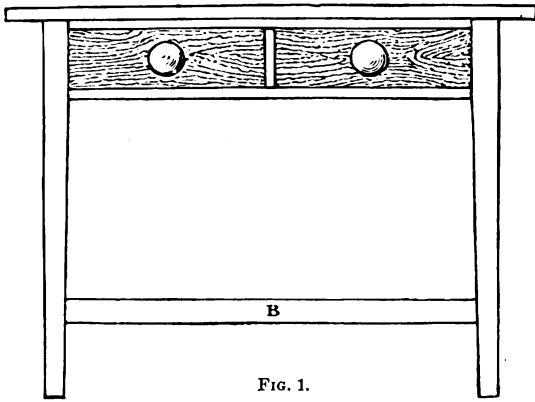


Fig. 1.

their places at once. Insert them all into one end, first with the hands, then turn them over and insert them in the other end; now rap them nearly home with a piece of wood and a hammer; then apply the cramp. It is almost necessary for two persons to be at this part of the job, one heating tenons, and afterward assisting with the cramp. Cramp all the shoulders close, wedging the long stretchers with the cramp in the centre between them.

Now you have to glue and insert the short upright rail between the drawers, then above this the rail with two dovetails; press the short upright home with a small cramp or a hand-screw on either side of the projecting tenons, and drive in wedges as explained in gluing the long stretchers. Now rap home the dovetailed ends, and drive a two-inch

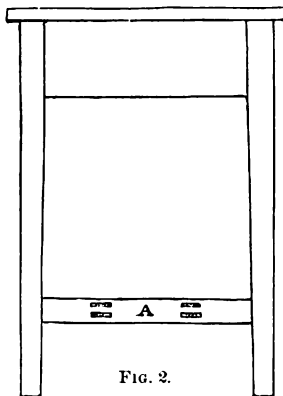


Fig. 2.

nail through them into each leg. You will now find the correct length of the rail across the centre, which fit by dovetailing into back rail. Now make two bearing fillets one inch square, and nail them inside of each end and level with the front rail, when they will be on the same level with the centre-bearing rail, and support the drawers properly on both sides. The two drawers are to be made; the fronts are seven-eighths of an inch thick, and are fitted closely into the apertures to receive them. Mark the front on the outside thus, **A**, when you will always know the end to be kept uppermost. Plane the bottom edge first, then make one end square, assuming that the aperture is square, or, more properly speaking, rectangular. Now place the front against the aperture, with the squared end in its place, and draw the other on the inside with drawpoint. Saw off and square this end with the plane on the shooting-board. Having got the ends to the exact length, place the front against the aperture again, letting the lower edge enter a little way. Draw again along the upper edge inside, and plane down to this mark. These fronts should be fitted tight, and at present it is sufficient if they just enter. Cut out four sides of five-eighth-inch wood, dress and square the ends, on the shooting-board one-half inch shorter than the width from face of rail to inside of back rail. These four sides may be at present a little broader than the finished side. Groove the sides and front with a drawer-bottom plane, and make two backs exactly same length as fronts, and one inch narrower; these are also

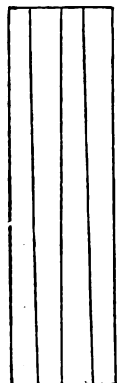


Fig. 3.

five-eighths of an inch thick, and have no grooves like the sides have. Now, being ready to dovetail, set the cutting-gauge to a shaving less than the thickness of sides; gauge all the pieces with this—the fronts on the inner face and also on the end wood, gauging from the inside; then the backs and sides on both sides. Now mark on the fronts four pins as in Fig. 8 enlarged, and on the backs three pins as in Fig. 9 enlarged, cutting down to the gauge lines. For dovetailing, the chisels must be thin and sharp, and they are struck with the wooden mallet. The backs are cut from both sides, as is all *through* dovetailing, while the fronts are only cut to a depth of five-eighths of an inch.

To draw the sides for dovetailing: Place a pair of sides in position,

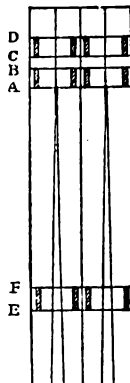


Fig. 4.

groove to groove (see Fig. 10 enlarged) and, taking a front, stand on the end of the side flush with gauge line, and flush on grooved edge. See also Fig. 10; draw close to each pin with the drawpoint, reverse the front, and draw on other side same way. Now turn the sides end for end, and draw the backs in the same way, having each back marked so that you make no mistake when fitting the drawers together. You will observe by Fig. 11 enlarged that in drawing the back pins the back is placed even with the groove in the side, as the bottom slips in under it—in other words, the groove in the sides is clear of the back to receive the bottom. Now the pieces to be taken out of the sides are to be ripped with a dovetail saw, and cut out with a three-eighth-inch chisel; these pieces are three at the back end and two at the front, with the two corners cut out, as shown in Fig. 12. In dovetailing it must be observed that the thickness taken by the cut of the saw must come off the piece to be cut out—in other words, the piece cut out is exactly the portion within the drawpoint lines, so that the pins from which they were drawn will fit exactly into the openings thus made. In *through* dovetailing, which is cut from both sides, the chisel is inclined slightly to cut inward (see Fig. 13), which allows the sharp edges to come closely and neatly against the adjoining part when glued up; this is called making it “lean” in the centre. The same remark applies in dovetails, *not* through, as on the drawer fronts, which are slightly “lean” at the bottom both ways—that is, both from face to end.

The dovetails should be cleaned neatly out with narrow chisels, and the corners of the sides pared, after sawing off, to the gauge lines.

The drawer stuff, all dovetailed, has to be planed on the inside and sand-papered; then try if the fronts and backs enter their respective sides; after which glue them as follows, and this rule will hold good in all work of a similar kind: Take a drawer front and the corresponding side, put some glue with a small brush into the recesses in end of front, taking care to allow none to get on the inner face; now put a little on the end wood of the side and on the two cut-out corners; stand the front on the bench, glued end up, enter the side, and rap it home with hammer and a bit of wood; now turn it over on the bench, the side standing vertically, see that the junction inside is perfectly close, apply a large square inside, and press the side to agree with the square.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

This done, take the back belonging to this drawer, put glue on the pins to enter this same side, enter it, and rap home as with the front. Now glue the remaining end of front and back, and rap on the remaining side. See that the inside junctions are all close. Lay the drawer flat down on the bench, and square it with a foot-rule, applied from corner to corner.

Both drawers being glued, lay them aside and prepare the bottoms. These are of three-eighth-inch wood, and if not broad enough may be joined with three-eighth-inch match ploughs. To do this jointing mark the *best* side of each piece, place in the bench-vice lug with marked side next you, plane straight with half-long. It is usual to work the *feather* in the narrower piece if there is a broad and a narrow, and it is also usual to work the feather first. The groove and feather made, rap the joint up *dry* to see it is close. If it is a perfect joint, use thin glue made by dipping the brush in the boiler of glue-pot. Apply the glue quickly with one stroke of brush, and rap the pieces together smartly with a mallet; when this is done smartly they will need no cramping.

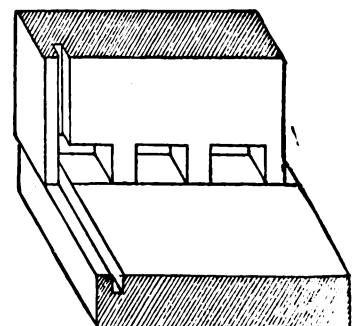


Fig. 10.

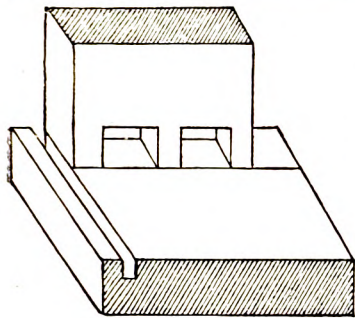


Fig. 11.

When this is done on front edge and one end, find the length to cut the bottom by, placing one corner in the groove at back of the drawer; mark at the bottom of opposite groove. From this mark cut the bottom to the square, and bevel the back to fit gauge as before, sand-paper the bottoms inside, and before driving them into their places try that they enter both grooves by inserting the bottom, both back and front edges, because, if wider at the back, they will burst or split the sides. All being correct, drive them down gently with mallet, and see that they enter the groove in the front to the full depth; see also that the sides are perfectly straight and not bulged in the middle. Now you have to

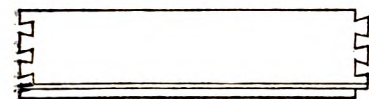


Fig. 12.

block the bottoms by gluing on fillets three-quarters of an inch broad and half an inch thick. These are fitted to the drawers along the bottom and side, and must be bevelled to the required angle. They are well glued and rubbed in with a motion the lengthway, when they will take hold. If they do not lie close along their length, cut them into two or more pieces before gluing. Two or three short blockings of this kind are also to be glued on behind the front; these may be three or four inches apart, whereas those on the sides are continuous, being subject to wear in after-use. These blockings should harden for six or seven hours, after which drive three nails about one and a quarter of an inch long through the bottom into the back.

Now fit the drawers to the table frame by planing with jack and half-long. First reduce the breadth of the sides to enter easily, then place a

When gluing of the bottoms is set, plane up both sides with half-long. Plane one edge and one end squared to each other. Now hand-plane inside of each bottom. Next take the drawer bottom—plane, and make a gauge by running a groove in a piece of wood four inches or five inches long. Lay the bottoms face down on the bench, and bevel the edges now uppermost for about one and a half inches inward, bringing the thickness down to the size of groove in gauge (see Fig. 14), in which G is the gauge and B the bottom.

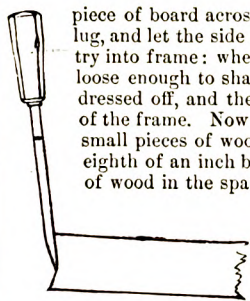


Fig. 13.

piece of board across the bench, catch the drawer in the bench lug, and let the side rest upon this board. Plane both sides and try into frame: when they push in with an easy motion, but not loose enough to shake, then they may be hand-planed, the back dressed off, and the front planed to stand even with the face of the frame. Now they must be stopped at the back by gluing small pieces of wood to the back rail. Push the drawer in an eighth of an inch beyond the face of the frame, and fit the bits of wood in the space left at the back. A guiding fillet is also

to be fitted between the two drawers, and running from the short upright to the back; this should not be too tight. The drawers should pull out and in easily, and without sticking or shaking. The drawer fronts are often veneered with mahogany, which improves the appearance of these tables. If you wish to do

this, teeth the two fronts and lay the veneer with a caul, glue both fronts, and heat the caul both sides; place it on one front, and turn the other over upon it, and apply hand-screws.

The table frame is now to be cleaned off with the hand-plane in all its parts, the tops of the back legs cut off, and the upper edges of rails planed to receive the top. This frame is three feet long by one foot eight inches broad, and the top three feet six inches by one foot ten inches. It is planed both sides with half-long and squared, then it is nailed down to frame at back and ends; the front is fastened by four screws passing upward through the rail over the drawers. After this the top is planed flat to agree with a straight-edge, then hand-planed and sand-papered; each corner is rounded off and sand-papered. The nail holes in the top are to be stopped with a bit of white putty. Now the bottoms of the legs are to be cut all to the same length. Turn the table feet up, take two straight-edges, and place one across each pair of feet; the eye will at once detect whether the legs are all one length or not. Cut a little off the foot that carries the straight-edge too high. If the drawer fronts are veneered they require French polishing; then bore a five-eighths of an inch hole in

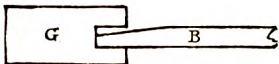


Fig. 14.

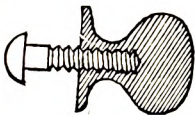
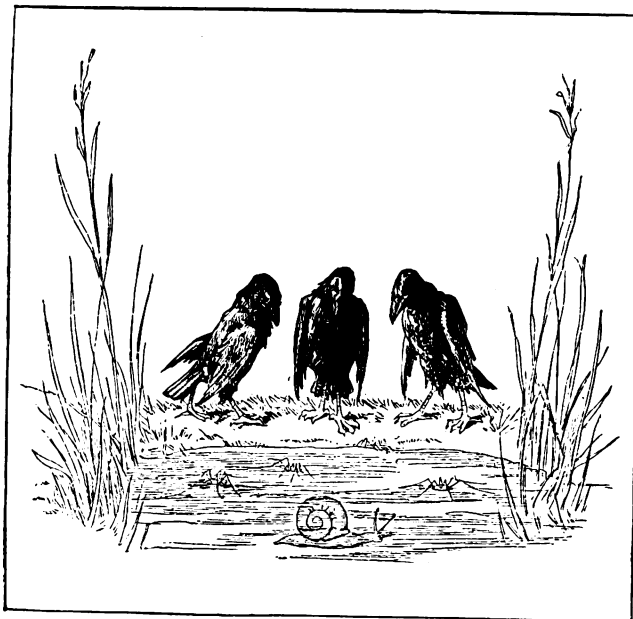


Fig. 15.

the centre of each for a two-and-a-quarter inch patent zebra knob; this is shown in section Fig. 15. Now our table is completed. It may be painted any color and ornamented in various ways; but that we leave to the artistic skill of the maker.





THREE BLACK CROWS.

THREE black crows—Caw! Caw! Caw!—
Mr. Crow, Mrs. Crow, and Miss Crow, their daughter,
Feeling sad that summer's fled—Caw! Caw! Caw!—
Have come to stand and weep awhile beside the flowing water.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl who has lived all her life in the city of San Jose, a beautiful little place about fifty miles from San Francisco. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I can remember, and read most of the stories published in it. "Toby Tyler" and "Our Little Duncie" are my favorites, though I *did* almost cry when "Nan" was finished.

In the summer nearly every one here goes to the coast. Many families spend the summer in their cottages at Soquel and Monterey. Some prefer Pacific Grove, where the fresh sea-breeze blows through a grand forest of pine-trees and the water is brought down from the head of the Carmel River. My mother having been an invalid for many years, and unable to take me on such trips, I generally spend a few weeks of my summer vacation in the Santa Cruz mountains.

While I was there this summer, a friend made me a present of about forty-five birds' eggs, all different; but, unfortunately, after I returned home my baby-nephew got at my box and broke several of them, including a little humming-bird's egg, the smallest and one of the most highly prized of all.

But what I started to tell you about was my little pet rabbit Bobby, which was also given to me at the same time and place. He had been caught while young, and tamed, and was about the size of a large rat. I brought him home in a cage which was made for the occasion, and as he did no harm I let him run all around the house, only putting him in his cage at night, and sometimes forgetting even that; but I afterward greatly regretted my forgetfulness. He would stand up on his hind-feet and beg like a little dog when he wanted something to eat. He would eat a little of almost everything, but not much of anything except the young tender leaves of lettuce. Sometimes, while munching his food, he would roll himself up like a ball of gray worsted with the addition of a head and ears. He would often stand on his hind-legs and play with a pocket-handkerchief held almost out of his reach. But alas for poor little Bobby! One night, after a day of unusual playfulness (I had forgotten to put him in his cage that evening), he awoke me by climbing into the springs of my bed, and the next morning he lay dead just outside of my door. My father thought he must have hurt himself among the twisted wires. My mother made some verses, which she says the Postmistress may publish if she chooses.

EVA M.

Thanks, dear, for your letter and for mamma's poem. There is room, however, for only one stanza about your cunning pet.

We loved him for his dainty ways,
His beauty, and his woodland birth;
He linked our hearts to Nature's own—
The wild, the free, the pure of earth.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I would have written before, but did not have

time. I am nine years old, and we live in the town of Beaufort. I have a little sister three weeks old and a little brother seven years old. I go to school, and like it very much; my teacher's name is Miss Sada. It was mamma's birthday yesterday, and I gave her a present, and our baby is going to have a present too. I enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I have a lovely doll; her name is Sada. I will tell you about my pets. I have two little puppies named Fiddle and Dot. Your little friend,

ANNA BEAUFORT B.

We have taken this paper since it was first published, and would not know how to get along without it. I think Mrs. Lucy C Lillie's stories are splendid. We all took a great interest in "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother." I greatly enjoy Our Post-office Box. Almost every one speaks of his or her pets. We have four birds, and all except one have names. Can you suggest a name for the fourth? He is a beautiful warbler, sent us from Michigan. Then

we have a cow named Lillie, a calf named Daisy, and a dog named Toby Tyler. I think we have a happy family. I think Fanchon is a very pretty name for a calf or almost any other kind of pet. I must close now, or my letter will be too long. With love to the Postmistress,

HALLIE.

Prairie Bird might suit the nameless pet. But where do you live, Hallie dear? Always, girlsie, write your full post-office address at the beginning of your letters.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I never saw a letter of mine in print, so please give this a place. What can I do to make poor little Eddie Smith happy? My home is in Auburn, Alabama. Here we raise cotton and sugar-cane. Would he like some cane to eat, and to see some cotton? I can send him some. I will try to get children to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, for I like it so much. I wonder if any of your children will write to me?

K. C. BROWN.

I think Eddie would be charmed to have some sugar-cane.

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

We are two little boys, nine and ten years old, named Georgie and Willie. There is a large fresh-water lake by our house, and papa has a steam-yacht. Papa has just bought us two three-quarter-bred mustangs, and we can jump a three-foot hurdle. The last thing that happened to us was, we were tipped over in our cat-boat, and swam a half-mile to shore. We look forward to the delightful skating on the lake with great pleasure. Last winter our father shot a bear, the only one shot for several years.

GEORGE AND WILLIE H.

ATHENS, ALABAMA.

It has been a long time since I have written to you, and I am so constant a reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, having been a subscriber from its first number, that at least once a year I must write and tell you how I enjoy it and what I have been doing. My grandfather, Hon. Luke Pryor, being a member of this Congress, I had the privilege of visiting Washington city, and although rather young, I saw things there that have made a lasting impression. I visited all the places of note, among them the Washington Monument. Your sketch of it in YOUNG PEOPLE of September 10 was good, and a true description. I was inside of it in the middle of June, on a very warm day, but in the monument it was quite cool. I was introduced to a number of noted men, and visited the Capitol often. WILL S. P.

MIRAFLORES, PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

We are living in this place, which is near the sea, at a distance of four miles from Lima, the capital. To get to the shore we have to go down a steep place called the "Bajada"; it has hills on each side, and when you get down further the rocks are covered with ferns, which look beautiful. Sometimes we go down on donkeys, but

they are so stubborn. The other day we went to another little place called Baranco, which is two miles from here. My six brothers went in a cart, and a friend of ours went on a donkey with me, and my sister Mamie and one of the boys went on another. I hope the boys and girls of the United States don't know anything about battles and skirmishes. We had one last Wednesday, between Generals Cañeros and Iglesias. There was a good deal of shooting in Lima, and a great many people were shot. Our cook could not come down, because there were no trains. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We have a dog, a cat, two canaries, some guinea-pigs, and pigeons. I hope this letter will be good enough to print. I am twelve years old.

CARRIE C. B.

MADISON, WISCONSIN.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am another of your invalid children. I saw both the letters from Eddie Smith's mamma, and as he had such good luck in getting correspondents, I thought I would try mine. I was very badly injured by a fall three years ago, and have never been well since, and don't know that I ever shall be. I have had all kinds of things done to my back and side—worn braces, plasters, etc., and taken bottles and bottles of medicine, but am not much better. The trouble in the bone has been cured, but the nerves and muscles are fearfully sore; there is some danger of the spinal cord being affected. I have other troubles besides. My stomach is so weak I can hardly eat anything; so will some of the Little Housekeepers please send some good receipts for an invalid's food? I can eat nothing with fruit or vegetables or any high seasoning in it, and no cake or pastry. I very often feel as cross as a bear, but try and get over it. I can walk around the house and go very short distances, but I can not ride at all, and would enjoy hearing from all of the dear girls and boys who can spare time to write to a stranger. I am fifteen, and will enjoy a letter from any one between the ages of five and twenty. I have a large collection of specimens, and want to have a shelf that I may call my Harper's Young People shelf. I shall be glad to receive contributions for my collection from the readers of the Post-office Box, and will try and return the favor by sending some postmarks, advertising cards, stamps, or odd stones and crystals from Madison. State what you want; I will try and answer all your letters when I feel able. I have about eight dollars' worth of unused internal revenue stamps and about five dollars' worth of used that I would like to exchange for curiosities.

NELLIE.

708 North Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

BEEFSTEAK FOR INVALIDS.—Cut all the fat from a beefsteak, and chop the lean part very finely. Make into balls, and broil them on the gridiron. When done, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and serve piping hot.

NELLIE.

I hope Nellie may receive a few answers to her letter. If *all* the young people should write, I fear she would be puzzled how to reply to so many. Thanks for the receipt. Some good receipts for invalids' food shall be given soon.

SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are spending the summer in a little mountain town called Somerset, and in the winter live in Philadelphia. We like it here very much, for there are such lovely walks and drives. One of the walks is out to a place called Breakneck, which is about three miles from town. There are some large rocks, very high, and as smooth as the wall, covered with beautiful moss and ferns. The path at one place is like a narrow hall, just wide enough to walk through. There are also four small caves. The way the rocks got their name was this: Long ago, before the railroad was built, there used to be a public road on top of the rocks, and a man was riding home on horseback one night, when his horse stumbled, and they both fell over the rocks and broke their necks. We saw the place where they were buried—just where they fell over, I suppose.

BESSIE S. G.

CAMDEN, MISSISSIPPI.

I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for three years, and I like it very much indeed. It always comes on Friday, and I hurry home from school to get it. Then after tea my mother reads it to us, and we have fine times. My little sister listens until she gets so sleepy her eyes will shut, but mine are wide open until the last story is read. I have no brother, and but one sister. Dear Postmistress, I am one of the boys that H. W.'s Australian letter pleased; not that I am a cruel boy either, but I have always loved to hear of that wonderful country. I would be so glad if H. W. would correspond with me; do you suppose he would? I have only four pets, all cats: one of them, Tom, is thirteen years old. I had such a smart dog, but some one poisoned him. Muscadines are ripening fast; I went with some friends last Saturday to get some. I liked the story "Left Behind" so much; my name is Paul, too, but I hope I'll never be so unfortunate as Paul Weston was.

PAUL CLAXTON.

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO.

I don't blame Edith's grandpa for not liking the kitty that killed his birds. Our kitty killed my birds a few weeks ago—dear birds that we had brought away from Indiana with us, nearly two thousand miles. I live on the Grand River, among the big cottonwood-trees, and there are a great many pretty birds which sing about our house, but I liked our own little birdies best. I wonder if the little boys and girls who read your paper ever heard of this place? I know that not many of them ever saw it, for the Indians were driven from here not quite three years ago. I came here one year ago last April to live with my papa, who came here for his health. He is a civil engineer, and is making irrigating canals to water the crops, for it never rains here enough to make things grow. They have made one very large one that has taken them nearly two years to complete. The river came up higher this summer when the snow melted from the mountains than was ever known before; it destroyed all our garden, but we have a large field of oats which is beautiful. There are a great many melons and nice things to eat raised in this valley this summer. The climate is delightful here; the sun shines very warm in summer, but a cool breeze from the mountains makes it always pleasant. It never snows much in winter; when it does, the snow never lies on the ground longer than a few hours. I went to school in a cabin last winter to my aunt, with whom I live. My mamma is dead. I shall go to school to my aunt again this year; they are building a fine school-house, and I think we will have a good school; it will begin next month. I would like to tell you a great many things about this strange country, about the Indians I saw on their beautiful ponies, and about my pretty dolly. I am eight years old.

LITTLE NELL.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

I thought that I would write to you again. I began to go to school last Monday. I study arithmetic, spelling, grammar, reading, geography, writing, and singing, and I take piano lessons. My teacher's name is Miss N.; she is very kind, and I like her very much. I am eleven years old. I have only one pet, and that is a horse; her name is Pet. She is very gentle. We think she is the best horse that we ever saw. The State Fair is to be held here this fall, and perhaps I may attend it. I must stop now and say good-by.

MABEL P.

BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl almost seven years old. I have a bird named Dick. My papa has some hens, and I feed them. I go to school, and am learning to read, spell, draw, and sing. I have three dolls; their names are Minnie, Bessie, and Alice. I live near the beach, and often go there with mamma to play in the sand and pick up pretty shells. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma said I might write to you, and perhaps you would print my letter. Won't you, please? As I have never written with pen and ink, mamma has written this for me.

A. M. L.

MARSEILLES, ILLINOIS.

I am eleven years old. I haven't seen any letters written from this place, so I thought I would write one. I haven't taken this paper one year yet. I liked "Left Behind" and "The Ice Queen" very much. I live with my sister; she has a little girl seven years old and a little boy four. I never wrote before, and I hope you will print this letter.

MAGGIE M. W.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have three brothers—John, Archie, and Robbie. I have not taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE long, but like it very much. I have a good many pets—calves, a colt, a cat, a canary, and a redbird. I live on the sea-shore. My father has a fine orange grove, and in the spring I know you would like to see the trees filled with white blossoms, and in the fall with golden fruit. I have tried the Little Housekeepers' receipt for cookies, and like it very much.

MAXIE B.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a large girl fifteen years old. I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but a dear friend of mine allows me to read it, and I think it is a charming paper. I like all the stories. My favorite authors are James Otis and Mrs. Lillie. I enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have no pets. I had a canary, but it died. With much love to the Postmistress.

EMMA B. W.

SANFORD, ORANGE COUNTY, FLORIDA.

When I wrote to you before, I lived at Jacksonville, a thriving city on the St. Johns River. Sanford is two hundred miles south of Jacksonville. The town borders on Lake Monroe, a beautiful sheet of water, which abounds in alligators as well as trout and bream. The lake is about ten miles long and five miles wide. There is splendid hunting around here. Sanford has about two thousand inhabitants, though the town is quite crowded in the winter.

On the other side of the lake, directly opposite Sanford, is the town of Enterprise, where Mr. F. De Bary has a fine winter residence, and, I believe, the largest and most beautiful orange grove in the State. It has beautiful walks and drives all through it. The famous Belair Grove is only three miles from Sanford; it is the property of General Sanford, the founder of this town. I fear that I have already taken too much space in the dear little Post-office Box, so adieu from your steadfast friend and constant reader.

ST. ELMO B. G.

Agnes: You may send your story, and the Postmistress will give her opinion with regard to it.—**Ida:** All readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are invited to send original puzzles and enigmas to be used in the column of Puzzles from Young Contributors.

TO THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Now, Little Housekeepers, are you ready for whatever the Postmistress may be about to propose? Will you listen, and trust her just as you do your favorite aunt—the one who always knows the prettiest stories and the most delightful games? And will you join hands and help her to make the Little Housekeepers' Association quite worthy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and this dear Post-office Box?

Of course you will. You are to be depended upon for work as well as for play, aren't you, dears?

The Postmistress wants the Little Housekeepers to join together and form little clubs wherever HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has a circle of readers. Any girl or boy who chooses may proceed to find members who will join a pleasant little society, which shall meet at least once a fortnight at some central place. The school-room at recess will be a good place for the first steps, but when you are ready to organize I think you would do well to meet at the home of some friend. Three members shall be enough to form a club, but six will be better, and ten or a dozen better still. The more the merrier.

Choose a motto and elect a president, and send the motto and the president's name on a slip of paper by themselves, quite separate from any letter, to the Postmistress. The names of all presidents shall be published in the Post-office Box.

It shall be the duty of the president once a month to write to the Postmistress and tell her what the Little Housekeepers are doing. If they meet as cooking clubs, or sewing circles, or sweeping classes—a sweeping class would be fun, and, believe me, very few persons know what a fine art it is to sweep gracefully—whatever they meet to do, of that the president must write a report, some mention of which will be made in the Post-office Box.

Some good receipts will be given from time to time, and the Little Housekeepers must begin the winter campaign in real earnest.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in kneel, but not in bow.
My second is in permit, but not in allow.
My third is in frolic, but not in play.
My fourth is in carriage, but not in sleigh.
My fifth is in rapture, but not in delight.
My sixth is in stairs, but not in flight.
My seventh is in eagle, but not in bird.
My eighth is in buffalo, but not in herd.
My ninth is in leather and also in strap.
My whole is a lake that you'll find on the map.

VIOLET AND LILY.

2.—I am in chain, but not in fetter.

In epistle, not in letter.
In your mitten, not your glove.
In your kiss, not in your love.
I am always seen in river,
And in shiver, too in quiver.
Not in cold and not in warm.
In lightning, not in storm.
In Minnie, not in Bess.
In Julia, not in Therese.
In Richard, not in John.
In no staff to lean upon.
In no crutch, but in stick.
Whether small it be or thick.
I'm in ice and not in snow;
In the drift, not in the floe.
In the torrid and the frigid
Zones you find me, looking rigid.
In the mountain I am seen.
In volcano I've not been.
Winter holds me, also spring.
And I'm in the bird's swift wing.

I am never in a flower,
In a second, nor an hour;
But the minutes to me look,
And the title of the book
Can not get along without me,
Though the volumes scorn and flout me.
Lovely little Isabel
Likes me always very well,
But I'm not of use to Nell.
Can you tell my name and place,
For I come of ancient race?

M. M.

3.—My first is in pie, but not in dough.
My second is in dive, but not in row.
My third is in old, but not in new.
My fourth is in rain, but not in dew.
My fifth is in marry, but not in elope.
My whole is the name of a famous soap.

F. S.

No. 2.

TWO HALF SQUARES.

1.—1. Distinguishes food. 2. A part in music.
3. A lowly home. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.
2.—1. The home of the intellect. 2. Benefits crops. 3. Always around us. 4. A preposition. 5. A letter.

S. H. G.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. Before a door. 3. Pouted. 4. A great painter. 5. To vex. 6. A river in Scotland. 7. A letter.
2.—1. A letter. 2. A wager. 3. Something on which flesh is built. 4. A commander. 5. Brief and comprehensive. 6. A Scottish expression. 7. A letter.

S. H. G.

No. 4.

CHARADE.

My first is the name of a tyrant.
My second is a part of a wheel.
My third is a liquor.
And what is my whole?

GEORGE A. OSMUN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 256.

No. 1.— M artine T
I mitato R
C leer O
A daman T
W arsa W
B ravad O
E ch O
R o D

No. 2.— Wild-rose. Choir.

No. 3.— F I L L S N A P
I D E A N A V E
L E N T A V E R
L A T E P E R T

No. 4.— M E A N T P A P E R H O N U S
T Y E S R O N U S

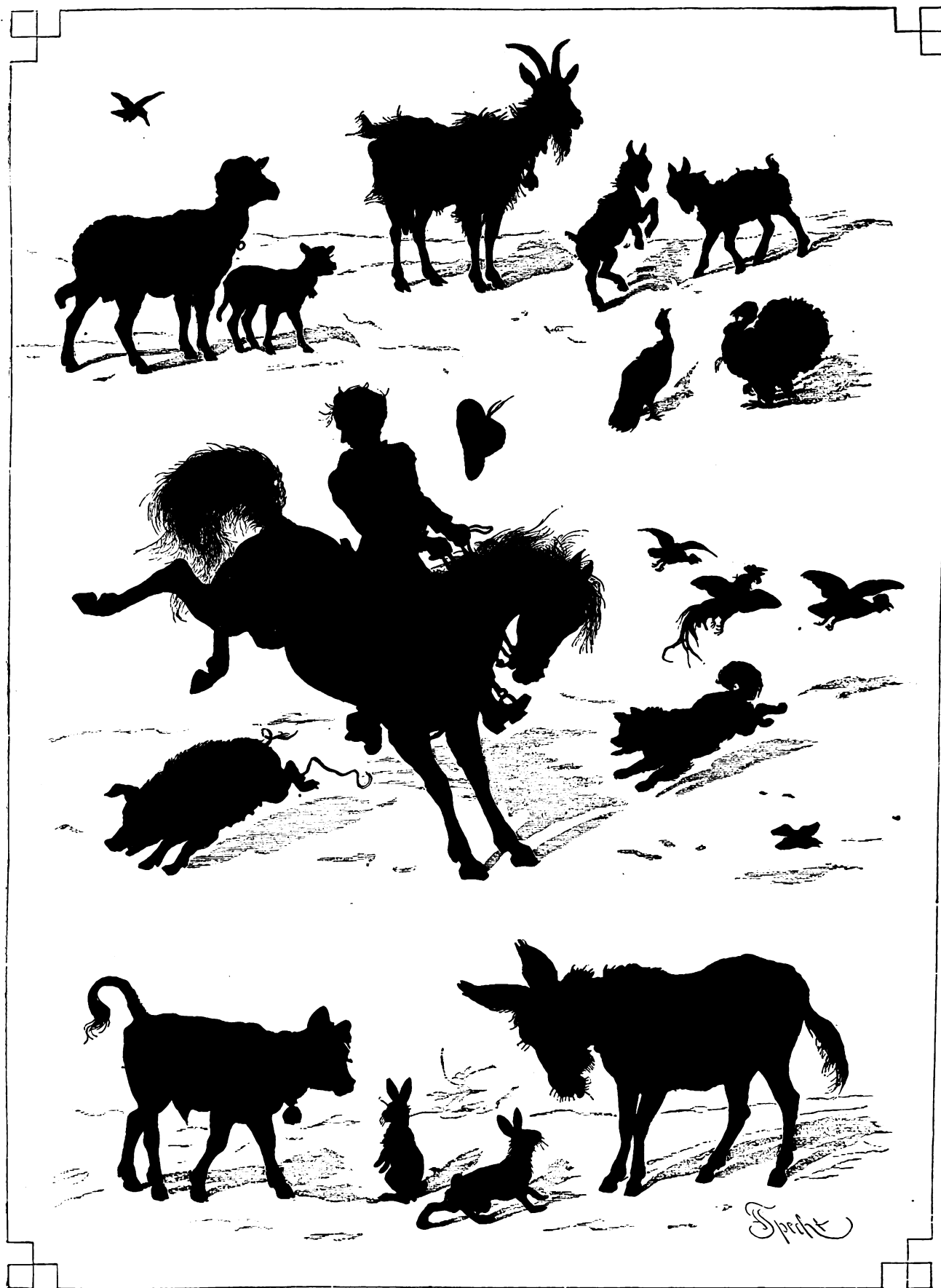
No. 5.— Hand-cuff.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Philip Coats, Eva Bellows, Ida Emma Hequembourg, Charlie Davis, Ida M., Bob, Jean G., Gypsey J. P., Lewis B. Jones, H. D. Kensett, Florence and Rosi, Stella Sweet, Emma West, and Theodore Fredericks.

The solution to "The Button Puzzle," on page 752 of No. 256, is as follows: Bend the leather so as to enable you to draw the tongue through the hole. The tongue will then form a loop behind. Pass one of the buttons through the loop made by the tongue. The tongue must be long enough to make a loop that the button will go through—i. e., the tongue-slits must be rather more than twice the diameter of a button.



[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



A BARN-YARD FROLIC.

HARPER'S
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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"FIRE! FIRE QUICK. HIS EYES! I'M LETTING GO."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 802.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

HOUSE-CLEANING, AND MORE MYSTERIES.

THE next day being Sunday, every member of the little community was prepared to enjoy a well-earned rest. During the morning they all crossed the river to the village, leaving "Go Bang" closed, and unprotected save by Bruce, as the children had named the wounded dog.

In the village they found the little church closed and empty; so they went to the house of Mr. Bevil, whom they found at home, and who introduced them to his family. Mrs. Bevil expressed great pleasure at meeting Mrs. Elmer, and apologized for not having called; and Ruth was delighted to find that the eldest of the three Bevil children was a girl of about her own age, named Grace.

In reply to Mr. Elmer's inquiries, the Bevils said that no regular services were held in the church, and that it was only opened when some preacher happened to visit them.

Mr. Elmer proposed that they should organize a Sunday-school, to be held in the church every Sunday, and that they should make a beginning that very day.

To this the Bevils gladly consented, and two servants were immediately sent out, one to open the church and ring the bell, and the other to invite all the colored people of the place to meet there in an hour.

Then the Elmers and the Bevils went together to the house of Mr. Carter, the other white man of the village. Here were two children, a girl and a boy, both younger than Ruth; and Mr. and Mrs. Carter readily agreed to help establish the Sunday-school, and promised to be at the church at the appointed time.

When the Elmers entered the church they found nearly fifty men, women, and children assembled, and waiting with eager curiosity to see what was going to be done. The church was as dilapidated as most of the buildings in the village, and many of the windows were broken. In that climate, where snow is unknown and frost comes but seldom, this made little difference, and this Sunday was so warm and bright that the breeze coming in through the broken windows was very refreshing.

Mr. Elmer made a short address to the people, telling them that he and his family had come to live among them, and that he thought it would be very pleasant for them all to meet in that house every Sunday, for the purpose of studying the Bible and mutually helping each other. Then he asked all who were willing to help him establish a Sunday-school to hold up their hands, and every hand was immediately raised.

Mr. Bevil moved that Mr. Elmer be made superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. Carter seconded the motion, and it was unanimously carried.

The rest of the hour was occupied in forming classes, and giving out lessons to be learned for the next Sunday. As most of the colored people could not read, it seemed important that they should be taught this first, and both Mark and Ruth were made teachers of A B C classes composed of the younger children.

Before the meeting closed, Mr. Bevil made some remarks, in which he thanked the Elmers for what they had undertaken, reminded the school that the next day was the first of a new year, and said that, as he had already told Mr. Elmer, the coming and settling of these strangers among them marked the dawn of a new era of prosperity for Wakulla.

As the Elmers neared their home after Sunday-school they heard Bruce bark loudly; but when they reached it

they found him cowed and whimpering. His eyes were fixed upon the point of woods nearest the house, and he showed signs of great fear. They also found the kitchen door standing wide open, though Mrs. Elmer was certain she had fastened it before leaving.

Again Mark thought of the "ghoses," but still he said nothing, and the opening of the door was finally credited to the wind.

That afternoon Mr. Bevil came over to make a call, and was much interested in the improvements already made and proposed. He declared that it reminded him of old times, when that side of the river was inhabited by a dozen or more families, and when Wakulla was one of the most prosperous towns in the State. He showed Mr. Elmer the sites of the old foundry and mills that once stood on that side of the river, and told him of the wharves that had lined both banks, the great cotton-presses, and the many vessels that used to fill the stream from bank to bank as they lay awaiting their loads of cotton. In those days a line of steam-ships plied regularly between Wakulla and New Orleans, and a steam-tug was kept constantly busy towing vessels between the town and the mouth of the river. Then a fine plank-road reached back from Wakulla a hundred miles into the country, and the two hotels of the place were constantly crowded with invalids, who came to receive the benefits of its famous sulphur and mineral springs. In those days six large stores were hardly sufficient for the business of the place, and then the land on both sides of the river for miles was cultivated, and produced heavy crops of cotton.

Now all that remained to tell of this former prosperity was a few rotten piles in the river, where the wharves had stood, the bridge abutments, a handful of tumble-down houses, and here and there in the dense woods traces of cultivated fields, and an occasional brick chimney or pile of stone to mark the site of some old plantation house.

Mr. Elmer was much interested in all this, and mentally resolved that he would do all that lay in his power to revive the old-time prosperity of the place where he had established his home.

"What we most need here now," concluded Mr. Bevil, "is a bridge over the river and a mill. It ought to be a saw-mill, grist-mill, and cotton-gin, all in one."

The next morning Mr. Elmer said that he must go to Tallahassee, the nearest city, on business, and that he might be absent several days. Before going he laid out the work that he wanted each one to do while he was away. Mark was to take him down the river to the railroad station at St. Mark's in his canoe, and on his return he and Jan were to go into the woods after as many cedar fence posts as they could cut. The colored men were to prepare the large cleared field in front of the house, in which were about ten acres, for ploughing, and to dig post-holes around it on lines that he had marked. Captain Johnson and his crew were to unload the lighter, and haul all the lumber and shingles up to the house.

When Mr. Elmer and Mark went down to the canoe, the latter felt confident that she was not just where he had left her the day before, and he thought she looked as though she had been recently used; but as he could not be certain, he said nothing about it to his father.

Mr. Elmer took a light rifle with him in the canoe, saying that there was no knowing but what they might find a chance to use it going down the river, and that Mark could bring it back. Mark was glad of this, for he inherited a love for shooting from his father, and having been carefully instructed, was a capital shot.

The day was unusually warm and bright for that season of the year, and as they floated quietly down-stream they surprised a number of alligators lying on the banks sunning themselves. As they were the first of these great reptiles that either Mr. Elmer or Mark had ever seen, they watched them with curiosity, not unmingled with

* Begun in No. 252, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

fear lest they should attack and upset the light canoe. They afterward learned that their fears were groundless, and that cases of this kind are almost unknown.

They reached St. Mark's in time for Mr. Elmer to catch the train, and after he had gone, Mark got the mail, quite a large number of letters and papers having accumulated here for them, there being no post-office in Wakulla, and started for home.

On the way up the river the boy was strangely oppressed by the solitude and almost unbroken silence about him, and was very glad when he found himself within a mile of home.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a cry so terrible and agonized that he was for a moment nearly wild with fright. Then he quickly recovered his presence of mind, and the first cry being followed by screams for help, and a crashing of the bushes on a small wooded point that jutted into the river just ahead of him, he hastily ran the canoe up the bank, seized his rifle, and sprang ashore.

Mark dashed through the bushes for a hundred yards, heedless of the clinging thorns of the rattan vine that tore his clothes, and scratched his face and hands until they bled, before reaching the scene of what sounded like a terrible struggle. The screams for help told him that at least one of the contestants was a human being in sore distress; and, in thus rushing to his assistance, Mark did not give a moment's thought to his own safety. As he burst from the bushes he found himself in a little open glade, on the opposite side of the point from that on which he had landed. Here he came upon a struggle for life such as rarely takes place even in the wilder regions of the South, and such as but few persons have ever witnessed.

On the further side of the glade, clinging with the strength of despair to the trunk of a young magnolia-tree, lay a boy of about Mark's own age. His arms were nearly torn from their sockets by some terrible strain, and his eyes seemed starting from his head with horror. As he saw Mark he screamed, "Fire! Fire quick. His eyes! I'm letting go."

Looking along the boy's body Mark saw a pair of great jaws closed firmly upon his right foot, though the rest of the animal, whatever it was, was hidden in a thicket of bushes, which were violently agitated. He could see the protruding eyes; and, springing across the opening, he placed the muzzle of the rifle close against one of them, and fired.

The horrid head was lifted high in the air with a bellow of rage and pain. As it fell it disappeared in the bushes, which were beaten down by the animal's death struggle, and then all was still.

Upon firing, Mark had quickly thrown another cartridge from the magazine into the chamber of his rifle, and held it in readiness for another shot. He waited a moment after the struggles ceased, and finding that no further attack was made, turned his attention to the boy, who lay motionless and as though dead at his feet. His eyes were closed, and Mark knew that he had fainted, though he had never seen a person in that condition before.

His first impulse was to try and restore the boy to consciousness; but his second, and the one upon which he acted, was to assure himself that the animal he had shot was really dead and incapable of making another attack. Holding his rifle in one hand, and cautiously parting the bushes with the other, he peered, with a loudly beating heart, into the thicket. There, stretched out stiff and motionless, he saw the body of a huge alligator. It was dead; dead as a mummy, there was no doubt of that; and, without waiting to examine it further, Mark laid down his rifle and went to the river for water.

He brought three hatfuls, and dashed them, one after another, in the boy's face before the latter showed any

signs of consciousness. Then the closed eyes were slowly opened, and fixed for an instant upon Mark, with the same look of horror that he had first seen in them, and the boy tried to rise to his feet, but fell back with a moan of pain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOSSES.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

YOU must have noticed, whether you live in the city or the country, how quickly a velvety coat of moss forms wherever it can get a chance. It needs plenty of shade and moisture, and where it finds these things it grows quickly: roofs and pavements, water butts and troughs, tree trunks and rocks, soon cover themselves with a rich plush garment of green or brown when left undisturbed, if they are in damp and shady places.

Moss was the world's first compass. Before people had ventured out into the great waters the compass was only needed to guide men through the forests on dark and cloudy days. By looking at the trees the wild hunter could tell where the north was, because the mosses grow on that side, nestling in the shade, where the dew and the rain lie longest.

Perhaps you have never really examined moss. Looking at it carelessly, you have naturally thought that there were only a few kinds, and these kinds very much alike. Now if you are anywhere that you can study them, take your pocket microscope, and you will find that you are very much mistaken. There are in reality a great many kinds of mosses, differing from each other almost as much as the flowers in your garden do. The moss plant is so tiny that you must look through your microscope to see how really beautiful it is; but a careful examination without the help of the glass will probably show you much that you have never noticed before.

Before we go any further, let me tell you, if you have not one of the child's microscopes, with all the little tools, to dissect flowers and see insects with, how to make yourself some dissecting needles. Make with a penknife several little bits of wood, something like a piece of a wooden pen handle; into one end of this push the head of a No. 8 sewing needle. You can easily do this, if the little handles are made of pine or cedar, either by holding the needle with a pair of common pliers, or by pushing carefully against some wood, so as not to break the point.

When you are ready to dissect your leaf or flower, lay it on a small piece of glass. If the flower is light, put a piece of black stuff under the glass, if it is dark, put some white paper under it, to help you see it easily. Then take one of your needles in one hand and one in the other, and pull the object, little by little, to pieces. This is called "teasing out" the leaf. In this way you will find out a great many things about it which you would never find by merely pulling it to pieces with your fingers. If you have a microscope or magnifying-glass, put each piece under it and examine it closely. It is very interesting work, and when you find one curious thing after another, you will never think of calling it tiresome. I have spent two steady hours teasing out a tiny water-plant to find one particular kind of bud, but I found it at last, and then all the work seemed easy enough.

While I was writing this I thought I would see if I could not find some moss in the garden, and in about five minutes I have gathered five different kinds of moss. One little patch that is lying before me I will tell you about, so that you may look for some like it; it is a very common kind. On a square inch of earth I found hundreds of little green clumps (Fig. 1). From among these spring up some slender red stems from half an inch to an inch in height. Each of these stems bears a curved pod,

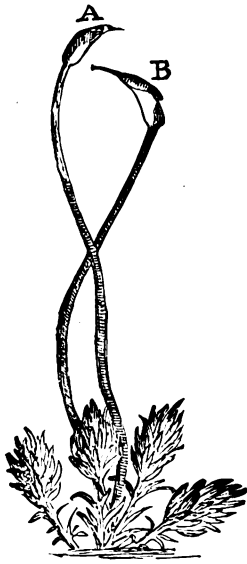


FIG. 1.

some with caps and some without. In the figure the right-hand one, B, has its cap on, while A has lost its cover. The caps fit on so easily that I can lift them off with a touch. These pods are the little vases that hold the moss spores, from which new moss plants will grow. When they are ripe and ready to be sowed, the vase will attend to the business, and scatter them far and wide. The caps come off, and the tiny seed in the vase is blown out by the wind or washed out by the rain. Other mosses have different shaped vases, some of them very beautiful.

A new moss plant begins from one of the spores which lies on the ground. The dampness makes the spore begin to swell. One little bud pushes itself out at one end, and another at the other (Fig. 2, A). A is the spore to the leaf bud; r, the root bud.



FIG. 3.

At first these buds seem just alike, but very soon we begin to see a difference: one bud lies on the ground, and gets brown and ugly, r; the other, l, grows up into the air and becomes green, and sends out little fairy-like stems and leaves. But both grow and spread, the leaf bud to make the velvet sheet of moss, the root bud to make a tangle which pushes its way into the ground below. Both the root bud and leaf bud are necessary to the life of the plant and to each other. The root drinks in the water and food from the earth; the leaf breathes in the air and sunshine. The happy little bud in the air is not too proud and self-

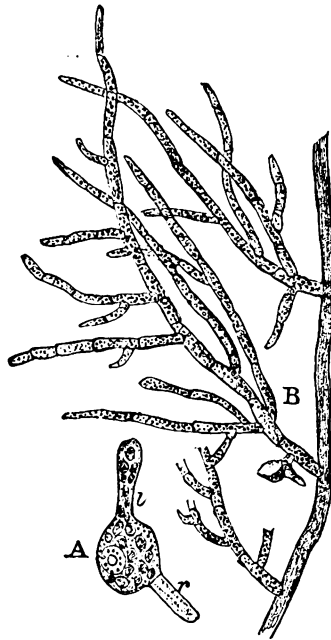


FIG. 2.



FIG. 4.

ish to help its ugly little brother who is digging down into the earth. They work lovingly together, helping each other and all the family of which they are members. In Fig. 2, B, you see the beginning of a plant; the buds grow and branch, and set up cross partitions, so that what was at first one long narrow room or cell is now many such rooms placed end to end.

After the plant has grown, sometimes till it has covered several square inches of ground, it begins to get ready to grow the parts that correspond to a flower—the parts that are like the pollen and ovule, whose

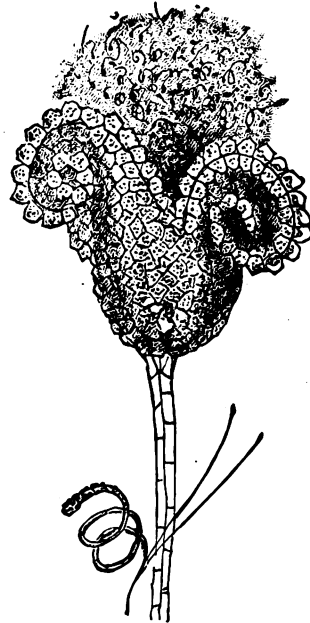


FIG. 6.

object; this is the ovule, the whips are the pollen, and when a partnership is formed between the two, we have the beginning of a true seed. This is all so much like the liverworts that I have not gone into it very particularly. The whips, when they get out of the pockets, go lashing around in the water near the moss till they find the mouth of the bottle. They go in there, and work their way down to the ovule. Here the two seem to melt into one, and the seed is begun. If there is no wa-



FIG. 5.

partnership will make the seed. Little buds curled up close in a bunch of leaves begin to grow on the ends of the branches. In the middle of each of these bunches grows a curious little sack or bottle. Here is one (Fig. 3, A) taken out of the middle of a little bunch of leaves. This is a sort of whip case, with quantities of little double-lashed whips escaping. B is one of the whips, coiled in its little pocket, and C is another, free.

While this whip case has been growing, on the same plant, or another near by, another bud is forming in a bunch of leaves (Fig. 4). This buds looks like a bottle with a small body and a long curved neck. In the midst of the body is a round

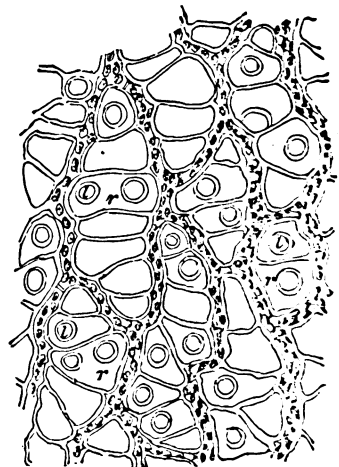


FIG. 7.

er, and the partnership is not formed, the moss plant drops its spores, and new plants are formed from them; but it seems better to have some seed plants every now and then; the moss bed seems strengthened by them. If you have forgotten about the liverworts, look back at your HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for April 17, 1883, and read it over.

The moss plant, begun in either way, grows and spreads, creeping over earth or bark or rock till it makes a beautiful velvet bed; it sends up its pods and scatters its spores; new plants spring up, and so it goes on, and has gone on for thousands and thousands of years.

There is a very common kind of moss that grows in poor, miserable ground, which has some wonderful things about it. Fig. 5 gives a picture of the plant, magnified; in Fig. 6 you may see the beautiful whip case of this moss.

I have tried to make the curious way in which leaves are built up of cells clear to you by comparing them to houses with rooms built story above story and side by side. This moss I am telling you about is like a very large, rambling one-storied house. It is not a private house, though, for there are ever so many rooms with round doors that open out, and in these rooms certain funny little water bugs take refuge just as coolly as if they had paid their rent and carried the door key in their side pockets. Fig. 7 gives a piece of one of these leaves very

much enlarged: *r* are the rooms to let, and *l* the doors into them.

Mosses do not seem to be of much value; we are apt to think of them as poor, useless little things of very little account, especially the dry sphagnum moss. But this is not really the case. Just as the wood of the trees that died thousands of years ago has made our coal, so the sphagnum moss of those old times has made the peat bogs of Ireland. You must have heard or read how the poor Irish people, who can not afford to burn coal or wood, make their rooms warm and cook their meals by peat which they dig from the bogs. This peat is the sphagnum moss, packed layer upon layer as year after year a new crop grew on top of the old one.

SAVED BY "RED RIDING-HOOD."

BY PAUL GRANT.

I.

MANY years ago, before missionaries had visited the remote corners of the world, a vessel, the good ship *Albatross*, was dismantled in a storm while cruising in the southern seas near an unexplored group of islands. The ship went down, and the crew betook themselves to the



"HEAVEN BLESS YOU!" HE CRIED. "MY FORTUNE IS MADE."

small boats, to spars, chicken-coops, anything to keep themselves afloat, in the forlorn hope of saving their lives.

Tom Norton, the second mate, lashed himself to a spar, was buffeted by the waves for several days, and at last was drifted by the tide upon the beach of a lonely island, full of waving palm-trees, and green with tropical verdure. But its beauty was lost on him, for he lay there still and white and senseless.

Soon some of the natives, wandering on the beach, spied him, and ran with joy to pick him up. "Aha!" thought they, "he will be a choice morsel." Pity their disappointment when they found him thin, sick, and bloodless. They untied him from the spar, however, and saw with joy that he gave signs of life. "For," said the practical natives, "he can be fattened."

Now Tom was the first white man they had ever seen, and his arrival made something of a sensation. Indeed, he created such a furor that the King of the island, called by his subjects the "Good Bomba," took a personal interest in him. He had him put in a bamboo cage near the royal hut, and gave him into the keeping of his daughter, the lovely Wamba, with strict charges to see that he was well and rapidly fattened.

Wamba fed him constantly, until at last the great festival of King Bomba's birthday approached, and the royal cook was directed to look the prisoner over, and see if he could by any means be made useful for the occasion.

Now the queerest thing was that Wamba, after she had fattened the captive as fat as he could get, felt no pride about it, but, on the contrary, felt a curious aching sensation at the idea of giving up her fatted prisoner, and the bare thought of eating him made her quite sick.

Worked on by her own grief, Wamba finally came to a bold determination: she would let him escape, even if it cost her her life. So she told him the true state of the case, and of her resolution to save him. Then she left him to make her preparations.

At midnight the guards slept soundly, suspecting no evil, when Wamba returned, noiselessly stepped over their slumbering bodies, drew back the rude bolt, and beckoned the prisoner out. Holding him by the hand, she rapidly led the way to the beach, where a canoe was in waiting. She took one paddle, he the other, and soon the skiff was darting over the water. They coasted along the shore for some distance, till the beach of the island rose into tall cliffs. At last Wamba threw her paddle in the bottom of the boat.

"Right here," said she, pointing to the foot of the cliff, "is a large cave. I found it one day while swimming."

The boat carried them to the mouth of the cave. Tom leaped from it.

"You will find plenty of cocoa-nuts and bananas to eat till I come again," said Wamba.

"And when will that be?" he asked.

"To-morrow night," and she hurried away.

II.

There was a fine uproar in the camp when the white prisoner was missed. The guards could give no account of him, and the enraged King had them executed, so angry was he to have lost his birthday treat.

The savages scoured their island and watched their coast, but in vain; their prey had flown. Wamba, too, made herself very efficient in the search, and getting in her canoe, joined in the hunt. After a while, when there was no one about, she sped to the cave, where she found Tom too anxious to eat his bread-fruit.

"Well?" cried he, anxiously.

"They are all hunting for you," she said; "and I am too," she added, laughing. "They think you have gone to sea. Why, you haven't touched your fruit. Come, eat, or you will get thin."

He shuddered, for she had told him that often. "I

want to get thin," he said, fiercely. "Ravenous wolves," he muttered.

"What are wolves?" she asked.

"Blood-thirsty beasts," he answered.

"Do they look like me?" she said.

"Not exactly," he laughed.

"And they eat people?"

"They ate Little Red Riding-hood," he said, speaking at random. And this exceedingly foolish speech was the luckiest thing he ever said in all his life.

"I don't understand," said Wamba.

Then, as much to take his mind off his trouble as anything else, Tom regaled her with the time-honored history which had thrilled his childhood. He bungled it a little at first, for he hadn't thought of it in years; but he held the gentle savage spell-bound. Never before in all her life had she ever heard a story. Her great black eyes stretched; her red lips parted; her breath came quick and fast. And when he narrated how the deceitful wolf answered all the child's artless questions, and at last gobbled her up, Wamba, overwhelmed by new emotions, wept.

"Oh, the cruel, cruel creature!" she cried.

Tom stared in wonder at the cannibal maiden's tears.

"Tell it to me again," she said—"tell it to me again."

So Tom told it again. And again she wept, and entreated to hear it a third time. So, though getting very tired of it, he indulged her.

The next day she returned laden with provisions, and entreated to hear about Red Riding-hood again. And the sailor, amused, retold it. By this time he had remembered other parts of the story, which enraptured her.

And so, for a week, every day did she come, and while she fed his body, he fed her mind. And then Wamba determined on taking a bold step. If her father knew that Tom had the glorious gift of tale-telling, he would far rather hear him than eat him.

So she returned to the royal hut and began to sound him. She led the hungry Bomba to speak his mind freely on the subject of the escaped tidbit. And the mind that he spoke was a very angry and blood-thirsty one. But Wamba was noways daunted. So she said that for her part she would have hated to have seen him eaten, because he had told her such a lovely thing about a child and a wolf. And thereupon she proceeded to give a sketch of Red Riding-hood: how the child went to see her grandmother—"for in his country they keep their grandmothers, and don't kill them as we do"—how on the way a wolf—a creature larger than a hog, and that could talk—met her, and the child told him where she was going. So the wolf ran ahead, and gobbled up the grandmother, and jumped in her skin, and drew the end over his head to hide his ears. And so on to the end.

When Bomba heard this scanty tale, he was spell-bound with delight. "Tell it over," he said.

"Suppose," said Wamba, when she had recovered her breath—"suppose you could find him, would you kill him?"

"Not till I heard the story."

"If you could find him and hear about Red Riding-hood, you really would not kill and eat him?"

At this question his royal Majesty insisted that he would do nothing of the kind.

"Come with me," said Wamba; and taking her royal father by the hand, she gently led him to her canoe, and carried him to the cave. And lo! there sat his contemplated birthday dainty munching a banana.

"You are safe," said Wamba, as Tom started up in affright at the sight of the King. "My father wishes to hear of Red Riding-hood."

Trembling a little, Tom began, encouraged by smiles and nods from the gentle Wamba. At first the King listened spell-bound; then, enraged at the cruelty of the wolf, cried out,

"Ah! had I been there with my javelin!"

At the death of Red Riding-hood he burst into tears. "Tell it again," cried he, when he could speak—"tell it again."

So Tom told it again, and then again; and Bomba in transports embraced him.

"Ah, great King," cried he, "come and stay with me, and tell to me and my people this wonderful tale."

So Tom was forced to accompany him and Wamba in the canoe back to the island. He felt some alarm, but Wamba encouraged him with smiles and gentle words of praise.

III.

When they reached the island, the natives set up shouts to see the King and his daughter conducting the prisoner, and they ran to meet them, brandishing spears and javelins and clubs, with the intention of stabbing him, jabbing him, and clubbing him. But the great Bomba waved them back.

"Stop," he cried, "and hear this wonder." And sending a runner for his conch-shell horn, he led the affrighted Tom to a hill hard by, followed by the excited crowd. "Blow," cried he to the runner—"blow, and call up all my people."

So the runner blew, and up they flocked, men and women, little and big, crowding around thick and fast, wildly excited, uttering fierce yells and brandishing great clubs. At last Bomba shook his javelin.

"Silence!" he roared, and a stillness fell on the company. He waved his hand. "Down!" he cried. And they sank on their haunches. "Now," he said, "listen. Speak," he continued, turning to the trembling Tom.

With some difficulty Tom collected his scattered senses and began. How foolish it all seemed to him—to stand before a crowd of angry savages, thirsting for his blood, and tell them a child's story! His voice was hoarse and broken. Wamba shook her head; the royal Bomba scowled. Suddenly it burst upon Tom that he was talking for his life. He nerved himself, as if in a great storm, and launched away.

The islanders listened spell-bound. They were an emotional people, and as he went on they almost went distracted with excitement. The under-hand tricks of the wolf filled them with rage. They shuddered with horror.

"Wretch," cried they; "and monster!" And at the untimely fate of Red Riding-hood they wept, and King Bomba and his daughter led off the weeping.

"Tell it again," cried they—"tell it again;" and grovelled before him, half mad with joy at the new sensation.

It was the first time their minds had been fed, and they were more than delighted. So Tom went over it again and again, and when he was done they were ready to worship him.

Then the good King Bomba cried, "Oh, King, I'll give thee my daughter to wife, and make thee tale-teller for my kingdom."

To these terms Tom was forced to agree, and took Wamba as a sort of life-insurance. Wamba, on her part, was delighted, for she was very much in love; and then she was very proud of him, considering him in the light of a great literary man.

From that day Tom's fortune was made. The islanders had strong literary instincts, and went mad with joy over the story. Tom became a great man, and all bowed down before him. And on all great occasions he sat on a hill-side and told the listening multitudes the time-honored story, while they wept at the sad fate of the child, and denounced the cruel wolf. And Bomba, who was a liberal patron of literature, decreed that for every time he told the tale he should be paid two pigs and a hundred cocoa-nuts.

IV.

But as time passed on, the natives learned the story themselves, and told it to one another. Tom had neglected

to take out a patent for it, and they murmured at paying two pigs and a hundred cocoa-nuts, saying, "We know it ourselves, and can tell it too."

Then Tom, who had grown lazy with a wife to wait on him, and pigs and cocoa-nuts whenever he opened his mouth, now began to bestir himself. After much hard thinking he recalled "Jack the Giant-killer," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and "Hop-o'-my-Thumb."

The minds of the savages were in such a literary whirl that they could hardly sleep, and joyfully brought up five pigs and two hundred cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit in payment for the great treat. They could barely contain themselves till next evening, when he promised to tell it again.

And so Tom lived in peace and plenty, with pigs and fruit without stint, revered, admired, envied, a great man, a literary genius, before whom all bowed. He made a regular business of tale-telling, and set a price on each performance.

"Red Riding-hood" only brought fifty cocoa-nuts, as she was worn out by age. But "Jack the Giant-killer" was good for four pigs and a turtle; "Jack and the Bean-stalk," for six or seven turtles, according to quality; "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," about the same; and "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast," whom he raked up with great difficulty from the far past, when he had read them to his little sister, brought him a hundred cocoa-nuts or bread-fruit each. And good King Bomba forbade any one, on pain of being roasted, to repeat, or even remember, his tales. Now, being his son-in-law, the King felt that he should be protected by copyright.

But as time went on, Tom began to think or imagine that his influence as a tale-teller was waning. Then one day, lo! an English vessel came to anchor in their harbor in search of water, and Tom went aboard as interpreter. He soon impressed the Captain that he was a man of consequence on the island, and as a proof of his greatness he was very generous with the King's and islander's pigs and fruit, urging them on his countryman. And at last, before the Captain sailed, he ventured to open his mind to him, and beg for a story-book.

"I am story-teller in chief to the kingdom," he said, "and my stock of stories is worn threadbare."

"Now is a good chance for you to leave," said the Captain. "Come away with me."

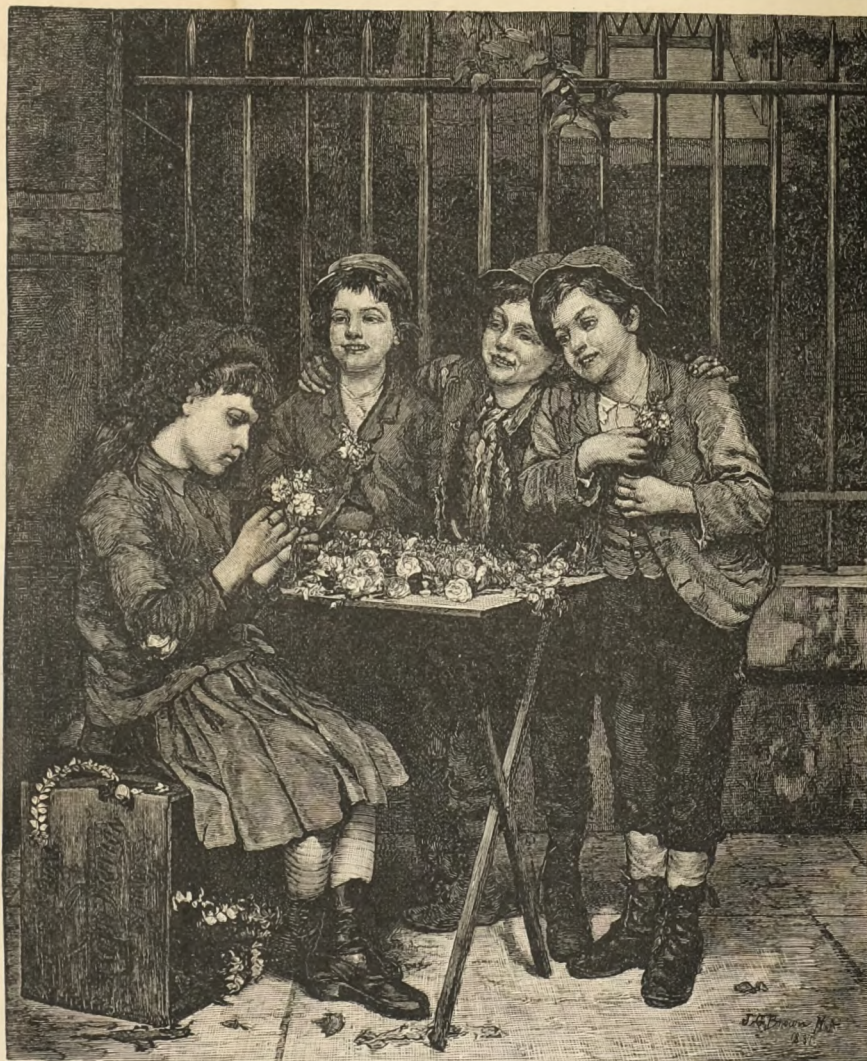
But Tom refused. "No," said he; "I couldn't leave Wamba and my children, and they wouldn't go with me. Only give me a story-book, and I am content with my lot."

So the Captain rummaged through his library, and at last found a copy of the *Arabian Nights*, owned by the cabin-boy, and presented it. Tom was moved to tears at the sight. He had lived so long among the emotional savages that he was easily moved.

"Heaven bless you!" he cried. "My fortune is made. One thousand tales! Related with economy, they'll last me my lifetime, and shall be handed down as a legacy to my son, on whom my mantle as champion story-teller shall fall. You have given me a mine of wealth."

And this was so. The savages viewed with awe his being able to talk out of the unknown book, and they went wild over the tales. Twice a week did he regale them, and by the time he had finished the last, they had forgotten the first. So it was like a fountain ever flowing—a fountain of knowledge out of which these thirsty souls greedily drank and were never satisfied. Tom was now a greater man than ever, and pig and turtle and fruits of all kinds poured in on him.

Bomba Tomba, his eldest son, was with great difficulty taught to read, so that he might succeed his father. And Tom lived generously off the fat of the land, happy and contented, feeling no anxiety for the future, as he could bank without stint on his mine of wealth, the volume of *Arabian Nights*. Digitized by Google



"HARD CUSTOMERS."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

THE STRANGE STORY OF FRITZ KÖRNER.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

LITTLE Fritz Körner was the son of a tailor in Brunswick, Germany, and very hard work he found it to sit still and sew long seams. In fact, he hated the business, and was so stupid that his father sent him to Bremen, and placed him under a master who was supposed to know how to teach dull boys the use of needle and shears.

The new master found Fritz idle and careless, and punished him so often and so cruelly that one day he ran away, and hid himself in the hold of a vessel. He had no thought of going to sea, but fancied that after a while he could creep out and make his way to some farmer's, where he might find work to do, and perhaps be kindly treated. He was very tired when he dived into the dark hold and curled himself up behind a barrel, and presently he fell asleep. When he awoke, the regular motion of the vessel and the splash of the waves told him that he was on a voyage.

Poor little frightened, hungry stowaway! Imagine how he felt. To add to his alarm, every few minutes somebody came by calling "Fritz! Fritz!" and at last, seeing nothing else to do, he crept up to the daylight, and said to a man standing near, "Here I am, sir."

"Indeed!" cried the man. "And who are you? and what brought you here?"

"I came aboard myself, sir," said Fritz.

The steward, whose name was Fritz, ~~as soon~~ had been

the person called, took his namesake to the Captain.

This officer, being a bluff but kind-hearted sailor, told the little waif to make himself useful, as he was bound for the West Indies.

"When we arrive there," he said, "I'll send you back to Bremen."

War was going on at the time, and one morning the decks were cleared for a fight, and a sharp battle ensued between Fritz's ship and an English ship of the line. The Englishman won the victory, and took the *Jungfrau* as her prize. Fritz, with the rest, went on board the *Chanticleer*, and in due time was carried to Hull, where he was allowed to go ashore.

Free, but in rags, cold, forlorn, a stranger, knowing no English, he sat down on a door-step and cried bitterly, when along came a party of officers on horseback, drums beating, colors flying. One of them dropped his whip. Fritz, who had stopped crying to look at the brave sight, sprang to pick it up, and handed it to him.

On this trifling act of courtesy his fortune hung. The officer, taking in Fritz's position at a glance, sent him to the barracks, and introduced him to Kempster, the master of the band, and a countryman of Fritz.

The boy who could not learn tailoring turned out to have a perfect passion for music, and learned to play on various instruments so beautifully that a few years later, on the death of his friend Kempster, he became master of the band himself.

A tall, straight, soldierly young man, with a fierce mustache and a pair of bright eyes, he did not look in the least like the Bremen stowaway when, one fine morning, the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Gibraltar.

Walking in the street one day, he saw two ladies in great peril from the attack of a ferocious dog. They proved to be the wife and daughter of a rich Spanish merchant, and the younger lady was very beautiful. Fritz gallantly put the dog to flight, and the ladies became his friends and admirers.

Just at this time a German regiment, defeated by the British at Minorca, volunteered to join the British service. An interpreter was needed, and who should be the only man who could fill the post but Fritz Körner.

Step by step promotion came to our hero after he had been made a commissioned officer in this German regiment. The Duke of Brunswick selected him to be his aide-de-camp. He was now so honorably placed that he dared offer his heart and hand to the lady he had rescued from the dog. She accepted him, and became his bride.

All this occurred about the period when Napoleon was fighting the allied armies of Europe; and at Waterloo behold Fritz Körner, the bravest of the brave, taking the command of his regiment when his chief, the Duke, fell dangerously wounded!

When the war was over and peace was declared, Fritz Körner, once a tailor's apprentice, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of his native Brunswick. He lived in honor for many years.



ON HER WAY TO THE TENNIS COURT.

FIDO.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"THINGS Aunt Gertrude tells me to remember when my hip hurts so bad I can hardly bare it

"even the aingels dont have a chance to show there love for the dear Lord by standing it just as wel as they can when they fele as if they cant stand it anuther minit

"Jesus wants sunn Peple to work for him and other peple to suffer for him and he loves the peple that just suffer and be pashent jest as much as he does the peple that does the work

"mamma says shes sure he loves the little ones that suffer more than the big strong Bois and gerls"

Written in Frank's very private journal, kept under his pillow. Sometimes without his knowledge very tenderly peeped into and cried over by his mother.

Frank's wee breakfast was beside him on a little table as he lay in the hammock on the shady piazza. The night had been sultry. He had found his bed a weary, feverish place, and was glad when he could escape from it. This morning he wondered more than ever at remembering how good things had tasted long ago when he used to play with Tom and the other boys.

He ate a few strawberries, took up the plate of egg on toast and set the spoon in it, then laid it down untasted.

"Go 'long wid ye, ye thafe o' the wurruld! Is it shtal-in' the vittles from the hins ye'll be?"

Frank turned himself a little in his hammock to see Bridget bridandishing her broom at a hungry-looking dog which had come close to the piazza.

"Oh, don't drive him away! See how he looks out of his eyes, just like folks—as if he was going to speak. Here, doggie! doggie! I'll give him my breakfast, and then"—in a half-whisper—"mamma won't look sorry when she looks at the plate and sees it there. Here, doggie."

But when mamma came she looked doubtfully at the gaunt creature, whose hair was matted and dirty, as though he had been long neglected. And Master Dog looked at her, seating himself upright as she came out of the door, and holding up both paws, with an intent, appealing expression, which might have been supposed to mean, "Yes, ain't I a nice dog?" but which probably did mean, "I'm very hungry yet, please."

"Somebody has lost him, I suppose," said mamma. "Perhaps he has been left behind by some traveller."

"Well, we've found him, haven't we, mamma? Po-o-or doggie! And if he stays lost, can't we keep him? Here, Rover, Towser, Watch, Bouncer. What do you s'pose his name is, anyway?"

Frank tried all the names he could think of, but the dog refused to recognize any one of them.

"Let's call him Fido, then," said he. "Fido means 'faithful,' and I like it."

He was fed and washed, and in a few days so attached himself to Frank that no one would have dreamed that he could ever have belonged to any one else. And Frank took great comfort in the dumb affection which Fido displayed. The poor boy grew weaker as the days grew hotter, and was soon carefully carried a hundred miles up among the mountains, where it was hoped the fresh breezes might bring strength to his poor little frame. Fido trotted beside the carriage, with an occasional race after a saucily chattering squirrel, until, on the last day of their journey, he stopped suddenly, and with head erect and set expression, seemed to be listening for something beyond the hearing of ears less sharp than his own. Then with one joyous bark he bounded in among the tall pines at the road-side and disappeared.

They waited, but he did not come back, although the woods rang and echoed with shouts of "Fido! Fido!"

"Won't he ever come back, mamma?" asked Frank, in great dismay.

"I hope so, dear. We are almost at the end of this

tiresome journey, now, and we'll soon hunt Fido up. Perhaps he has found his old friends."

Frank did not think Fido could have any friends like himself, and watched for him for days, unable to believe that he could remain away of his own accord.

II.

Frank's health improved slowly, and he was after a while able to walk a little with the help of crutches. One day he felt very proud of being allowed to join his brother Tom and one of the farm boys in a berrying excursion.

But the jolting of the wagon wearied him more than he had expected long before they reached the place where the boy said the berries hung as thick as hops and thicker. He begged them to let him get out and rest by the roadside while they went on and filled their baskets. They left him with a book and lunch and the seat cushions, promising to be back very soon.

He lay against the cushions, sometimes looking up into the dark pines which towered above him, thinking how very near heaven their tops seemed to be, sometimes down into a little valley, at which he could just get a peep through the bushes. At length he became attracted by a bird's nest he saw in a low tree overhanging a steep sloping bank. He did not know it was too late for young birds, and wished very much that the boys would come and bend down the branch so that he might see those he fancied must be there.

Growing restless at their long absence, he began to think of trying to get a peep at them himself. His lately increasing strength had made him a little venturesome, and he felt sure he could draw the nest down by reaching up with one of his crutches. Standing on the other one at the very edge of the slope, he tried to catch hold of the branch. But his footing was unsteady, and as it gave way under him, he could not in his pitiful helplessness regain it, as an active boy might easily have done. With a despairing grasp at the green limb he fell down, down, until something seemed to strike him a heavy blow, and then the sunlight grew dark before him.

He did not know how long it was before a sharp pain in his lame side made him open his eyes. At first he gazed at the leafy foliage with a confused forgetfulness of what had happened to him, then wondered how long he would have to lie in that cramped position and endure that cruel pain before help came. It was very hard. He closed his lips tightly, and tried to keep back the tears as he determined to bear it well and bravely.

Through the dizziness in his head he tried to recall some of the sweet loving words mamma always whispered to help him through his hardest hours. They comforted him so that he lay quietly until the thought came that Tom might come back and not be able to find him. In terror at the idea he called:

"Tom! Tom! I'm down here. Sam! papa!" Then he waited, and called louder.

Listening again he heard a rustling through the bushes which alarmed him, for it sounded like some animal. Then came a short joyous bark, the brush of a bushy tail across his face, and a dog crouched close beside him and licked his hands.

"Fido! oh, my own Fido!"

He threw his arms around the dog's neck and sobbed. Fido remained quiet for a few moments, then got up, and ran about eagerly smelling along the ground.

"Stay with me, Fido," pleaded Frank. "See, doggie, I'm all alone; *don't* leave me again. Come close to me. Oh, Fido, *don't* take my crutch. I must climb up the bank with it, so the boys will find me."

But Fido, after rushing up and down the steep bank, suddenly seized in his mouth the one little crutch which had staid by Frank in his fall, and tore away without heeding his pitiful call.

Frank laid his head down again, and despairingly wondered if he should stay there all night. Through chinks in the leaves he could see the shadows creeping up the mountain-side, and knew by the long golden lines the sunshine made that night must be coming. How could Fido, whom he had so loved, treat him so cruelly!

At last the rushing of feet came again, but this time voices came too.

"Oh, my boy, my poor darling!" Frank's mother hurried down the bank, and had him in her arms. "We have been almost crazy about you since Fido, the dear, faithful fellow, came running with your crutch to tell us you wanted us."

"Where are the boys?" asked his father.

The boys appeared while they were getting Frank comfortably prepared for his ride home, giving a woful account of how their horse had run away, smashing almost everything except, fortunately, their bones.

"Come, Fido—come, old doggie. Oh, mamma, I'm so glad he's found again. It's worth being hurt for."

But Fido stood in the road as they drove off, looking after them with affectionate eyes, wagging his tail more earnestly as Frank continued his coaxing. Then he turned with his short bark, and was off down the steep hill-side.

"I'll find that dog for ye as sure as I live a week," declared Sam, much moved at sight of Frank's distress.

III.

It was not quite a week when one day Sam came in with a smile all over his broad face. "He's out to the gate. I found him, but he wouldn't come a step without the ones as owns him, so when I said how little master here was sick and kind o' set on him, they come too."

Fido bounded in at the door, and gave a hearty greeting to Frank, while his mother went out to speak to a rough-looking, pleasant-faced man, who got out of a wagon as she approached, leaving in it a little girl, who turned her face toward her, but did not raise her eyes.

"Mornin', ma'am. Yes; boy's been a-tellin' me about your little chap, and what uncommon store he sets by our Carlo. Janey here's just the same way, more's the pity."

There was a little more talk, and then Frank's mother went slowly back to him.

"Will they sell Fido, mamma?" he asked, anxiously.

"Nobody wants him as badly as I do, do they?"

"Oh, Frank, his little mistress loves him as you do, and, Frank—she's blind."

Blind! Frank covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, and then gave a quick glance about him—at sky, trees, and flowers, and then at the dear faces near, while tears arose to his eyes.

"Ten times worse than being lame," he whispered.

Tom was bringing in the two strangers, and he led the little girl close up to Frank.

"Yes," the man talked on, "lost him while we was a-movin' from down below up to the gap here, where I got a season's choppin'. Janey reg'larly pined fur him."

Then the story of the finding of Carlo—Fido—was told, and Frank's mother ventured to ask:

"There isn't anything Janey would rather have than the dog, is there? We would be glad to get it for her."

"No, ma'am, not a thing. She'd never sell Carlo. But what was you agoin' to say, Janey?"

"He's sick all the time," she said, passing her gentle little hand over Frank's thin face. "I'm well. I guess he wants Carlo the most."

"No, no. I'd never keep him from you," cried Frank.

"I say," said Janey's father, when, after a little more talk, they were ready to go, "s'posen we let Carlo settle for himself whose he'll be."

They went out to the wagon, Fido went out with them, then looked back at Frank, and went and crouched beside him. But it was only for good-by. Frank hugged him

in a loving embrace, and with many a backward glance, which seemed to say, "Forgive me, what else can I do?" he trotted along the pine-shaded road after little blind Janey.

Written in Frank's very private journal:

"when I saw fido go way that day and eride a little and mamma wiped her eyse and we all said the darling old fello he did jest rite I didnt think fido woud ever be my Dog but he is

"mamma sais God alwas maniges things the very best way for us but I think he lets mammas manig things a good ele

"do you think I ever took dear little Janey's dog No I didnt

"this is the way mamma maniged it

"theres a place in the Citty where good fokes takes poor little Gerls that cant see to rede or rite and play tag and teaches them to do al these Things and mamma rote to them lots of times and thats the way she maniged it she had to go and see janey lots of times too and janey's mother and of corse fido couldnt go to that place and of corse he wanted to come to me next

"Im glad God didnt make me blind Im only lame and I can do lots of nice things yet

"poor little janey."

MILLY CONE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

IT was fully two weeks before last Christmas that Milly Cone said to her best friend Grace, "Come up to my room. I am going to do up my give-away presents, and I will show them to you, if you like."

"Why, Milly Cone, do you mean to say that your things are all ready this long before?" answered Grace. "I haven't my first one yet. Mamma always goes around with me the day before Christmas, and I buy my things all at once. I never know what I want, either, and everybody is so cross, and gets in my way in the stores. I will be very glad to see yours, and maybe I'll get some ideas."

"You are welcome to all my ideas, which are mostly Aunt Jennie's," said Milly, "but I am afraid they won't help you much, because my people are the strangest people about one thing. They always want made presents. If I should just buy something out of a store, I don't believe my Papa would care for it at all, and the first present I ever made for him he uses yet. It is a ridiculous pen-wiper, and no two of the scallops are of the same size, but he won't throw it away."

"How much money do you have?" asked Grace. When Grace wanted to know a thing very much, she forgot that it is not polite to ask such questions.

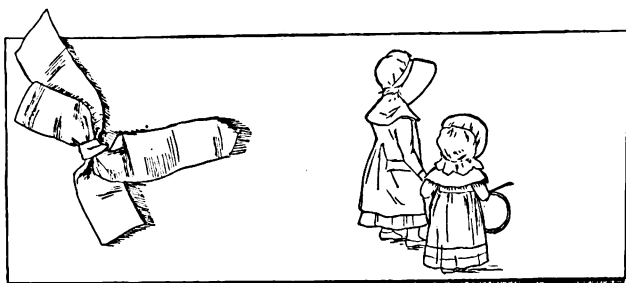
But Milly answered very pleasantly, "That is another queer thing about my Father. He says that the only value of Christmas presents is to make us thoughtful and generous, and I never have any money besides my regular allowance. I try to save a little every month, and last year I had five dollars, but I haven't done so well this year. Here they are," and she pointed to the bed, which had suddenly blossomed out with some unusual decorations.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Grace. "But I want you to tell me just how each one is made as you go along, for I want to do something of the same kind myself."

"Well, I'll begin with the very simplest first. Here, for instance, is Papa's present—just nothing but a blotter. Take three pieces of blotting-paper, just the prettiest colors you can get. Pierce two holes through them, and tie them together at the left side with a bright ribbon half an inch wide. Draw a pretty design in lead-pencil on the upper blotter, and go over it with ink. Lettering may be added, if desired—Good Wishes, Glück, or the name of the one to whom the blotter is given.

"Now this is for Grandma. You see, she says there is nothing in all the world so dear to her as I am. So, you see, I have just been vain enough to give her my photograph mounted in this way: You take a piece of sash ribbon ten inches long and seven inches wide. Fringe one end an inch and a half deep, and make a hem at the other end wide enough to allow a knitting-needle to be

run through. Fasten the photograph (imperial size) to the ribbon with a very little mucilage. Tie bows of ribbon at the corners of the knitting-needle, and leave enough to make a loop to hang it up by.



PAPA'S PRESENT.

"Now for Mamma I have made a handkerchief case. It is of pasteboard covered with silk. The bottom should be six inches square, covered on each side with a thin layer of cotton batting. The inside may be quilted, and the under side covered plainly with silk. On the inside, between the cotton batting and silk, I put quite a good deal of powdered scent. The sides are made of a strip of silk three and a half inches wide and a yard and a half long. This is gathered and sewed on the four sides of the bottom, and also on the pieces that form the cover. It looks like a puffing, and at the same time enlarges or makes the case smaller, whichever is desired. For the cover, cut two pieces of pasteboard six by three inches, and two in the shape of triangles with the base six inches. Cover these with silk, and sew them on the upper edge of the puffing, the oblongs opposite each other, the triangles with their points, of course, to the centre. Sew a piece of ribbon long enough to tie into bow knots on each point. At the four corners place bows of ribbon.

"Here is Grandpa's present. He is always the worst,



GRANDMA'S PRESENT.

because he don't truly care, except for books. Aunt Jennie is going to give him a pretty one, and she said I might make a mark to go with it."

"I didn't know you could paint," said Grace.

"I can't. I bought this piece of pale green ribbon — isn't it a beautiful color? — then I fringed the ends, and printed the little verse with a lead-pencil. Aunt Jennie told me the verse, and said that it would please Grandpa to know that he was like St. Francis of Sales, who was a very good man. Then I took one of her brushes and painted fine brown marks over my printed ones. My hand trembled a little and made the letters wobble. Aunt Jennie said it made them look all the more like Old English. A small calendar may be substituted for the text. Make a hole through the calendar and ribbon at the top, and tie them together with a narrow ribbon, making a bow and loop.

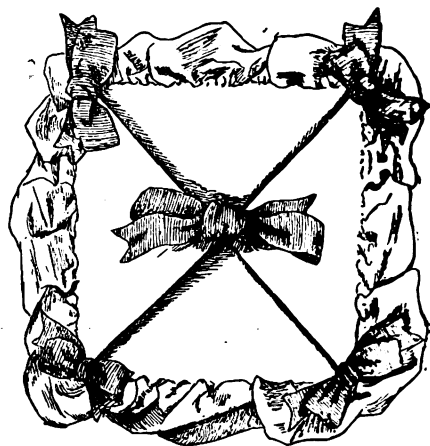
"This card case is for Aunt Jennie. You cover a piece of pasteboard five by four inches with dark-colored silk. In doing this baste the silk on each side, turning the edges neatly under; then overhand them together, concealing the stitches. Fold this in book shape, the two sides measuring four inches folded together. Cut two pieces of pasteboard, each four by two inches, and rounded inside, as shown in the illustration. Cover these with silk of a lighter shade, and sew them to the inside covers of the other piece. Tie a ribbon through the centre of the card case, the bow showing at the top."

Just at this moment the luncheon bell rang. The girls looked at each other in dismay.

"Why," exclaimed Grace, "that is too bad. You are not half through."

"No, I am not," answered Milly, looking at the number of pretty things still lying on the bed. "But we can't help it. Mamma will not like it if we are late at the table. I will put the things all away now, but the next time you come I'll bring them out again, and tell you all about the rest."

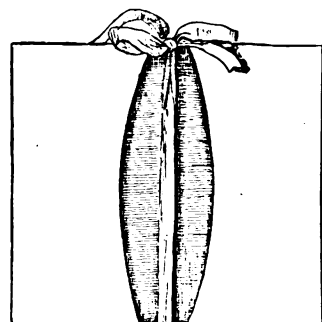
So the girls separated for the day.



MAMMA'S PRESENT.



GRANDPA'S PRESENT.



AUNT JENNIE'S PRESENT.

Y^e. Song of y^e. Rajah. ♪ ~ y^e. Fly: ~

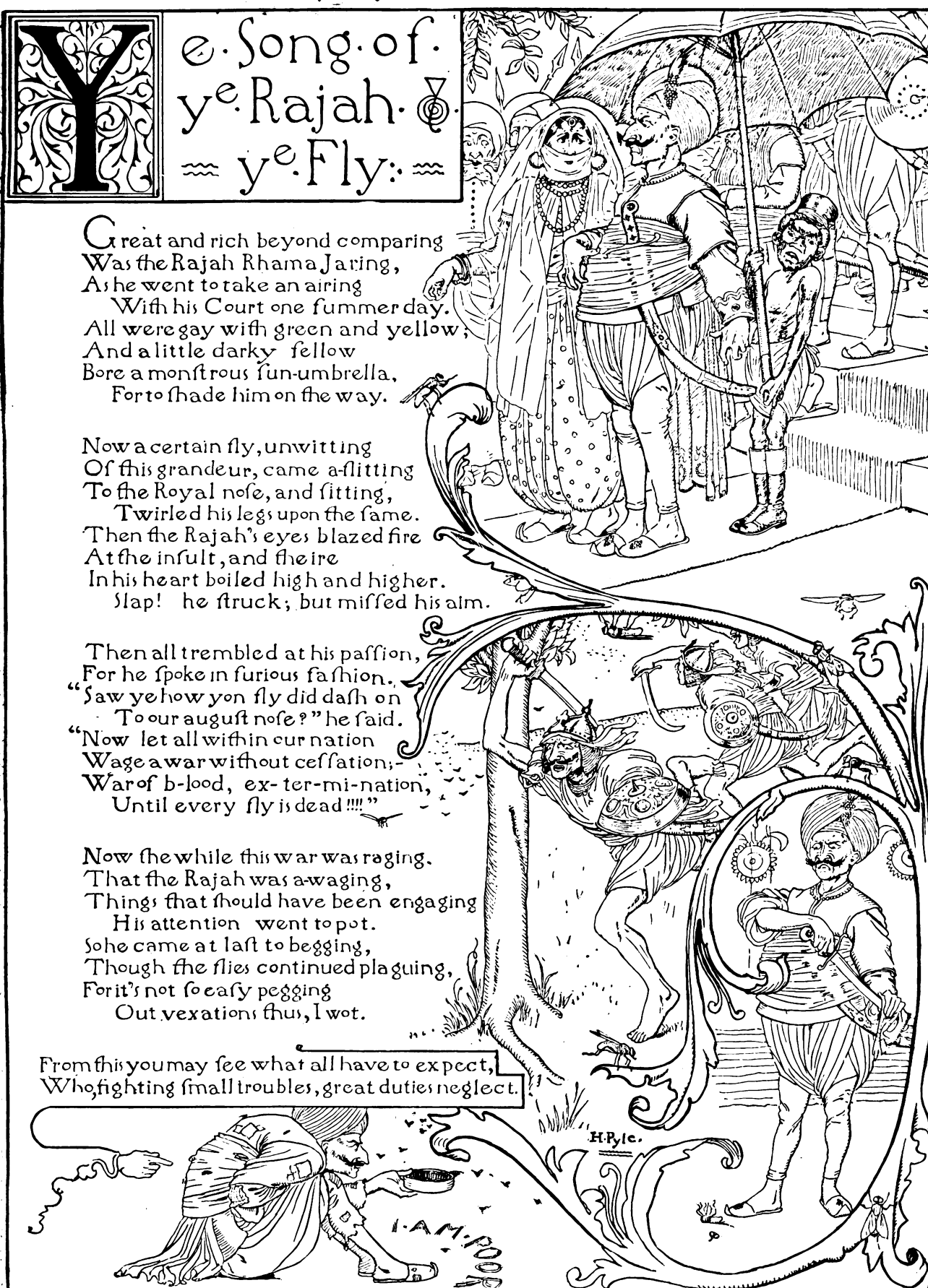
Great and rich beyond comparing
Was the Rajah Rhama Jaring,
As he went to take an airing
With his Court one summer day.
All were gay with green and yellow;
And a little darky fellow
Bore a monstrous sun-umbrella,
For to shade him on the way.

Now a certain fly, unwitting
Of this grandeur, came a-flitting
To the Royal nose, and sitting,
Twirled his legs upon the same.
Then the Rajah's eyes blazed fire
At the insult, and the ire
In his heart boiled high and higher.
Slap! he struck; but missed his aim.

Then all trembled at his passion,
For he spoke in furious fashion,
"Saw yehow yon fly did dash on
To our august nose?" he said.
"Now let all within our nation
Wage a war without cessation;
War of blood, extermination,
Until every fly is dead!!!!"

Now the while this war was raging,
That the Rajah was a-waging,
Things that should have been engaging
His attention went to pot.
So he came at last to begging,
Though the flies continued plaguing,
For it's not so easy pegging
Out vexations thus, I wot.

From this you may see what all have to expect,
Who, fighting small troubles, great duties neglect.





OCTOBER.

"MAMMA says it's lo'ly.
But I fink it's told;
Pr'aps we's dot rumatics.
Now we's detten old.

"Ze air is chilly, Pussy.
Fretin'in' a storm;
I'll hold oo by ze sunflower
'N' 'at 'll keep oo warm."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HEREFORD RANCH, TEXAS.

In the winter of 1881-2 I was housed for several weeks, and had with me a young friend several years my junior. We got hold of quite a number of back numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and well do I remember the very great pleasure we then had in reading them. I became so enthusiastic as to write a letter, which was published in Our Post-office Box. That enthusiasm has not abated in the least, though two years have been ticked away, and I am now nearer thirty than twenty-five; ever since I have been a reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, and have recommended it to parents. Only last week I spoke to a Fort Worth lady about it, and she will send and get it for her little girls and boys.

My friendship for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has just been made more pleasant and endearing. I am visiting my cousin, who lives away out in Wise County, Texas, on a ranch. She has five bright, sweet little girls. They are made sweeter and brighter by reading every week this paper that gladdens many a little life. We read and laugh together about Jimmy Brown's adventures, and look together at the pictures. Only this evening they were telling me about what they were going to "exchange."

If the Postmistress would like, I could write some very interesting things about the life here, that would instruct and please; but there are so many demands on her space and time that I can hardly hope for the chance. I must say a few words now, with the hope that I shall meet with the same consideration that I did two years ago. I have just finished a long letter to a "daily," but would rather appear among the boys and girls in the Post-office Box than in the columns of the London Times.

I write this from Hereford Ranch. It is so named because the Hereford cattle are bred here. They, as some know, are a beautiful white-faced cattle, with white legs, dewlaps, and feet, the remaining parts being red. As compared to some ranches in Texas, this is a small one. There is one in south-western Texas which contains 800,000 acres; one string of fence is 125 miles long; but

this is an exception—a grand one. This one has only 6000; but 6000 acres of land under one fence is no small thing. It is quite a ride from the house to one side and back.

To gallop over these broad acres and see the growing herds, and from some land-wave crest to look in every direction and see the prairie roll away as a great sea, is quite exhilarating. Bessie, Katie, their mother, and myself go riding almost every morning. Our ponies are not Shetlands, nor are they the finest or prettiest in the world, but they have endurance, they are tough; they can gallop until you are ready to turn in, and will not be the worse for it.

I wish I had space to tell you about Point Wolf, Picnic Glen, and Deep Creek, to tell you how the tarantulas stalk about the yard and into the house, and write of all the strange and novel things here; but it "can't be." Maybe some of the far-away little readers will one day live on a ranch; if so, you will find it a free, hearty, joyous, bounding life; and the sooner you get on one, the better.

DAN MARSHALL.

A very cordial welcome will be yours whenever you may please to write.

WYANDOTTE, KANSAS.

I am a boy eleven years old. I have never yet written to the Post-office Box, but I hope the first letter will be printed. I am the only boy in our family, but I have two sisters: one is twelve years old and the other is one. My sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE together, but now I take it by myself, and my sister takes *Youth's Companion*. I like my paper the better of the two. I have a pair of roller skates, and as I can skate pretty well, I have a good time. I go to school, and study hard to get a good education. I like to read the continued story, "Wakulla," very much, and I read every letter in the Post-office Box. I keep my papers clean, and expect some day to have them bound. As it is now time to go to school, I must close.

MAURICE L. A.

BANNER RANCH, WYOMING.

I am a little girl eight years old, like the Post-office Box, and like to hear about the children's playthings, and I think they would like to hear about mine. I live on a ranch one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad. I have no little girls to play with me, but I have lots of pets. The one I like the best is Frisky, my dog, because he is so cute. I had a little kitten that had lost its mother, and my little dog would hug and take care of the kitten, and when Frisky would go away, the kitten would mew for him until he came back. Then I have two cats, three ducks, lots of chickens, and Jack (my old crow) is lost. We have two hundred and fifty cows and calves, and I take care of two of these calves, and one of them knows me a little better than the other.

I watch every week for the stage to bring me my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and of the stories I have read this summer I like best "Katinka's Candy Scrape," "Miss Polypheanna's Fire-works," "Only a Girl," and "How Johnny saw the Elephant." I forgot to tell you that I sometimes ride horseback, but the horse is so lazy that he will not throw me, and so I don't get hurt. I hope this letter will be published, and then I will write again.

HATTIE II.

MENDOTA, ILLINOIS.

My brother takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and my sister reads the stories to me, because I am not old enough to read them myself. I have to lie in bed now, for I have a broken leg. Papa gave me a little Indian pony, and he was teach-

ing me to ride it, and the pony tried just as hard as he could to throw me, and when he couldn't, he lay down with me, and that broke my leg. I have been in bed a month, and will have to lie there two weeks longer. I didn't cry nor take ether when I had my leg set. I am seven years old. I have for pets a pair of white rabbits, a pair of Scotch terrier dogs, named Punch and Judy, and my pony. We live on a farm, and have lots of horses and cattle and pigs. We have seven little colts, and one two days old. Papa brought it up to the window so I could see it. It is very cunning. I won't write any more this time, but if you print this, maybe I will some other time.

ARTHUR M.

You were a brave boy, and showed that manly quality which we call fortitude when you had your leg set. I hope you may be able to ride the pony one of these days, and that he may behave better.

OAKDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.

Last summer I tried to raise some roses from cuttings, but I succeeded in getting only one to grow. If any of your readers have raised them, I should be very glad to know in what way—when they were started, in what kind of soil, and also if they were kept in the sun. MAY E. O.

Will some successful rose-grower reply to May's inquiries?

PROCTORVILLE, VERMONT.

I was ten years old last December. I have not taken this paper very long, but I like it very much indeed. I liked "Ten Days a Newsboy" better than any of the stories, and I was very sorry when it stopped. In the garden there are some very pretty verbenas; there are light purple and red, and wine-colored and dark purple, and pink and white ones. I have two dogs; one is a Scotch terrier and the other is a mastiff puppy. The terrier's name is Fox and the puppy's name is Nora. We have five horses and a colt three years old, also two cows, three calves, a yoke of oxen, two pigs, and seven black cats, which are wild and live under the barns. I went fishing the other day, but I caught only two fish. A little friend of mine is spending some time with me, and we are going to have a picnic this week. My little friend and I are going to build a little stone bridge across the brook to-morrow. Good-bye from

BESSIE B.

A DRIVE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

That's just what Pearl and Shirley Dean and myself had one day in the spring—a real nice drive in the Indian Territory—but we were disappointed in not seeing many Indians, though we did see great, wild, and unbroken prairie grazing ground, and thousands of cattle in the velvet green pasture. We crossed the line below Mound Valley, Kansas, called so because the small city is surrounded by oblong mounds, looking just like an immense grassy, flat-topped grave. We could tell when we came to the line, as the government allows no one to settle in the Territory unless with the consent of the Indians. Everything looked wild. The cattle were not used to seeing little girls, and scampered away from us. Shirley clapped her hands when she saw the flowers, delicate and beautiful, that grew everywhere. The deer-tongue looks very much like the amaryllis. Polly, our pet parrot, sat upon Shirley's shoulder, and called out "Halloo!" and "What is it?" until we almost wished we had left her at home.

Polly has been in America only a few weeks, and has not forgotten Mexico yet, and Shirley would bring her with us "lest she might be lonely at home." We drove two hardy little Indian ponies, Snip and Jocko, which were so gentle that we had no trouble until a turkey frightened Polly, and she screamed and said "Go 'long!" then Jocko started to run, and we could scarcely hold the ponies in.

Not a house could we see—nothing but two mounds and one immense pasture. When we crossed Big Creek, Snip stumbled and could not get up. There we were, in the middle of Big Creek, and no house near; but in a few moments a miner who had been to the coal bank came by, and pulled our light wagon out. We had a good wetting, and Polly kept saying "What is this?" until we all laughed.

A great many men in Kansas come to the Territory and dig their own coal; they get it at a very little cost. It is taken out in large square blocks. Shirley told me that Snip's former owner went to the Territory to dig coal, and at sunset started home with a heavy load. Snip trotted along four miles, and then stood still all night long. It rained, and his owner was compelled to camp out until Snip was ready to go on.

We ate dinner by Big Creek. Some of the calves were so gentle that they came near enough for Shirley to pat them, but troublesome Polly frightened them by her chattering. After dinner we came unexpectedly, hidden behind a mound, upon the house of a Cherokee. The mother was neatly dressed in Cheviot, and the little girls in blue check. They treated us kindly, took us into the orchard, and gave us fruit. Mona was the name of the largest girl, and she was very polite, and Shirley could scarcely believe she was an In-

dian. We had twenty-four miles to drive before sunset, so we bade Mona and her mother goodbye and went on.

Polly went to sleep, and so did Shirley, but Pearl and I kept wide awake; not much of the beautiful scenery, either prairie or woodland, escaped our eyes. At dusk we reached Vinetta, one of the principal towns in the Territory. Everything was orderly and nice, the schools are well taught, and the people kind and courteous to strangers. We were hospitably entertained in a Cherokee family, and we met some of the Indian children, who liked school better than Shirley does. During our short stay in Vinetta Shirley had several offers for Polly, but she loved her pet too well to sell her.

We drove home by a shorter and different route, and through frequented roads. At noon a heavy storm came up, and Shirley was frightened. We saw a "dug-out," and went into it until the wind and rain had "gone over." Poor patient Snip and Jocko had to take the storm. The rain blew into the dug-out, and Polly kept saying, "I don't like it." Neither did we. In an hour the sun shone, and we drove on. The wind had done ever so much damage; two small houses were blown down and another moved several feet. We were glad to reach the Kansas line and find better houses.

In Coffeetown, Kansas, we staid long enough to give Snip and Jocko their dinner. There we saw a great many Indians, as Coffeetown is a famous trading post. A very few Indians wore blankets, but the greater number were neatly dressed. A group of three—papa and mamma Cherokee with a pretty daughter in a Mother Hubbard dress and bonnet—looked ever so much like civilization.

Through Kingston, Edna, and Cherryvale—new and thriving Kansas cities—we reached Shirley's home just at tea-time. "Halloo, papa! got coffee for Polly and Shirley?" calls the parrot, as Mr. Dean takes care of Snip and Jocko. "A beautiful time we've had, mamma," said Shirley, as we tired travellers prepared for tea. "A beautiful time," echoes Polly. "It is pretty in the Territory, mamma, but I hope they will get more railroads there some time; one is not enough," says sober Pearl. E. M. GUERNSEY.

PARSONS, KANSAS.

POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is a lovely paper. I have only been taking it a very short time. I go to school, and study arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, grammar, and French; I am going to take history and catechism. I have three pets—a dog and two canary-birds—and papa has six horses. I am just learning to ride horse-back. I have a little niece three years old—she is very cunning—and also four nephews. Please print my letter. There was another little girl who wrote from Pottsville; her name is Luth Snyder, and she goes to the same school that I do. There is a skating rink not a square away from our house. We have a large yard, with a stable and a hot-house in it. We have three big horse-chestnut-trees; the chestnuts are just getting ripe now; they are very pretty, and if you carry them about you, are said to keep rheumatism away. I am ten years old. BETTY A.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and have enjoyed reading it very much. I thought I would write and tell you about our club. We have a literary club of fifteen members. Each member has to bring in an original story in turn, and it is read every Thursday; some of the stories are splendid. Every two weeks a paper is edited, and it contains one continued and one short story, and any funny little sayings we pick up. School has begun, and we have very hard lessons to study; I have to study four hours every night. I take French, German, Latin, drawing, and music, besides my regular branches, so my hands are quite full. I have spent my summer drawing; I have drawn twelve pictures 17 by 11, and have learned to cook—two opposite things. I think I am making my letter too long; but I never know when to stop. With much love, I remain Your little friend, ELLA M.

Can you not begin a Little Housekeeper's Club?

LAKE VIEW.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have so often read letters from little girls in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that I thought I would write one myself. I am eleven years old, and I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have two dogs and two kittens; the dogs' names are Ned and Topsy. I take music lessons, and practice an hour every day. I go to school, and study German; my school is out at noon, and so I have the afternoon to myself. I have a little nephew; his name is Vincent; he is almost two years old. I hope you will print this letter. STELLA C. P.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for four years, and intend taking it another. I think it is the best paper I ever read. Jimmy Brown's and "Nan" are the best stories, according to my taste; I think I like "Nan" the best, and I wish Mrs. L. C. Lillie would write a sequel telling us

more about her. Next Tuesday will be my birthday, and as a present my papa is going to have three years of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE bound, so that my little brother can have them to read when he is old enough. He is only four years old, but he is a very bright, cute little fellow. The other day I was doing something which didn't please him, and he said, "Oh, Jessie, you stupid thing, you will know better when you get to be a man."

We have very disagreeable summers here, not very warm, but wet and foggy. There are a great many visitors here during the summer, but I don't see what they come here for; the only thing worth seeing is the tide, which rises forty feet, and the sail up the St. John River is beautiful, if you can find a pleasant day for it. It is very nice here in winter—clear, bright weather, and lots of skating and sleighing and snow-shoeing. I expect to go to Bloomington, Illinois, this fall, to see my grandmother, who fell on the ice two winters ago, and has not been able to walk since; but she writes me nice letters, and I am sure we shall have a good time, and I know my grandma will be glad to see my little brother—but oh, won't she think he is a mischief! I have had a great deal of trouble with my eyes; I had to give up school for a year at one time, but since then I have worked very hard, and now I am up with the other girls of my age. This is my first letter, and a pretty long one, I think; I am afraid you won't find room for it, but I should like to see it in the paper.

With love, JESSIE GORDON F.

PARKGATE, BELFAST, IRELAND.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have a very kind cousin in Cincinnati, called M. B., who sends Lizzie (my elder sister) HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am very fond of reading the letters. They are mostly from little Americans, but perhaps you will not refuse an Irish girl's; will you? Your correspondents mostly tell you of their pets, but I am at a loss for any to tell about. At one time I had a lovely black curly dog named Darwin, but papa got him shot simply because he killed two or three of our neighbors' cats. I don't like cats much; do you? I am very fond of dogs and sheep; also I do love and wish I had a parrot and a monkey, but I don't know where I could get either. I go to the Ladies' Intermediate School, and I study English, arithmetic, and music. We go to Muckamore Presbyterian church; it is a pretty good distance from us all. I liked "Nan" very much, and I also like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. There was a very lovely picture long ago, called "The Little Dreamer," and another, "The Little Grandmamma." JANE J.

LAKE VIEW, ILLINOIS.

In our room, Fifth Grade, at the Diversey Street School, we are all writing to you. The four best papers are to be directed and sent. Our town is not very small. Five years ago this suburb had very few dwelling-houses in it, but now it is very thickly settled. There are about nine public schools in the town, also a High School, which is situated in the centre of the town. In our school there are between eight and nine hundred scholars. The population of Lake View is between fifteen and twenty thousand. It takes about half an hour in the street cars to reach town, though Chicago begins six blocks from Diversey Street School. Lake View is so called because it is situated on Lake Michigan. When the wind blows it is a great pleasure to watch the great white-caps on the waves.

JESSIE H.

A very good letter.

I live in the country, in Kansas. I have no brothers nor sisters living. My cousin Dora has been staying here for the past two years, but she has gone home now, and I am very lonely. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years, and like it very much. My father is a farmer. I have a pet sheep named Jessie, and a little lamb named Lillie, and a pony named Nellie. I walk nearly two miles to school; sometimes, when it is muddy, I ride Nellie. I take music lessons. Sometimes you print a little at the bottom of the letters, and I think it is so very kind; it seems as though you were speaking to each writer. I wrote a letter to Eddie Smith; I feel very sorry for him. I am thirteen years old, and weigh eighty-four pounds; Cousin Dora is only twelve years old, but she is larger than I am. Our vacation will soon be over—in about three weeks—but I shall not be sorry, for I like to go to school. I always have so much fun there. I like the story "Wakulla" very much. I sometimes try the receipts given in the Post-office Box, and think they are very nice. I will close, for I don't think I have written anything that will interest the readers, but their letters interest me very much. Love to all. EVALINE.

Louie Y. is kept very busy with five dolls and a dear little canary to care for.—Belle J. has a gentle pony, and is quite independent, as she can saddle him and bridle him herself. As she has a faithful shepherd dog too, her rides are well attended.—Bessie B. S.: Kiss baby Nannie for me right in the middle of her dimpled chin. What

did brother Harry do with the opossums he caught?—Mamie B. attends school, and here is one of the pretty stanzas she has written about it:

I try every morning to be in time;
I am kind to my playmates all;
I never linger after the clock strikes nine;
I obey my teacher's first call.

Bessie B. Carr, care of Martel Furnace, St. Agnace, Michigan, would very much like to receive a letter from Emma L. G., of Humboldt, Nebraska. Will Emma write to Bessie?—I am glad that Maud R. S. enjoys studying at home with her mother. I think it a delightful way of receiving education.—Minnie G.: Your Sunday-school teacher is very kind, and her letter, which you send me to read, is very beautiful. I am sorry there is not room to publish it at present, but I am quite puzzled how to be fair to all the dear children and satisfy them in the publication of their letters in the Post-office Box.—Henry B. H., Eleanor M., Charlie F. N., Ella W., Willie E. W., Grace H., William A., Peg and Meg McH., Lucius N., Nelson Irving W., Alice C. G., Rella B., Mabel B. L., Dila H., Eddie S. C., Jun., Maud E. J., and Bertha S. will please accept thanks for their letters.—Fred F., 192 West Fourth Street, Oswego, New York, would like to hear personally, if agreeable, from H. U., Queensland, Australia, with a view to correspondence.—Will the little friend in Bridgeport who lately sent the Postmistress a small inclosure for a certain purpose kindly send her full address, that the money may be returned?—J. H. W.: Please write again and tell us how sugar is made on your plantation.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Ill. 3. Chisels used in making mortises. 4. In better time. 5. To compel. 6. To perceive. 7. A letter. NAVAJO.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

Primals spell the name of a distinguished historian. 1. A false prophet. 2. A great conqueror. 3. An emperor who saw a sign in the sky. 4. A monarch of Persia. 5. A wise man of ancient Greece. 6. A pope of Rome. 7. A king of England surnamed the Great. 8. A poet who wrote "Night Thoughts." LULU PEASE.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA FOR STUDENTS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.

My 14, 1, 26, 3 is the name of a month.
My 31, 21, 37 is a conveyance.
My 31, 32, 25, 8, 13 is a part of the body.
My 40, 28, 35, 24, 23, 3 is what is done by Congress to a bill before it becomes a law.
My 9, 28, 16, 33 is pursued and gained by hunters.
My 2, 24, 29, 6 is length.
My 42, 43, 22, 26 is to throw.
My 18, 17, 15 is a large body of water.
My 10, 11, 20 is not whole.
My 5, 6, 19, 26 is an animal.
My 7, 41, 38, 3 is to remain.
My 34, 39, 27 is not joyful.
My 44, 36, 30 is a color.
My 12, 39, 41 is a boy's name.
My 5, 11, 23, 33 is secure.
My whole gives the names of three of our Presidents. ELSIE.

No. 4.

HOUR-GLASS.

Centrals, read downward, spell the name of a large and influential city. 1. Instruments used in drawing. 2. A Scripture name. 3. A small piece. 4. A letter. 5. A conveyance. 6. Not wrong. 7. From end to end beneath the surface.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 257.

No. 1.—The Postmistress. Montpelier.

No. 2.—	R	A
	J A Y	A S S
	J A C O B	A P P L E
	R A C Q U E T	A S P H A L T
	Y O U N G	S L A C K
	B E G	E L K
	T	T

No. 3.—Ambulance.

No. 4.—Love-lies-bleeding. Lady's-slipper.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Edith F. Lena J., Kate Hauts, Baltimore, Felix, Benn-stalk, Willie A. Scott, Spocz, Mark Hastings, Jennie Price, Thomas Lawrence, Edna Vall, John Doerion, T. L. R., Mattie Sanders, Paul Sisson, and Claude Dana.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



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"THE FLAME LIT UP THE WATER ON ALL SIDES."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 818.

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THE LITTLE BEACON KEEPER.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

THE Mississippi River is a dangerous and disagreeable river to navigate, owing to its muddy, uneven banks and shallow water. Even in broad daylight, unless piloted with great care, large steamers often run aground, and then all the crew and even some of the passengers will work hard for hours to free themselves from their unpleasant and perilous position. At night this river in some places would be perfectly impassable, and not even the boldest or most fool-hardy captain would venture to carry his vessel through the yellow water, if it were not for the lanterns hung upon poles driven into the mud at short intervals apart. These lanterns are kept burning by people hired by the government for a small sum of money.

In a wild and almost uninhabited place in Tennessee, called Kennesaw, close by the banks of the Mississippi River, lived a boy named Hugh Davis. Although he was but fifteen years old, he supported his mother and little sister by keeping the beacon, and also by the sale of vegetables from a small garden which he cultivated with great care. Three years before my story begins his father, who was a sailor, had left his family for a six months' voyage. At the end of that time, while they were still hopefully expecting his return, news came that the vessel he sailed in had been wrecked and all on board lost. His wife felt his loss so keenly that she fell ill, and for a long time was unable to leave her room. So Hugh applied for the post of beacon keeper, and when his mother grew a little better they moved to the small cottage they now occupied.

One evening, when the great black clouds flying across the sky and a high wind told that a storm was near, Hugh said to his little sister Margery: "I am going to light the beacon now, Margery. Would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, indeed, Hugh," answered Margery; "only wait one moment until I tie my bonnet on tight, because the wind blows so hard that it will switch my hair all over my eyes and blind me."

"Take care of her, Hugh," said their mother, anxiously, as she peered out of the window at the fast-darkening sky. "It must be very rough on the river to-night."

"Yes, mother dear," replied Hugh; "we will be very careful."

Then Hugh put his tin box of matches in his pocket, and taking his sister's hand, left the house.

Close by the river was a steep stony hill which must be crossed before coming to the bank of the river, where Hugh's heavy old boat lay.

It was almost dark when they reached this hill, and as Hugh hurried Margery along the rough path, he said: "I am afraid we are late to-night, or else those black clouds make it look so. What a gust of wind!" he exclaimed, as a blast struck them and blew his hat from his head. He turned quickly to recover it. As he did so his foot slipped, and he fell among the jagged rocks. Hugh sprang to his feet at once, but sank directly down again with a groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Margery, wistfully.

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle," answered Hugh, trying to rise once more. But he soon found that he could not rest his foot upon the ground without great agony.

"Oh, poor Hugh, do not try to walk," cried Margery, anxiously watching his painful movements.

"But, Margery, it is so very late," replied Hugh; "and in this mist and darkness there will surely be some accident if the light is not up. Then I should lose my place, and what will become of you and mother? I *must* reach the beacon if I have to crawl on my hands and knees. It seems to me as though I could hear the boat coming now. And only to think, Margery, the place where my beacon

is hung is one of the worst on the river. The rock extends yards beyond it, just under the surface of the water. Should anything happen to a steamer there, it would be dreadful. So you see I *must* light the beacon."

After Hugh had moved on a few steps he discovered that his match-box was missing, so Margery returned to look for it. After searching around for a short time she found the box on the spot where Hugh had fallen. As she stooped to pick it up a thought flew through her mind, and she said to herself:

"I could light the lantern, if only Hugh would let me. I know how to row a little—enough to reach the post, and I am sure I could let down the beacon, for I have often done it."

So Margery ran back quickly to Hugh, who was still slowly and painfully moving forward, and said, coaxingly, "Let me go this once, Hugh. You will never reach the river in time with your poor hurt foot."

"No, no," answered Hugh, hastily; "you are too small, and might be swept away by the wind."

"Why, Hugh," replied Margery, indignantly, "I am not so very small. I am eight and a half, and ever so tall for my age. Do, please, let me go."

"I will tell you what you may do," said Hugh, after a moment's pause: "run on ahead and get everything ready; untie the boat and put in the oars. But keep the boat close to the shore until I reach her."

"Very well," replied Margery, as she sprang forward, delighted at being trusted even this far. Very soon she had left Hugh far behind. The boat was easily unfastened, and the oars slipped into their places. Margery kept them in her hands as she seated herself in the centre of the boat to wait for Hugh. After sitting there a short time, looking first at the black, stormy sky and then at the misty dark river beneath her, she thought she heard Hugh approaching.

"How heavily he steps!" thought Margery, turning toward the land. "Poor fellow, how his sprained ankle must hurt!"

The sound kept on, but Hugh did not appear.

"It is the boat!" cried Margery at last, springing up and looking down the river. "He will never come in time."

Not more than half a mile away she saw the head-light of one of the largest steamers approaching. It appeared to be steering directly toward the rock where the lantern usually hung. The mist was heavy and thick, and the wind blew in violent gusts; even little Margery knew the terrible danger the boat ran in grounding on such a night as this; so without wasting a moment she seized one of the oars in both hands, and pressing it against the bank with all her might, sent the boat out into the water. Then seating herself again, she grasped both oars firmly in her hands, and began struggling against the wind. At first Margery thought her boat did not move at all, but presently, to her great joy, she found that little by little she was nearing the beacon pole.

The sky was very black now, and when Margery looked at the dark water, and heard the regular beat of the paddles of the swiftly approaching steamer, she grew dreadfully frightened, and would have liked to be back on shore again if it had not been for the unlighted lantern and the great boat's peril. So, trying to forget her own danger, she rowed bravely on.

As it was only a short distance in reality to the rock, Margery soon found herself abreast of it. She secured her boat hastily by throwing the rope attached to it around the pole.

The beacon, or lantern, was drawn up and down by means of a slender rope run through a pulley at the top of the pole, and it was secured in its place by winding the rope around a button at the lower end of the pole.

It was the work of a moment to unfasten the rope and lower the lantern, but it was not so easy to light the lamp

inside, for each time Margery struck a match the wind blew it out, and, besides, the boat rocking up and down made her very unsteady. Once she glanced over her shoulder at the steamer. How near it seemed! It had passed the beacon just below, and was now bearing down directly toward her; she knew this by the position of the lights on board that shone through the thick mist like stars.

"If I don't light the lamp soon," said Margery to herself, "they will run right upon the rock. They are coming so fast, and Hugh says this is the most dangerous part of the river." As she struck another match, the lantern on the seat beside her toppled over, and the lamp rolled into the bottom of the boat. She picked it up quickly, but was horrified to find that it had fallen into a pool of water, and that the wick was soaking wet. All the matches in the box would not light it now until it had been dried.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Margery, covering her eyes with her hands. "I can not think what to do now. If I only had something to make a bonfire of, I might perhaps save the steamer yet. But there is nothing dry anywhere around, not even a scrap of paper." At that moment a fierce gust of wind tore her sun-bonnet from her head, and as she threw out her arm to catch it, her hand struck the lamp, and a thought came into her mind, and springing to her feet, she cried, "I *can* make a torch, if only there is time."

Then without one glance at the steamer, she tore off her apron, which was a large one with long sleeves, and wound it and her sun-bonnet around the handle of one of the oars. Then opening the lamp, she poured the oil it contained over this great wad of cotton cloth until it was completely soaked through. Seizing a handful of matches, she struck them all together upon the inner part of the lantern, and, before the wind had time to blow them out, applied the flame to the strange torch. In a moment there was a glorious blaze, and Margery sprang upon the gunwale of the boat, waving the oar over her head. The instant she did so the whistle of the steamer gave such a loud, sharp shriek that Margery almost fell into the water.

Recovering herself quickly, she balanced herself more firmly, and continued to move the torch backward and forward. The flame lit up the water on all sides, and shone brightly over little Margery herself. Her head was uncovered, and her long hair streamed out behind her like a yellow veil. Her face was pale, and her eyes fixed earnestly on the steamboat. Margery's heart now began to beat loud and fast, for she was afraid that her beacon had been lighted too late to save the huge boat. But after a great many loud whistles and shrieks, she saw that it moved much slower. Those on board had discovered their danger just in time, and were doing all in their power to send the vessel out into the stream again, for the pilot had been steering directly for the rock where the beacon usually hung. In two minutes more he would have struck upon it, and in the panic this would have caused many lives might have been lost.

As the vessel moved slowly forward, and finally stopped within a few feet of her, Margery saw that the Captain and several men were leaning over the side, shading their eyes with their hands, and endeavoring to see who it was that held the torch. Presently the Captain cried out,

"Why, it is little Margery Davis. Where is Hugh, Margery?"

"Hugh hurt himself as he was coming to light the lantern, so I came in his place," answered Margery.

"All alone?" inquired the Captain, wonderingly. "But how did you come by the torch?"

"The lamp fell in the water, and so I made this out of my sun-bonnet and apron soaked in oil," said Margery, in rather a frightened voice, for while she was speaking a

great many people came and stood by the rail to listen and hear what she was saying. When she had finished, one of the men cried out,

"Three cheers for little Margery Davis, the girl who saved our boat!"

Then they all shouted "Hurrah for Margery!" so loudly and heartily that little Margery laughed.

All at once there seemed to be some kind of commotion on deck, and a large man, with a sunburned face and big light beard, pushed the people right and left as he forced his way to the front.

"Margery Davis, did you say?" cried he. "Let me see the little girl, mates."

After looking at her for a moment he began to climb over the side of the vessel. Margery was terribly frightened when he sprang lightly into her boat, and taking the torch from her hand, held it so that the light fell full upon her face. Then lifting her in his arms, he said, in a trembling voice, "How came you here all alone? Where are your mother and Hugh?"

Margery thought he was angry, because he looked so strangely, and the tears came to her eyes as she answered:

"Mother is at home, and really and truly Hugh would have come and lit the beacon only he fell and hurt his foot. I ran on first, and when I saw the boat I knew he would never be in time. Please do not scold him."

The strange man did not answer Margery, but turning to the crowd on the steamboat he said, "This is my little girl, mates. I have been from home three years. She does not remember me, but I am proud of her."

At this the men gave three more cheers, and the Captain said, "Welcome home, Davis." Then he let down a lighted lantern to replace the old one, and turning to Margery, said,

"Thank you, Margery. You have done a grand thing for so small a girl, and I shall not forget it." He then gave orders for the boat to move on.

As soon as they were alone, Margery looked earnestly into the face of the man who held her hand, and said, "Are you really my papa?"

"Yes," answered he, softly, "and are you glad to see me?"

"Oh yes, indeed," replied Margery, kissing him. "But mamma will be almost too glad, for she has been crying about you ever and ever so long."

After Margery's father had swung the lantern, he rowed the boat to shore, where they found Hugh in a dreadful fright about Margery.

As he was so much older than the little girl, he remembered his father at once, and welcomed him with delight. His ankle was still painful, so his father assisted him to walk home. And Margery ran before to bear the good news to her mamma.

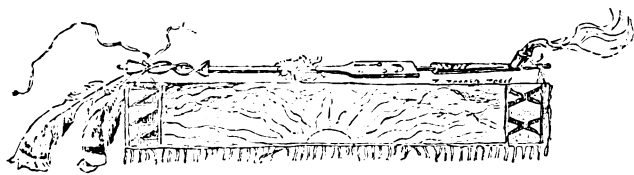
On the whole length of the Mississippi River's banks there was no happier family to be found that stormy night than the Davis family.

The next day Margery's father received a letter from the Captain of the vessel she had saved, telling him there was a good position awaiting him on board his boat.

Then in a few weeks the family left the small shabby house they had lived in, and moved to a much larger and pleasanter home.

Hugh, who had long since recovered from his injury, gave up his post of beacon tender, and now goes to one of the finest schools in the place.

Mr. Davis is at home very often, for he only makes short trips now. Little Margery sometimes accompanies him on these trips, and then she is so petted by the Captain and all the crew that her father declares he is afraid she will be spoiled. But this has not happened yet, for she is still the same kind and thoughtful girl she was when she lit the torch to save the vessel from grounding on the beacon rock.



OSCEOLA, AND THE FLORIDA WAR.

By FRANCIS S. DRAKE, AUTHOR OF "INDIAN HISTORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS."

FAR away, down at the southeastern extremity of the United States the peninsula of Florida juts out into the broad Atlantic. The southern portion of its territory includes extensive marshes or expanses of shoal water, varying in depth from one to five feet, called the Everglades. Much of this region is covered with an almost impenetrable saw-grass as high as a man's head, and during the rainy season, which lasts from June to October, it can only be traversed in canoes. Here half a century ago dwelt the Seminoles, so called because they were run-aways or seceders from the Creek Indians of Georgia.

As our country became more thickly populated by white people, the government of the United States told the Seminoles that they must leave their old homes and emigrate to the Indian Territory, there to be joined with the Creeks from whom their ancestors had formerly seceded, and with whom they had ever since been at war.

The Seminoles refused to go, and then began the longest, costliest, and most troublesome of all our Indian wars. Beginning in 1835, it was not until 1843 that this small but fierce and warlike tribe was finally subdued. The climate was unhealthy for our troops, but the greatest obstacle of all was the difficulty of getting at the Indians, who found hiding-places innumerable in the dense hummocks and swamps with which the country was filled.



OSCEOLA.

As-se-he-ho-la, or Osceola, a young Indian warrior, soon to be made a chief, was the master-spirit of this war. He was the son of an Indian trader, a white man named Powell. His mother was the daughter of a Seminole chief. He was of medium size, with a clear, frank, and engaging countenance, a resolute and manly bearing, and was dignified and courteous in his demeanor.

Osceola violently opposed the removal of his tribe. At a council in which a treaty for this purpose was under discussion he first brought himself into notice by striking his knife deep into the table before him, saying, at the same time, "This is the only treaty I will ever make with the whites." By his boldness and audacity he forced his tribe into a war to which a large majority were averse, and either broke up every attempt at negotiation or prevented its fulfillment.

He led the party that slew Charley-E-Mathla, a respected chief who had sold his cattle, and who was about to leave Florida. Osceola forbade any one touching the gold found upon the body, saying it was the price of the red man's blood, and with his own hands he scattered it in all directions as far as he was able to throw it.

While on a visit to Fort King for the purpose of trading, his beautiful young wife was seized as a slave. Driven frantic by this cruel stroke, Osceola threatened vengeance upon General Thompson, the Indian agent, and all concerned in the transaction. In consequence of his violent language he was seized by the agent's orders, and kept in irons for six days. Not long afterward he executed his threat, waylaying and killing Thompson, and several others with him, near Fort King.

On the same day that this affair happened (December 28, 1835) war began. A detachment of United States soldiers, commanded by Major Francis Dade, while on the march, were waylaid near the Big Wahoo Swamp, and the entire force of one hundred and ten men and officers, with the exception of two privates, were slain. These two men escaped by feigning death.

A few days later (December 30) the battle of the Withlacoochee was fought by General Clinch. The Indians were commanded by Osceola. It was the young chief's first battle, and he distinguished himself by his bravery. His voice was heard in every part of the field urging on and encouraging his followers. But he was wounded and disabled early in the contest. A gallant charge of the soldiers, which drove the Indians from the thick hummock in which they were posted, ended this stubborn engagement. Osceola afterward led the attack on Micanopy, where, within sight of the fort, he attacked in an open field upward of one hundred regulars supported by a field-piece.

The Indians and their negro allies now spread desolation throughout the border settlements, burning and destroying, murdering whole families, killing and scalping whoever came in their way. Men who had petitioned President Jackson for the forcible removal of the Indians were themselves compelled to flee with their families from their homes, and their property was destroyed. Many wealthy families suffered from want of food.

For nearly two years the war had continued, with trifling injury to the Seminoles, when the dishonorable act of an American officer placed the great Indian leader in our power.

Under the pretext of holding a conference with Osceola and Wild Cat, these chiefs, who had come to General Hernandez's camp under the sanction of a flag of truce, were seized by that officer (October 23, 1837) and imprisoned in the castle of St. Augustine. Osceola was soon afterward sent to Charleston, South Carolina, and confined in Fort Moultrie. Refusing all sustenance, he soon pined away, and in a few weeks died of a broken heart at the age of thirty-three. Possessing nobler traits of character than are commonly found in his race, this

remarkable man, contrary to Indian usage, opposed making war upon women and children. A monument just outside the principal gateway of Fort Moultrie marks the resting-place of this native patriot and hero.

Next to Osceola the most prominent of the Indian leaders was Co-a-coo-chee, or Wild Cat, the son of a distinguished chief named Philip. War to him was pastime. When pursued through the swamps he would stand at a distance and laugh at and ridicule the soldiers who were floundering about with their arms and accoutrements through the mud and water.

Captured at the same time and in the same dishonorable manner as Osceola, Wild Cat not long afterward effected his escape from the castle of St. Augustine, one very dark night, in the following manner.

Light was admitted into the room in which he and a companion were confined through an embrasure, or hole in the wall, about eighteen feet from the floor. To reach this hole they from time to time cut up the forage bags allowed them to sleep on, and made them into ropes. Standing upon the shoulders of his comrade, Coacoochee worked a knife into a crevice of the stone-work as high up as he could reach, and upon this he raised himself to the hole, and found that with some reduction of his person he could get through. To accomplish this purpose they ate as little as possible for five days.

On the night of their attempt, as soon as the snoring of the sentinel at their door gave notice that he was asleep, Coacoochee took the rope they had secreted under the bed, and raised himself as before. Making fast the rope that his friend might follow him, he passed enough of it through the hole to reach the ditch, fifty feet below. He then with great difficulty got his head through, but the sharp stones tore the skin from his breast and back. He was obliged to go down head-foremost till his feet were through. Almost as soon as he touched the ground two men passed near him. It was very dark, but he saw them distinctly. His friend in descending tumbled the whole distance into the ditch, and was so lamed as to be unable to walk. After carrying him some distance upon his shoulders, Coacoochee caught a mule, and making a bridle of his sash, he mounted his companion upon the animal. During the five days of their journey to the Tomoka River, where they joined their band, they subsisted solely upon berries.

Some time afterward Coacoochee was again a captive, and through the politic management of General Worth his band was induced to surrender.

Before this happened, however, and not long after his escape, Coacoochee led the Indians at the battle of Okechobee. General Taylor, afterward President of the United States, was his antagonist in this severe fight. After a desperate conflict of three hours the Indians were routed, and fled.

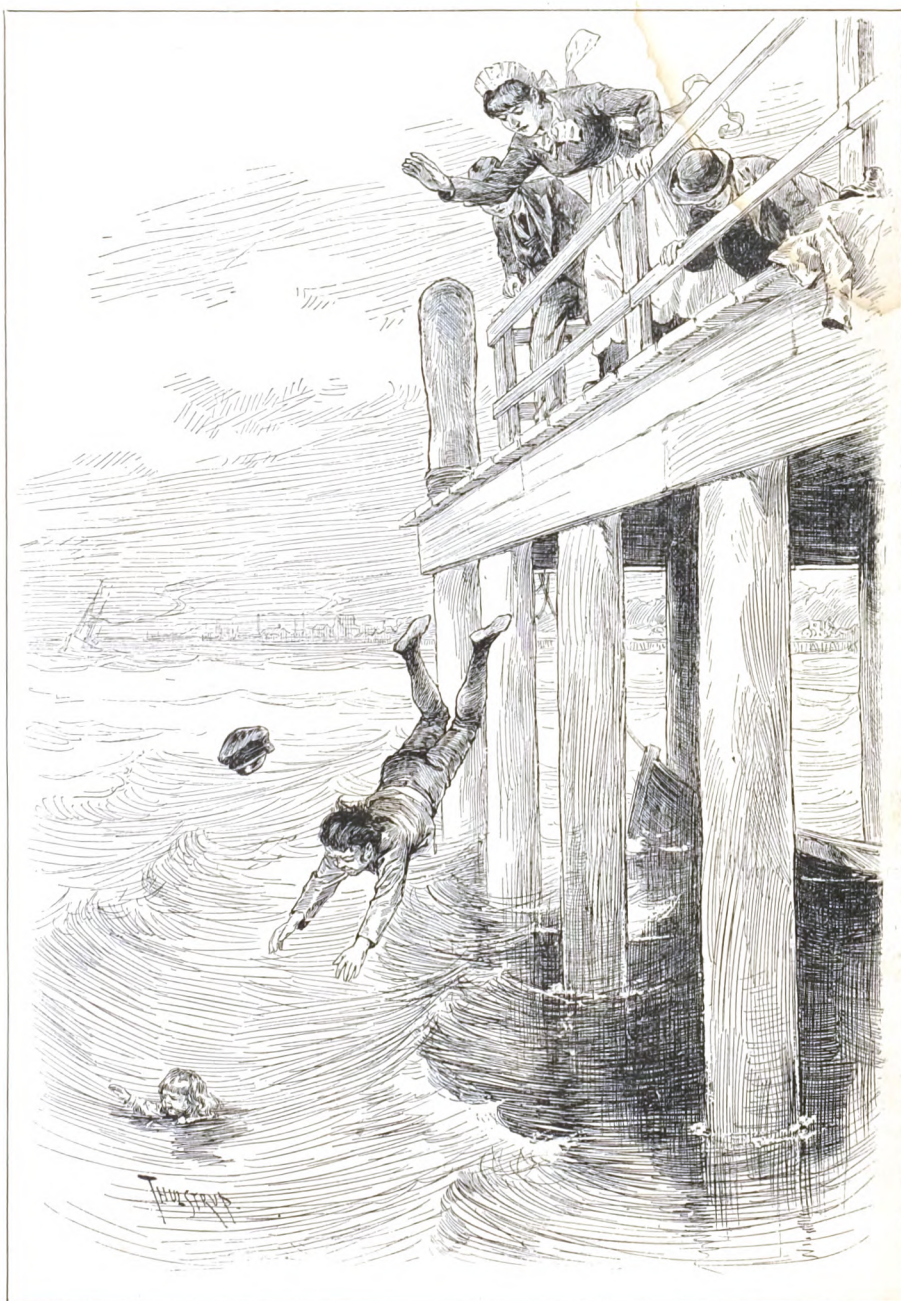
This was the last regular battle of the war. Hostilities continued for a long time, but by the judicious management of General Worth the Indians were gradually induced to emigrate to the Indian Territory.

MATTHIAS.

BY HARRIET WATERMAN.

WHEN Olaf and Huldah Olafson came from Iceland to America they felt great anxiety lest one of their seven children should be lost on the way.

They were going to Dakota, and while it was not altogether clear to them whether that word stood for a town,



"‘STUPIDS!’ THOUGHT MATTHIAS, AS HE JUMPED.”

or a farm, there were fifty Icelanders, most of their neighbors indeed, who went with them, besides the agent in charge, and they did not much care where they went, so long as it was a part of the wonderful America where every man owned land and was rich.

Frida, the baby, could not walk, but just before sailing Olaf called the older children, and showing them a long rope, said, "That you may not lose yourselves, and fall into the deep water, my boys and girls, I shall tie you to each other, Olaf first, Lena next, then Sarah and Jan near to each other, then Ingeborg, and last my big strong Matthias, to keep the little ones safe."*

So tethered, they made the long journey, and very tiresome they found the ocean voyage in the close, dark steerage.

New York children know that all emigrants are landed at Castle Garden, a large round building at the lower end of the city, where their names are recorded. Mr. Cary, the agent, attended to all such business for our Icelanders, who soon found themselves steaming toward the West at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Such marvellous speed frightened them at first, for they have not even wagon-roads in Iceland, and of anything like railroad travel the people have no idea, but soon it became interesting to them to see the houses and trees fly past, and to go through more towns in an hour than were in the whole island from which they came.

It was very early in the morning when Mr. Cary marched his colony across Chicago, the Olafsons, as it chanced, at the foot of the procession. "Two more days, and one more ride," he said, "and you will be in Dakota."

As they walked Matthias discovered that the rope about his waist had become so loosened that he could easily untie it. It was very tiresome for the children to be fastened together, and he very much wished to look more closely at the marvellous buildings, which the gray light showed dimly. He whispered to Ingeborg, as he showed her that he was free, "See, sister, I shall run on a little. I can walk faster than this, and come to you soon. If you are good, and do not cry or tell the father, I will bring you a slice of fish."

Icelanders eat fish as other people do bread, and as Ingeborg had had none since coming to America, she thought it would taste very good. Moreover, Matthias was so strong that he was allowed to go all day with the men in the boat; surely he might take a little walk without danger.

So he slipped away in the darkness, and Ingeborg said never a word, while Olaf, trusting the good Iceland rope, held fast little Olaf's hand, and never looked at the rest.

There were weeping and wailing when they made the awful discovery that he was gone; but before they could make their trouble known to the agent they had been hurried on the cars, and were moving out of the city. When they told him, Mr. Cary said, reassuringly, "I'll telegraph to the Danish consul. He will look him up, and send him on in a day or two."

Olaf had read about the telegraph in books, but he could not understand how the small wires, as they were described, could forward a strong boy. He tried to explain to the rest, but the children cried, and Huldah wished many times that they had never left Iceland, and all happiness for them had gone out of America.

Matthias, meantime, was having remarkable adventures in Chicago. He marvelled at everything—at the high buildings first, because only one-story houses are made in

Iceland, and those have lava walls six feet in thickness, on account of earthquake shocks. The dress of the men and women was queer, and more strange still the language they spoke, for Matthias had never heard other than the Iceland speech, and supposed, of course, that all the world used that.

But as bright daylight came on, and more people were in the street, some of them stared so rudely that he decided to go back to Ingeborg and the steam-cars.

Instead of the steam-cars he came, as he thought, to a forest. He had never seen so many trees before, and his heart speedily gave a throb of joy, for he saw, beyond, a large sheet of water.

Tired and hungry, he sat upon the end of a pier to rest a while, and gladden his eyes with a view of water, which reminded him of home. There he soon fell into a sleep, from which he was rudely awakened by a terrible scream, and he lifted up his head to see, first, something white falling toward the water, then a woman wringing her hands over the low railing. Two large boys stood near, and screamed also.

"Stupids!" thought Matthias, as he jumped in the direction of the white dress, "you should see the Iceland ocean and the Iceland rocks if you dare not go in here."

He soon brought the child to shore; it was nothing; he often took Frida swimming in the fiord at home, and she laughed and thought it fun.

One of the stupid boys had gone to a house near, and by the time Matthias had given the child to the crying nurse, a lady was quickly running across the park, for Matthias's forest was only Lincoln Park.

When the child was somewhat restored, the nurse explained the accident.

"I held him up to look at the water, and he gave a spring out of my arms into the lake. I cried, and this boy jumped in and brought the baby to land."

"Who are you?" said the lady to Matthias.

"She can not talk either," he thought; but guessing her meaning, and wishing to be very polite, he made a low bow, and said: "Matthias, from Iceland, madame; son of Olaf Olafson and Huldah his wife."

"What does he say?" she asked of the nurse.

"He does not talk Norwegian, but I understand some," was the answer. "His name is Matthias;" and the woman turned and addressed to Matthias the sweetest words he had ever heard, for though they were not good Iceland speech, he could understand them, and in return made his troubles known.

"The Danish consul is the one to see," said the lady, when all had been explained to her. "But some dry clothes first and breakfast for our rescuer."

Never in his life had Matthias eaten such a breakfast. He remembered his promise to Ingeborg. "Will you ask the lady," he said to the nurse, "if I may take this fine white cake to Ingeborg, my sister? She has never seen one, and it will please her more than a slice of fish."

An hour later he stood before the Danish consul, who held a yellow envelope in his hand, and who seemed much interested in the long story.

"You are the young man we want," he said. "I am proud to meet you, my brave little countryman. Iceland seas and rocks make strong boys. You shall go west by the nine-o'clock train to-night."

Two days later he was in Dakota. Huldah and Olaf were so glad to see their runaway that they forgot to scold him as he deserved.

As for Lena, Jan, and the rest, to this day the world, in their opinion, holds nothing so beautiful as Chicago, where, according to Matthias, "the houses have soft cloth on all the floors, and mirrors tall as giants, more glass in one window than in a whole Iceland house, silver like

* A Dane two years ago brought a family of ten children, from Denmark to Dakota, all tied together by a rope. When they were interviewed, in Minnesota, the father declared that the rope had not been off since they started.—*ACTOR.*

the blessed communion on the table, and fine white and sweet food, much as one chooses to eat."

The second day Ingeborg divided the roll into six equal parts, that even Frida might know by experience something of the luxury which Matthias described.

WAKULLA.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER IX.

MARK DISCOVERS THE GHOST, AND FINDS HIM IN A TRYING POSITION.

MARK had already seen that the boy's right foot was terribly mangled and covered with blood, and he went quickly for more water with which to bathe it. After he had washed off the blood, and bound the wounded foot as well as he could with his handkerchief and one of his shirt sleeves torn into strips, he found that the boy had again opened his eyes, and seemed to have fully recovered his consciousness.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mark.

"Yes," answered the boy. "I can sit up now, if you will help me."

Mark helped him into a sitting position, with his back against the tree to which he had clung when the alligator tried to drag him into the water. Then he said, "Now wait here a minute while I bring round the canoe. I'll get you into it, and take you home, for your foot must be properly attended to as soon as possible."

Hurrying back to where he had left the canoe, Mark brought it around the point, very close to where the boy was sitting, and pulled one end of it high up on the bank. Then going to the boy, he said, "If you can stand up, and will put both arms around my neck, I'll carry you to the canoe; it's only a few steps."

Although he almost cried out with the pain caused by the effort, the boy succeeded in doing as Mark directed, and in a few minutes more was seated in the bottom of the canoe, with his wounded foot resting on Mark's folded jacket.

Mark shoved off carefully, and stepping gently into the other end of the canoe, began to paddle up the river. The boy sat with closed eyes, and though Mark wanted to ask him how it had all happened, he waited patiently, fearing that his companion was too weak to talk. He noticed that the boy was barefooted and bareheaded, that his clothes were very old and ragged, and that he had a bag and a powder-horn slung over his shoulders. He also noticed that his hair was long and matted, and that his face, in spite of its present paleness, was tanned, as though by long exposure to the weather. It had a strangely familiar look to him, and he felt as though he must have seen it somewhere before; but where he could not think.

Just before they reached the "Go Bang" landing place, the boy opened his eyes, and Mark, no longer able to restrain his curiosity, asked,

"How did the alligator happen to catch you?"

"I was asleep," answered the boy, "and woke up just in time to catch hold of that tree as he grabbed my foot and began pulling me to the water. He would have had me in another minute, for I was letting go when you came," and the boy shuddered at the remembrance.

"Well," said Mark, a little boastfully, "he won't catch anybody else. He's as dead as a door-nail now. Here we are."

Mrs. Elmer was much shocked at Mark's story, and said she was very thankful that he had not only been the means

of saving a human life, but had escaped unharmed himself. At the same time she made ready to receive the boy, and, when the men brought him in, she had a bed opened for him, warm water and castile soap ready to bathe the wounds, and soft linen to bandage them.

Captain Johnson, who called himself "a rough and ready surgeon," carefully felt of the wounded foot to ascertain whether any bones were broken. The boy bore this patiently, and without a murmur, though one or two gasps of pain escaped him. When the Captain said that, though he could not feel any fractured bones, the ankle joint was dislocated, and must be pulled back into place at once, he clenched his teeth, drew in a long breath, and nodded his head. Taking a firm hold above and below the dislocated joint, the Captain gave a quick twist with his powerful hands that drew from the boy a sharp cry of pain.

"There," said the Captain, soothingly, "it's all over; now we will bathe it, and bandage it, and in a few days you will be as good as you were before you met Mr. 'Gator. If not better," he added, as he took note of the boy's wretched clothes and general appearance.

After seeing the patient made as comfortable as possible, Mark and the two men went out, leaving him to the gentle care of Mrs. Elmer and Ruth.

"Mark," said Captain Johnson, "let's take the skiff and go and get that alligator. I guess Miss Ruth would like to see him. One of my men can go along to help us, or Jan, if he will."

"All right," said Mark, and Jan said he would go if it wouldn't take too long.

"We'll be back in less than an hour," said the Captain, "if it's only a mile away, as Mark says."

So they went.

It took the united strength of the three to get the alligator into the skiff when they found him. He measured ten feet and four inches in length, and Captain Johnson, who claimed to be an authority concerning alligators, said that was very large for fresh-water, though in tide water they were sometimes found fifteen feet in length, and he had heard of several that were even longer.

While Mark was showing them just where the boy lay when he first saw him, Jan picked up an old muzzle-loading shot-gun and a pair of much-worn boots, that had heretofore escaped their notice. Both barrels of the gun were loaded; but one only contained a charge of powder, which surprised them.

"What do you suppose he was going to do with only a



charge of powder?" asked Mark, when this discovery was made.

"I've no idea," answered the Captain; "perhaps he forgot the shot, or hadn't any left."

When they reached home with the big alligator, the whole household came out to look at it, and Mrs. Elmer and Ruth shuddered when they saw the monster that had so nearly dragged the boy into the river.

"Oh, Mark," said Ruth, "just think if you hadn't come along just then!"

"How merciful that your father thought of taking the rifle!" said Mrs. Elmer. "I don't suppose we could keep it for Mr. Elmer to see, could we?" she asked of Captain Johnson.

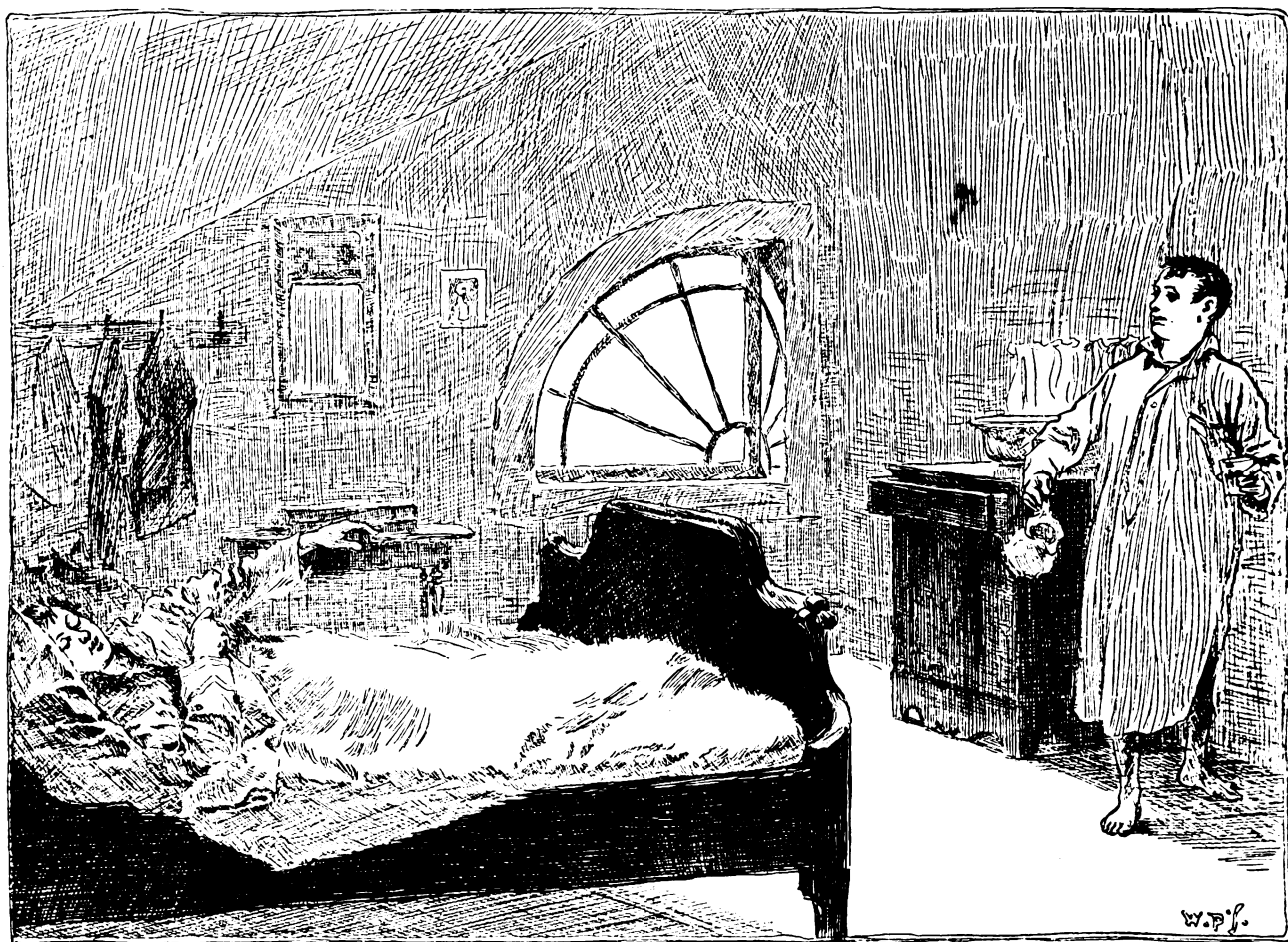
"Oh no, ma'am, not in this warm weather," answered

"That's another of the colored folks' superstitions," said Captain Johnson. "They believe that if you bury any dead animal so that the turkey buzzards can't get at it, they'll bring you bad luck."

"Tain't no 'stition, nuther. Hit's a pop sho' fac', dat's what," muttered Aunt Chloe, angrily, as she walked off toward the house.

So the head of the alligator was cut off and buried, and the body disappeared, though whether the body was buried or served to make a meal for the buzzards no one seemed exactly to know.

That afternoon Captain Johnson went off down the river with his lighter, saying that he could always be found at St. Mark's when wanted; and Mark and Jan went into the woods to look for cedar fence-posts.



"FIRE QUICK! NO, IT'S ONLY POWDER; IT WON'T HURT HIM. I DIDN'T KILL THE DOG."

the Captain; "but we can cut off the head and bury it, and in two or three weeks you will have a nice skull as a memento."

"And what will you do with the body?"

"Why, throw it into the river, I suppose," answered the Captain.

"Wouldn't it be better to bury it too?"

"Hi! Miss Elmer; yo' sho'ly wouldn't t'ink of doin' dat ar," exclaimed Aunt Chloe, who had by this time become a fixture in the Elmer household, and had come out with the rest to see the alligator.

"Why not, Chloe?" asked Mrs. Elmer, in surprise.

"Kase ef youse putten um in de groun', how's Marse Tukky Buzzard gwine git um? Can't nebber hab no luck ef youse cheat Marse Tukky Buzzard dat ar way."

After the day's work was finished and the family were gathered in the sitting-room for the evening, Mark had a long and earnest conversation with his mother and Ruth. At its close, Mrs. Elmer said, "Well, my son, wait until we hear what your father thinks of it," and Ruth said, "I think it's a perfectly splendid plan."

Mark slept in the room with the wounded boy, whose name they had learned to be Frank March, that night, and was roused several times before morning to give him water, for he was very feverish. He talked in his sleep, too, as though he were having troubled dreams, and once Mark heard him say:

"Fire quick! No, it's only powder; it won't hurt him. I didn't kill the dog."



THE KING OF THE FOREST.

A LION HUNT.

"DID you see any lions, Uncle Robert?" asked my small nephew Bob on my return from the Dark Continent, whither I had followed one of our great exploring parties.

"Indeed I did, my boy," I answered, and forthwith I

was compelled to tell him the following story of my encounter with the king of beasts in South Africa:

"We were encamped on the bank of a shallow stream called the Notawaney. During the night a disagreeable drizzling rain continued to fall, and such sleep as we could manage to get was disturbed by the dogs, who felt the presence of dangerous beasts, and gave utterance to their fear

by incessant whines and suppressed growls. About three in the morning I was aroused by a disturbance among our draught oxen and horses. A number of them were secured with new buffalo *reins*, which we had procured in Marico. But three or four of the most powerful and valuable succeeded in breaking loose.

"The missing cattle had to be recovered, and at daybreak we started out, armed with double eight-bore guns. Taking the back trail, we spoorred them for two miles along the road. Here they had branched off to the right, traversed about three miles of velt, and halted in the open plain. Our guide was a native named Macalaca, and from the masterly manner in which he commenced his work it was easy to see that he was an old hunter.

"Soon he led us across the thick jungle on to more open ground. This he traversed at a rapid pace till some loose rocks forming the margin of a *copje* were reached. For a few minutes he appeared at fault, when, looking to his left, with a grunt he pointed his finger, brought his gun down, and cocked it. Looking in the direction indicated, a lion, with the hip-bone of the horse between his fore-legs, lay facing us.

"At the time he was seventy-five yards off—too far to make certain work; so we resolved to lessen the distance by one-half. While doing so, two lions that must have been behind the rocks got up, walked leisurely away, gradually increasing their speed till they disappeared.

"Such conduct was evidently not going to be pursued by his lordship. He was interested in his meal, and was not going to leave it for any such unimportant thing as a man with a gun. With his eyes firmly fixed on us and his head flat upon the ground, he watched our movements with a quiet earnestness, his tail all the time moving gently to and fro.

"My companion said quietly, in a low tone, 'Don't fire until you see his ears twitch.' At that very moment as, it seemed, they were drawn back with a quick spasmodic motion, 'Now's our time,' he said, and a brace of bullets, one in the shoulder and another in the head, turned him over on his side dead. Not a struggle occurred after the shots were fired, and so simultaneously were the triggers pressed that the two reports sounded as one.

"On returning to the wagons we soon discovered what had made the oxen stampede and the dogs so uneasy during the night. Several lions—the boys said five—had walked repeatedly round our encampment at less than a hundred yards' distance. In spite of the drizzling rain, there remained the spoor—a proof that the story told by the boys was true."

FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

HOW should the heart of a little child be?
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,
As clear as the dews from the heavens that fall,
As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall,
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark
That trills out its song 'twixt the day and the dark,
As glad as the angels when, soaring, they fly
On the bright wings of love to their home in the sky.

MY DOG BOODLE JACK.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I.

OUR vessel was lying at anchor in a little harbor far up on the northern coast of Labrador. With the Professor's gun on my shoulder, and a tin box for flowers and specimens at my back, I stood a moment on the small fish wharf, where our men had landed me.

The gun I carried for companionship's sake. I had not (until coming on board) handled anything of the kind since my boyhood days. When we reached Labrador, I tried one afternoon to shoot a black-winged auk

that was flying a few feet above the deck. I don't quite know how it was, but as the muzzle of the deadly weapon moved around, I noticed that all hands suddenly hurried below, except Professor Smith, the owner of the gun, who, as he dived behind the mainmast, said something about an *awkward* shot.

I presume he meant to be funny. But after this, though the gun was always at my disposal, its owner, in a firm though kind manner, refused to accompany me on my hunting excursions ashore, merely giving as a reason that so far as he knew there was no one on board acquainted with the treatment of gunshot wounds. "And look here," he added, one day, as a happy thought occurred to him, "it's an old second-hand gun, anyway—perhaps you'll see a chance to trade it on some of your shore tramps for a seal-skin, or something of the kind. I'd be glad to be rid of it, anyway." And, of course, I said that I would do the best I could. But somehow up to the time of which I write, the gun remained in my hands unsold.

It is tiresome walking in the yielding moss, so finally I began to retrace my steps in the direction of the vessel, whose masts I could just make out in the distance outlined against the gray sky.

Suddenly I heard the yelping of a dog behind me—no unfamiliar sound in Labrador, where the dogs are ill-treated and abused, as I honestly believe, worse than in any country in the world. Turning, I saw one of those powerful mastiffs, half Esquimaux, half Newfoundland, driven by the Labradorians in their sledges in the winter-time, closely pursued by a boy of fourteen, who, in addition to a flint-lock gun two or three feet longer than himself, carried a large bunch of plump curlew in one hand.

Now I have a special weakness for dogs, and nothing so moves me to anger as to see one abused. So when the poor animal, upon reaching my side, crouched with a half-human, wholly beseeching look from his soft brown eyes, at my feet, and I saw that his mouth was bleeding from a kick or blow, I was considerably exercised.

The boy, who had the longest legs, the reddest hair, and most pronounced crop of freckles I had ever seen possessed by a Labradorian youth, arrived breathless and panting at the spot, his face quite purple with rage. He raised his heavy sea-boot for another blow at the crouching animal, hardly paying any attention to my presence, when, greatly to his surprise, I stepped in front of the mastiff. The dog's crime, it seems, had been that of stealing and eating a curlew, feathers and all, moved thereto, as I was pretty sure, by extreme hunger, which, together with brutal abuse, is the Labradorian's idea of discipline.

A sudden idea occurred to me. Even in his wrath the youth's eye rested admiringly on the Professor's gun, with its carved stock and nickel mountings. To a Labrador boy the possession of such a weapon would be the fulfillment of his wildest dreams. The Professor had given me permission to dispose of it. A live dog was worth infinitely more than a seal-skin, and if the Professor didn't care for the animal, why, I would take him home with me myself.

What passed between the writer and the red-headed boy need not here be told. It is enough to say that, two hours later, I entered the cabin of the *North Star*, bearing in one hand a bunch of curlew, and followed submissively by a dog that in good condition would weigh about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. But I had no gun with me.

"And what," asked the Professor, after I had told my story, as, with the calmness of despair, he glared over his eyeglasses at the dog, who had already coiled himself down on his new ulster, which lay in a corner—"what do you expect me to do with such a monster as that?"

Various suggestions were made by members of the par-

ty, but as they were mostly of a comical nature the Professor gave no heed. And finally I myself became the owner of the dog "Boodle Jack" by right of purchase.

Why "Boodle Jack," Professor Jay, who at once gave him the name, could not or would not say further than to briefly remark that it was a name he had found among some Greek roots where he had been digging that afternoon by way of passing away the time. But we compromised on the last half, and agreed to call him Jack, excepting on state occasions.

No dog living ever seemed to show such intense affection for his master as this one of mine. Restless and uneasy when out of his sight, he attached himself to me with a fondness which at times became almost troublesome. He grew fat and strong, and became the delight of our French captain as well as the crew, while at the same time he was calmly endured by my fellow-passengers.

Blowzy September hastened apace. We had taken trout and salmon in abundance, had eaten curlew and sea-fowl in their several varieties, had taken notes and sketches of the country, and also begun to get heartily tired of each other in a polite sort of way. So when, toward the middle of the month, the *North Star* began her winged journey down the Straits of Belle Isle with her prow pointed southward, every one on board was light of heart.

II.

It was the second night out from Esquimau Bay, our last point of departure. A half-grown moon was struggling through fleecy masses of clouds that were flying like white smoke before the warm but strong southwesterly gale that already had begun to tumble the shallow waters of the gulf into choppy seas.

Captain Badot was given to carrying sail—well, perhaps, a little too heavily at times, particularly on a home-bound passage. Somehow on this particular night I did not sleep well. I lay in my berth tossing and sliding from side to side, as the little vessel went driving on close hauled on the wind, and about three o'clock on the following morning dressed and went on deck, followed by Jack, who always slept as near to my berth as he could get.

"The *Star* log nine knot good now; she sail *comme un ange* [like an angel]; eh, m'sieur?" said Captain Badot, who himself was at the wheel, while the watch, two in number, stood on the quarter-deck, keeping as good a lookout as possible.

I nodded without speaking. Truly the little vessel, under every stitch of canvas, was fairly flying, not only over, but under the frothing seas that could be but dimly seen in the murky morning light. Great volumes of water rushed in over her lee rail as she buried her bows under the opposing seas.

Only for thinking of the chances of colliding with floating ice in the half-darkness I should have enjoyed the spectacle on the on-going vessel to the utmost. But—

"Luff—luff, Capitan!"

It was the voice of gray-haired sailor John, fairly out-screaming the gale itself, that rang in our ears. Round went the wheel like lightning in Captain Badot's sinewy hands, and as the schooner flew up into the wind with every sail slatting and tearing at hoop and stay-line, a dingy white mass loomed out of the semi-obscurity close under the lee bow.

"Look you out!"

Hardly had the warning words from Captain Badot's lips rang in my ears when the sheet block struck me in the head as the main-boom jibed over.

I remember that the shock was followed by an icy chill, and, vaguely conscious that I was overboard, I beat the water frantically with hands and feet. Then I recall a dull pain in one shoulder, and a snorting sound close at

my ear, as faithful Jack, who had sprung over the rail after me, blew the water from his nostrils.

That it was Jack also who by some marvellous instinct guided me to the low ice island so nearly run down by our vessel as I clove the water with frantic strokes, I indistinctly remember. That it was the great mastiff who with his warm tongue licked my face, until after a brief period of unconsciousness I staggered to my feet to realize my terrible situation, I well know. And he it was who ran at my side as I rapidly paced my narrow ice-bound limits, mechanically chafing my numbed hands, while every drop of blood in my veins seemed congealed with the cold, praying wildly for the day dawn.

It came at last, and by the struggling glimmer of the sunlight through masses of watery clouds, I saw a vessel lying hove to a few cables' length distant. Vainly I stripped off my coat and waved it over my head, shouting till my voice did not rise above a hoarse whisper. Hour after hour passed, and the gale, which had freshened toward morning, began to lull. Captain Badot, as I remembered with a pang of terror, had broken one of the lenses of his battered spy-glass. A man seen with the naked eye at the distance of the berg from the vessel would not unnaturally be taken for a seal, many of which float down from the polar seas on the ice. One other—a tiny speck on the distant horizon—was the only sail in sight.

Jack looked up in my face, and whether I gained the sudden inspiration from his intelligent dark eyes or not, I can not say. I only know that with numbed fingers I scrawled on the limp leather cover of my note-book the word "Iceberg," and putting it in Jack's mouth, pointed to the distant schooner.

"Go, boy!" I said, and with a plunge the dog sprang into the sea. I watched him till my eyes seemed to grow dim and tired. Then I began to feel sleepy, and though I had read hundreds of times that this was the precursor of certain death under similar circumstances, I could not rouse myself to struggle against it.

III.

Some one *did* rouse me, though, half an hour later, and in a manner that I thought absolutely brutal. I was shaken and even pummelled, stood on my feet and dragged about, until, with a feeling of almost hatred toward those who had so rudely disturbed my pleasant dreams, I opened my eyes to see three or four unfamiliar faces about me, while a bearded man who stood by forced me to swallow some fiery liquid that fairly scorched my throat.

"He'll do now; take him aboard, boys," said this last, and without being able to tell clearly how it all came about, I rather languidly submitted to have my wet clothes taken off in a little cabin heated by a small stove, after which I was hoisted into a berth, and covered with blankets. I lay there for a little while in a sort of waking dream, staring stupidly at the labels over a row of shelves on the opposite side of the room, and wondering when it was that the *North Star* had taken a cargo of soothing syrup and pain panaceas, or why Captain Badot should keep such a stock of calicoes, flannels, coarse shoes, and paper collars on hand. Surely I had never seen them before.

"Have I, Captain Badot?" I asked, awaking suddenly two hours later to find Jack, with his forepaws on the edge of my berth, intently watching over my slumbers.

But Captain Badot and the *North Star* were nearly a hundred miles away, scudding across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"We was hove to for fear of the ice," said the bearded man, who with a polite bow introduced himself as Captain Pierre Blois, master of the trading schooner *L'Oiseau*,

now bound for Quebec, "and we see you schooner lay to long time; but bime-by they think no use, and get under way. We just ready to shake out reef later," continued the Captain, "and one man see the dog; him seal at first. We take him 'most dead over the rail, read message, and send boat. Rest you know."

Well, we made a quick run to Halifax, where I telegraphed home just in time to keep an obituary notice of my death out of print. And on my return, with Jack as my companion, I verified the truth of the telegram, to the surprise of the *North Star's* Captain and crew.

"Boodle Jack was a pretty lucky investment—for you," thoughtfully said Professor Smith, as, meeting him a few days later, he cautiously patted the mastiff's big head.

And I replied that he was indeed.

HOW TO MODEL IN CLAY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

SOME of our young readers may not know that all the statues they see, whether of stone or metal, were first modelled in clay. When the statue is to be made of metal, a cast, or mould, is taken of the clay original, into which the molten metal is poured. When marble is the mate-



FIG. 1.

rial chosen, the clay model is copied by the sculptor, partly by the aid of a machine made for the purpose, and partly by hand.

Young people of artistic tastes may derive a great deal of pleasure from modelling in clay. They will find it a good deal easier than drawing, and with a little practice they will be able to produce some very pleasing results. I will give you a few directions for modelling medallion heads (Fig. 1), that being the simplest, and to many persons the most pleasing, form of sculpture.

The materials required are a smooth piece of slate (a common school slate will do for small work), some modelling clay (which can be procured from any potter, or any other fine clay, if no potter is within reach, or even putty, if nothing else can be procured), and some small implements, like the annexed designs, made of hard wood (Fig. 2). These may be bought at any store where artists' materials are sold, but an ingenious boy can make them with a jackknife and a piece of sand-paper.* To make the moulds of your clay model you will require a little plaster of Paris, some lard oil, and some soap, and then your outfit is complete.

Now you take your slate, and make an outline upon it of the face you wish to model. Within this outline you

build up roughly with your finger and thumb a cake of clay about half an inch in thickness; then with your modelling instruments work it up as accurately as your artistic skill will permit.

When in the progress of your work you find it necessary to leave for a short time, be careful to cover it over with a wet cloth, and if for a long time, put two wet cloths over it, and cover them in turn with a sheet of newspaper. This is necessary to keep the clay from getting hard and unfit for working. If at any time you find the clay getting too stiff, sprinkle it with water shaken from a whisk broom.

When your clay medallion is finished, build a wall of clay around it of about an inch and a quarter in height, as represented in the engraving; then get a tea-cupful of lard or olive oil, and add to it a good tea-spoonful of any kind of soap scraped fine; put this on the stove and stir until it is thoroughly mixed; then with a soft camel's-hair brush lay a slight coat over your whole work.

You must now mix your plaster. If the surface of your medallion is about one foot by six inches, you will require four table-spoonfuls of plaster to about a quart of water. Sprinkle the plaster into the water, and then watch it until bubbles have ceased to come to the surface. When no more bubbles appear, stir it up well with a stick. The mixture should be about the consistency of thin cream. The exact proportions you must find out by experiment. This thin cream you pour quickly over your medallion, blowing gently with your mouth on the liquid as it spreads itself over the face of your work; this is to prevent the formation of bubbles. In a very short time the plaster will become hard; you then remove your clay wall, and lift the plaster mould, or matrix, from the clay. This you do by passing a penknife all round between the plaster and the slate, after which it lifts easily. You have now a perfect plaster mould. If you find any small particles of clay adhering to it, wash them off with a soft camel's-hair brush and water.

You now want to get a plaster cast from your matrix. To do this you lay a coat of the soap and oil mixture with a camel's-hair brush all over the face of the mould, and then pour in the plaster just as you did before, taking the same precautions to blow upon the plaster, and to build a wall of clay around the mould.

You let this stand for half an hour until it is perfectly set, when you can remove your casting by passing a thin-bladed knife all round between the matrix and the casting. If it does not then lift easily, plunge the whole thing

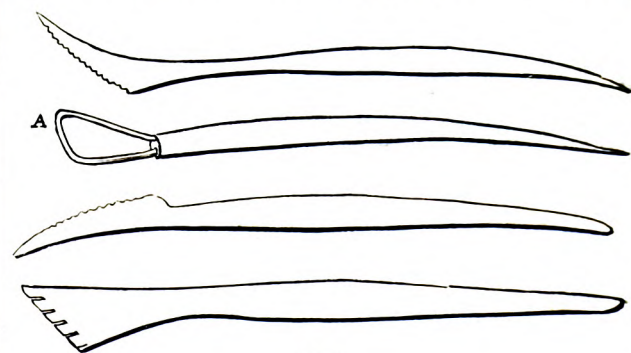


FIG. 2.

in water for one instant, after which you will have no difficulty in separating the two parts.

You now have a plaster cast of your original work, which you can touch up and finish off with sand-paper, or with the blade of a penknife if necessary.

You can, of course, make as many casts as you please from your mould, and thus have very pretty little *souvenirs* to present to your friends.

* As shown here the implements are reduced in size one-half. The part marked A is made of wire, and is intended to remove superfluous clay from the face of your work.



TO JIMMIE FLAMANT.

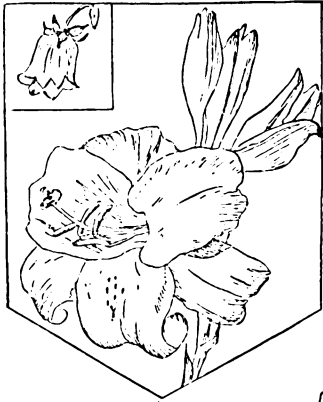
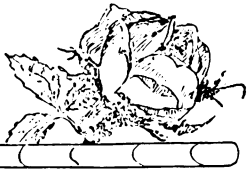
By S. B. MILLS.

Allegro.

Three chil - dren slid - ing on the ice Up - on a sum - mer's day, It so fell out, they all fell in, The rest they ran a -

f *Sempre legato.* *p*

way. Now had these children been at home, Or slid - ing on dry ground, Ten thousand dol - lars to a cent, They had not all been drown'd.



A NEW BADGE AND MOTTO.

PURITY and simplicity! No traits are more winning. This pretty shield will be appropriate for a little circle of young people, whether they meet to read, to sew, to practice housekeeping arts, or just to have a pleasant time together for an evening.

The field, or open space of the shield should be orange. The small square in the corner must be silver. On this place a harebell, the emblem of simplicity. The orange-color signifies strength, and the lily on this ground betokens purity. On the crest-above all is a moss-rose, which means superior merit.

Can there be a sweeter bouquet than this, dear children—the lily, the harebell, and the moss-rose? Would they not look lovely embroidered in the corner of a silk handkerchief for papa, or in the lining of brother's hat, or painted on the slip cover of mamma's favorite book of poems? A cover of linen or silk which may be taken off a book at one's pleasure is a very graceful gift, and most people would enjoy having as the motto on their book, "Purity and Simplicity."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

WIERSBADEN, GERMANY.

I am a little girl eight years old, and have been in Europe with my mamma, brothers, and sister for a year and a half. We have always received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have learned to speak French and German since I have been here. This is a very pretty place, but I like my home in America better. We had beautiful fire-works in the Kurgarten on the Fourth of July. I send you some edelweiss which grew under the snow on the Swiss Alps. COIRA B.

Thank you, dear. I have placed the flower in my Bible.

FAIR VIEW, AMHERST COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—We are two little sisters who every week read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—the gift of a kind absent brother—and we have often wished to see you, for we know that you are lovely, and that sunshine ever fills your kind heart, else you would never take so much pains to interest and instruct the little ones. How we wish that you could just put your picture in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, that all your little friends might see you!

Shall we tell you where your little unknown admirers live? Far away from you is Fair View, our Virginia home, lovely to us despite its isolation. Have you ever been amid the bright blue hills of the Old Dominion? If so, you then can form some idea of the grandeur of the scenery around us. As far as the eye can reach is seen the lovely Blue Ridge, lifting its lofty summits in the distance. We live three miles from the little village of Amherst, which is plainly seen from here nestling so cozily at the base of the Tobacco

Mountain. Around our farm winds Rutledge Creek, which empties into Buffalo River, along the banks of which grow the loveliest wild-flowers of every color. God has indeed been lavish in His gifts in bestowing so much that is beautiful in nature around us, as if to make up for the deficiency in social advantages, as we live remote from neighbors and friends.

We have already taxed our forbearance too long, so will bid you good-by, hoping some day to see you.

Your little friends ROBERTA and LUCIE P.

I would very much like to see your pictures, my dear little friends; and I know Virginia scenery well enough to picture to myself your home, with all its charming surrounding scenery.

GRAMERCY PARK SCHOOL, TOOL-HOUSE DEPARTMENT.

I have just read the very interesting article written by Mr. Allan Forman. If I may take the liberty, I would like to write a note on that same subject. I am one of the boys or share-holders of the Gramercy Park School Tool-House Association, and want to tell you more about the building.

On the cellar floor they are going to forge iron; on the same floor front they have a large gymnasium. On the next floor they have a very nice little engine—1½ horse-power—and near that are the carpenter's rooms, which will be lighted by electricity. On the next floor are Mr. G. von Taub's study and the scroll-saw department. Next floor are the large lecture-room and physical laboratory. Then come the printing-press and machine for filing iron, which are worked by steam-power from the engine. Above that are the wood-turning lathes and large scroll-saws, all of which go by steam. Still farther up is the photographic department, where most interesting work is done and taught.

I hope the boys who read this note will at least come and look at the building, for those who are interested in this great work for boys are cordially invited to come and see. The school is No. 104 East Twentieth Street, New York.

COURTLAND P., JUN.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

I have been wanting to write you a letter ever since I began to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I would like you to let me join the Little Housekeepers if there is room for one more. I know two very nice receipts for candy. I have no pets, except a canary-bird. I belong to a society called the Mite Society and to one or two other clubs. The Mite Society had a fair, and made \$26.94 after paying expenses, and we gave it to the poor. We expect to have another fair this year. I have travelled quite a good deal. I have been in Alaska, Panama, and California, and several of the States. We were shipwrecked once. There is a little girl who is studying to be an elocutionist. Will she please write to me, as I would like to correspond with her?

ELEANOR C. BANCROFT,
Fort Trumbull, New London, Connecticut.

CORRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have just had our annual fair, about which I wish to tell you. I live in Corry, Pennsylvania, and our fair comes off in October. We have a Floral Hall, in which there is fancy-work, and nearly all of the Corry stores have a booth in which their goods are displayed. Some very beautiful crazy quilts and embroideries were among the nicest things. There were also a fine collection of coins, a horned toad from California, a porcupine, two chickens which weighed eight pounds each, and many other things. The vegetables were all very fine. Noticeable among other things were some enormous pumpkins, beets, turnips, apples, and squashes. We had dining halls, lunch counters, a dancing hall, etc. The horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep made a fine display, but the chickens were nothing to boast of. We had some good races also. The fair began on Tuesday and closed on Saturday.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.

ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

I was very much surprised, when reading the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 257, to see one from Carrie F., of Elmira, asking how to earn money for Christmas presents. As I am about her age and have the same ideas about giving presents, one or two of my friends thought the letter was from me, but it was not, for the only letter I have written to the Post-office Box was sent two or three years ago, and was not published. I have taken the paper from the first number, and although I am nearly fifteen years old I do not feel a bit too old for it. I was graduated from one of the grammar schools here in June, and how many flowers do you suppose I received? Eleven baskets and five bouquets! Do you not think I got more than my share? I left school in March on account of having trouble with my back, but as I had passed Regent's examination in everything required, I went back in time to help decorate our room and to graduate. I am not going to school again until February, when I expect to attend the Elmira Female College. I have been studying music a little over a

year and love it. I wish Mrs. Lillie would write more papers about music; she is one of my favorite authors. The Post-office Box is a very good thing, I think. Dear Postmistress, I love to read the answers you send to the letters. It seems to me that you are like a favorite teacher I had at school. Your loving little friend,

CARLIE B. F.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I have been ill and in bed a week, and I have come down-stairs to-day for the first time. I dislike to miss school, and I would have gone to-day, but mamma thought it best not to go until next week. I am in the Sixth Grade; Miss C. is my teacher. I am always glad to see HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE when it comes on Wednesday. I have the sweetest little nephews; their names are Lee and Murrell. Don't you think their names are pretty? I have taken music lessons three years, but I have given it up almost entirely; I don't like to practice, and I think it is too hard to take lessons and go to school. Don't you remember the time when you disliked music? My sister Belle is at school in Oxford, Ohio. I have just finished reading "Under the Lilacs," and like it very much. I would like a good receipt for lemon caramels.

IDA R.

Will some little reader send Ida the receipt she asks for?

No, dear, I do not remember ever to have disliked music—just the contrary; but I think it is difficult for a busy little school-girl to practice so much as she ought in order to improve.

SPENCER, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I wrote to you once, but you did not print my letter. I have four sisters—Mamie, Louie, Grace, and Katie. They are all younger than I am. Katie is a baby, but Grace says some funny things. One day she was playing with the kitten, and put its fore-legs on the window. When I told mamma, Grace said she did not put its four legs on the window, but its two legs in front. And one day, when our domestic was picking a chicken for dinner, and Grace said she was not dressing it, she was undressing it. I study arithmetic, history, spelling, grammar, geography, reading, and music. I went up to grandpapa's two or three weeks ago, and had a good time. I like the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially "Nan," "Left Behind," "The Lost City," and "Our Little Dancer."

IDA L. H.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

I have two brothers and three sisters, and I know that there isn't a family that enjoys your paper better than we do. We have no pets, except a large English mastiff, whose name is Tycoon; we call him Coon for short. I am in my first year at the High School, and like it very much. I have just been reading the letter in the last paper in which Marian S. H. speaks of seeing a ball eight hundred years old. While we were in New Mexico this summer we saw a church over six hundred years old, and there were two paintings in it over nine hundred years old; they are so dim that you can hardly see what they are. My letter is growing too long, so I must stop.

M. B. L.

FOXBOROUGH, SIDNEY, ONTARIO.

Foxborough is the name of the post-office, but The Willows is the name of our farm. My mother gave it this pretty name after our house was built. There is a small creek running along the side of the house with a row of willows beside it. My father has lived on this farm for forty-seven years, and he would not like to leave it for anything. I would like to correspond with Patty in Hong-Kong, China, if she will write to me. I do not go to school, but stay at home and help do the work. Mother is going away early in the morning to be gone nearly a week, but we have a lady visiting us, so I will not be alone.

S. BOARDMAN.

Patty will be very busy if she writes to all the children who want to correspond with her. Perhaps her mamma will think, with the Postmistress, that the better way would be to write another letter to the Post-office Box.

DICK.

Dick was a very large black and white cat. He came to us when he was a little kitten. He lived to be four years old, and was very large. We made inquiries about the neighborhood, but never found out to whom he belonged. We used to have a large arm-chair which always stood in a corner near the fireplace; this Dick claimed as his own property. Once his head swelled away up, and he became so sick that he could eat nothing except a little milk out of a tea-spoon; but happily he soon got well. Shortly after this, papa went to Sacramento, and took the family. We left a strange man in the house during the whole six months that we staid away. Dick never ventured near the house, but the moment I returned he ran in, jumped up on me, and held

fast to my waist with his claws until I sat down and took him on my lap. We kept canary-birds all the time, but Dick would as soon have thought of flying as of touching one of them. At last a bad boy shot him. I felt so badly I could have cried. I shall never have another cat like Dick; and you would think so too if you had ever seen him.

LUCIA C.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly two years; it was given to me as a birthday present at first, and I enjoyed it so much that I took it again. My brother takes the *Youth's Companion* also; so, with my studies, I am kept pretty busy reading both papers. My eldest sister is married, and my other sister is about to spend the winter in Fargo, Dakota, and I feel rather lonely, so I thought maybe the little girl who signed herself "Patty," from Hong-Kong, China, would not mind writing to me and telling me more about her home and herself; I am sure I would be glad to answer any letter she sent me. Please print this if convenient. My address is

EFFIE M. PRICKETT,
Hazardville, Connecticut, U. S. A.

CAMP BELLEVUE, LAKE MICHIGAN, MAINE.

We have been spending the summer up here in Maine, on a lake. It snowed here this morning (October 31; one of the mountains you could not see at all, it was snowing so hard on it. We have been up here a month, but I think we will go home soon, for it is getting so cold. We sail, row, shoot, and fish here. You can see the White Mountains from here. There are the most beautiful walks all around. Of all the stories I like "The Crest of the White Hat" best. I am ten years old. I hope this letter will be printed.

PHEBE W. MCK.

LEMON'S GAP, TENNESSEE.

I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school, and like my teacher very much. I have no pets, except a cat. I read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE and the Post-office Box, and like them very much. I have three sisters and five brothers.

MAMIE H.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

My mamma reads me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I do love the little letters, so I want to send you one and tell you of our charming city out West. Minneapolis has wide streets, with large lawns and beautiful drives to the lakes, and Lake Minnetonka and the Minnehaha Falls every stranger wants to visit. It's very cold in winter. My papa froze his nose last winter. We have been here two years, and may go South this winter a few months. I have two birds named Cherry and Beauty, and three dollies. I wish I could just see how you looked—good, I think, or you wouldn't be so pleasant to the children.

MABELLE D.

Thanks for your letter, Mabelle. Do you skate to school in winter?

CHERESCO, NEBRASKA.

I am a girl thirteen years old, and live in the country. I have two sisters and three brothers; I am the oldest of the six. We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much; I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I go to school now. I have a pony named Daisy; I can ride her. This is my first letter; I hope it will be published.

MAY D.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

I live at Jackson, Tennessee, and have been a subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly three years. Shortly after I subscribed I had a long spell of illness, and while I was recovering my mother read the numbers to me, and ever since I have wanted to write a letter worthy a place among your correspondents. At the same time my sister was trying for a premium offered by *St. Nicholas*; but she was taken sick, and died before the answer came. Since then I have never been well, and five weeks ago I came to this resort. The Hot Springs of Arkansas are situated on the mountain, the creek, and valley of the same name, and are fifty-five miles southwest from Little Rock, the capital of the State. The city of Hot Springs is in a valley between two mountains, the Hot Springs and West mountains. From the former all the hot springs flow except the alum, and from the latter the cold springs; in all, there are seventy-one, and they discharge 285 gallons of water every minute. The city has a population of 7000, but there are visitors from all parts of the world. It is claimed the Indians came here hundreds of years ago, and that De Soto and party and Ponce de Leon were here. The bath-houses are on the sides of Hot Springs Mountain, and the water is conveyed to them in pipes; there are two air-tight brick water tanks that hold 20,000 and 30,000 gallons of water, and the water which runs into them at night for use by the bath-houses next day is 140 degrees in temperature. I bathe at Rockafellow's, and 250 can bathe daily; the water is from the Egg Spring, and you can boil an egg in it in fifteen minutes. I wish I had space to tell you of the people one

meets and sees, and the afflicted, on crutches and stretchers, and in chairs being wheeled to the baths, and the poor who go to the Mud Hole, which is free certain hours of the day; and I should like to tell of my rambles over the mountains, my visit to the water-works and the observatory, of the wild scenery, and how lonely I felt when I heard the wind sobbing through the pines on Mount Ida. I am almost afraid I have said too much to get a place in your columns. I am thirteen years of age.

REBECCA K. A.

You have written a very bright letter. I hope the springs may restore you to rosy health.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

My sister takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, so I thought I would write a poem for the Post-office Box. Here it is:

I am a little boy
Going on ten,
And, oh, what a big boy
I will be then!

My eyes are brown
And my hair is light;
Sometimes I play,
And sometimes I fight.

A little boy, named Lenny,
Is my best friend,
And when it is very rainy
Together the day we spend.

If, when I look
In next week's book,
This poetry I see,
It will greatly please me.
Your little friend,

ARTHUR D. O.

CENTRAL PARK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As other little girls write to you, I thought I would do so too, but I am not going to tell you how many sisters I have nor their ages. We have a dog named Jim; he is nine years old. My uncle first brought him home in a cigar box, he was so little then. We have two canary-birds, Tim and Cheer, and a cat and three kittens. It is very nice here in summer, but in winter it is very cold and dreary, as you can see snow for miles around, with a house here and there; but now it is lovely. We also have a cow and horse. The cow is called Grace and the horse Buckskin. We went to Great South Bay Saturday. We went in the morning, and did not get back until supper-time. Have you ever been there? It is seven miles from our house. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, or I would like to tell you about our trip, but I must not take up too much of your time. I am eleven years old.

EDITH VAN W.

Next time, will Edith please give the name of her State at the beginning of her letter as well as that of her village? It is a very good letter, dear. I wish all the children to be particular to give their full post-office address inside their letter.

MILLSTONE, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have a big dog named Prince; he will take my hand in his mouth and lead me everywhere. If I give him a stick he will take it in his paws and bite it like a bone. He always goes with me to get the mail, and carries it home in his mouth. When I hunt eggs, he will carry the basket to the barn. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and like it very much. I mean to take it every year if I can.

ARTHUR VAN C.

A clever dog! You must be proud of him.

Now for a wee talk with my little friends: I think *Sophie M. B.*, that a little sister is the very sweetest pet in the world. I am glad you are a punctual girl.—*Scarlus L.*: What fun you had at your first party. I gave a birthday party once for a little boy of mine, and, what do you think, he asked me not to invite a single girl. So we had only boys, and at first they were so still and solemn I was in despair. They did not really brighten up in earnest till the refreshments came.—*S. B., Jun.*, has greatly enlarged his collection by the help of our Exchange columns.—Will *Oliver C.* and *Robbie F.* please write to *George W. Bell*, Jacksonville, Florida. George promises to answer promptly.—*Georgie B.* and *Annie H.*: Address Mrs. Richardson, at Woodside, near Lincolnton, North Carolina. It is a good thing for a girl to know how to swim. I wish all the girls did.—*James E. U.*: I am often in the Park you are so fond of, and have seen the pretty tame squirrels, but I never saw a snake there and hope I never may.—*Elsie and Hattie M.*: I should like to see beautiful Texas, and I can imagine your good times. The cotton fields must look like waving snow when the pods are bursting into

bloom.—*Elsie D.*: Percy and you may send your paper dolls to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.—*Allice L. Y.*: Write again, dear, and tell me what children of your age do in Japan. A little girl who has spent five years there has seen much which would be interesting to the children at home.—*Louie A. G.*: Please send me your Christian name in full, and I will then decide about your request.—*Anna W.*: Will you kindly send me the directions for making your pretty zephyr cushions?—*Mabel R.*: You are like a child in a story-book, with an old mill to romp in and a home on the hill above the mill.—*C. K.*: I am thinking about that subject.—*Wallace E. H.*: You write a good hand for a boy of your age.—*Carrie B. S.*: Practice diligently if you wish to perform well.—How can *Georgie S.* persuade her naughty canary-birds to take a bath? They decline to do so. Has anybody else had the same trouble? Foolish birdies, aren't they? Babies are wiser.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first is sometimes made of wood,
My second we like to see,
And, better still, to eat it up;
My whole grows on a tree.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 2.

HOUR GLASS.

1. Easily bent. 2. Discovery. 3. To quarrel. 4. Something near the mill. 5. A letter. 6. An animal. 7. A fruit. 8. Stranded. 9. Moderate. Centrals read downward give the name of an American poet.

CHARLIE DAVIS.

No. 3.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a country of Europe, and leave suffering. 2. Behead to extol, and leave to lift. 3. Behead yonder, and leave near. 4. Behead a square piece of wood, and leave a fastening.

JAMES E. UNDERHILL.

No. 4.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. Turf. 2. Every. 3. A space. 4. At that time. 2.—1. A metal. 2. An object of devotion. 3. A feature. 4. Trace.

JAMES CONNOR.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is in lance, but not in sword.
My second is in lady, but not in lord.
My third is in bird, but not in heard.
My fourth is in spoken and in sound.
My fifth is in Rover, but not in hound.
My whole you'll find
A blessing to mankind. TAM O' SHANTER.

No. 6.

A DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Acquired skill. 3. To negotiate. 4. To impair. 5. A letter. AMATEUR PUZZLER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 258.

No. 1.—The Tower of Babel. Table. Wheat. Flower. Brother.

No. 2.—"When the cat's away, the mice will play."

No. 3.—S-low. M-ice. S-t-one. P-age. B-and. Car-d. Can-e.

No. 4.— E A S T S T E P
A R E A T A M E
S E A L E M M A
T A L E P E A R

No. 5.—Rice.

No. 6.— M R
R A P V A T
M A P L E R A G E S
P L Y T E N
E S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bob, R. Andrews, Jun., Tam o' Shanter, James Connor, Louise B. B., Luke Van Norden, Hamilton E. Field, Seales Totspeck, Fanny Wood, Margaret Murray, Dora Haskins, Allie Beach, John Deane, Thomas Dick, R. N. V., Theodore W., Ella Payne, and Ernest G. Harlow.

[For EXCHANGES, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

